Collier's

NOVEMBER 13, 1943 TEN CENTS

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LAWSON WOOD

THE JAPS TRIED TO DRIVE US CRAZY

By Ira Wolfert

Director Alfred Hitchcock's Sea Drama

LIFEBO

By Alfred Hitchco

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Nov. 13, '43

Wines to Brighten Wartime Meals

..Brought to Your Table with Goodness Preserved in Duraglas Bottles

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MEAT LOAF served with parsley potatoes, and green beans au gratin—a meal that will be extra delicious if you serve a red wine . . claret or burgundy. It is correct to pour the wine at the table.

AFTER DINNER pour glasses of sherry or port from the Duraglas bottles that bring you America's fine wines at the peak of their perfection.

Duraglas CONTAINERS

...TOMORROW'S PACKAGES

...HERE *Today!*

Wine glasses are Libbey's Modern American Crystal

BAKED FISH served with browned potato rings filled with green peas, calls for a refreshing white wine such as Sauterne. Chill the wine in its bottle and put it on the table.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Every dollar you put into War Bonds does triple service—fights the war . . . fights inflation . . . gives you more security for the future. Buy Bonds and hold on to them!

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO—DEVELOPERS OF Duraglas THE IMPROVED TECHNIQUE OF MAKING GLASS CONTAINERS

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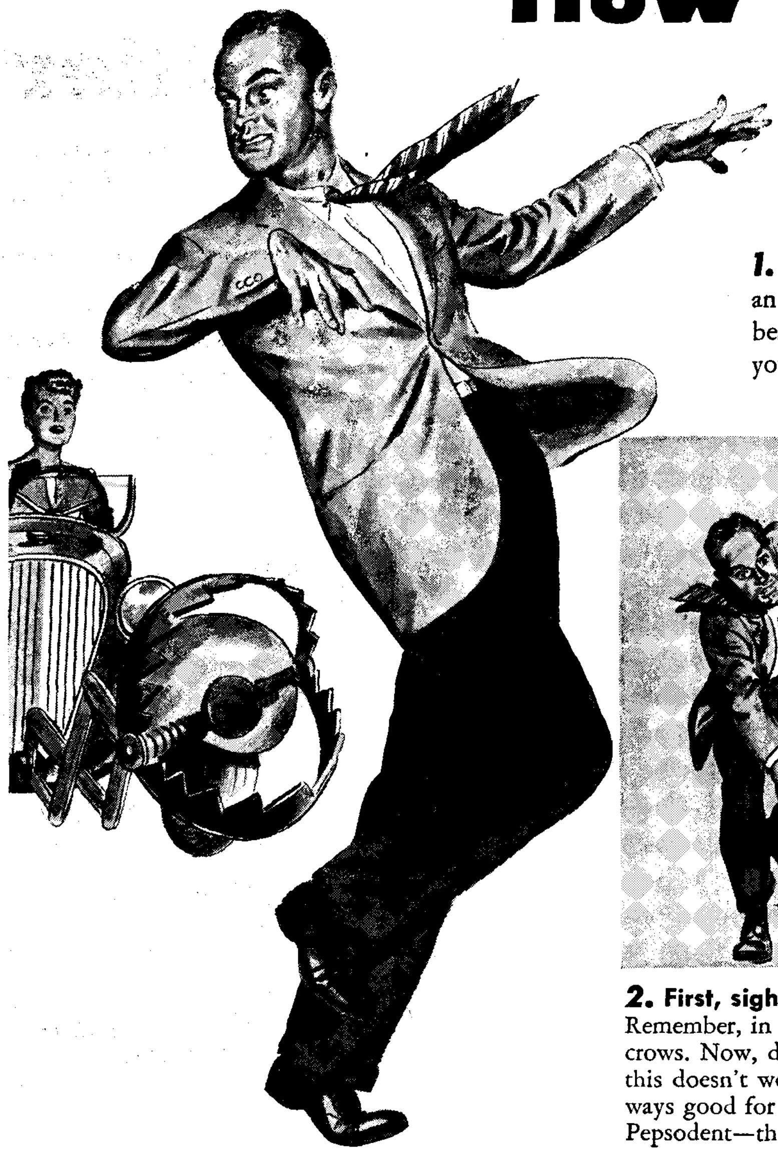
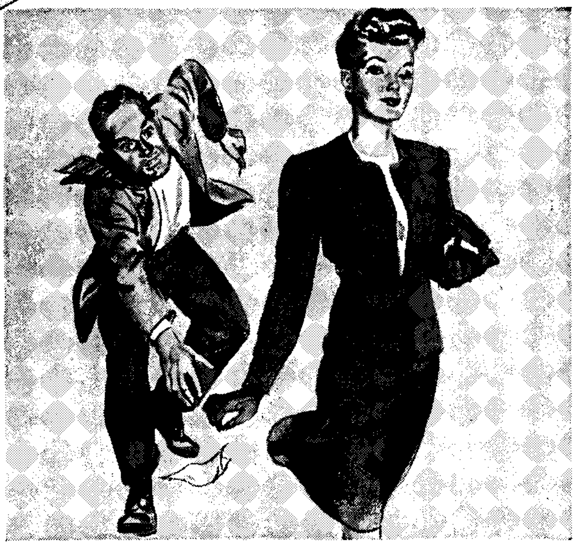
KANSAS

How to catch a husband

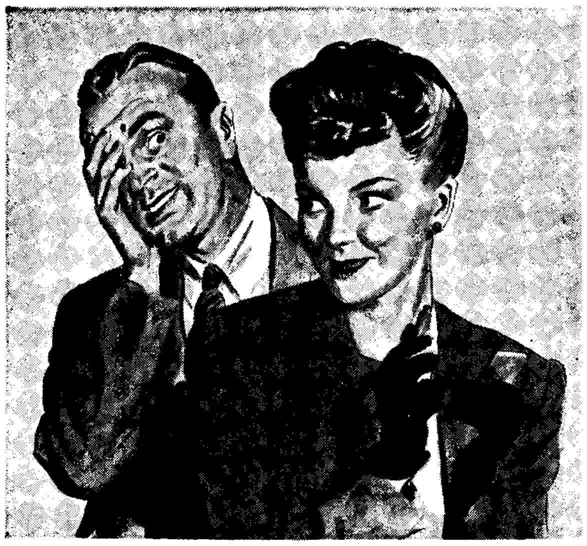
by BOB HOPE



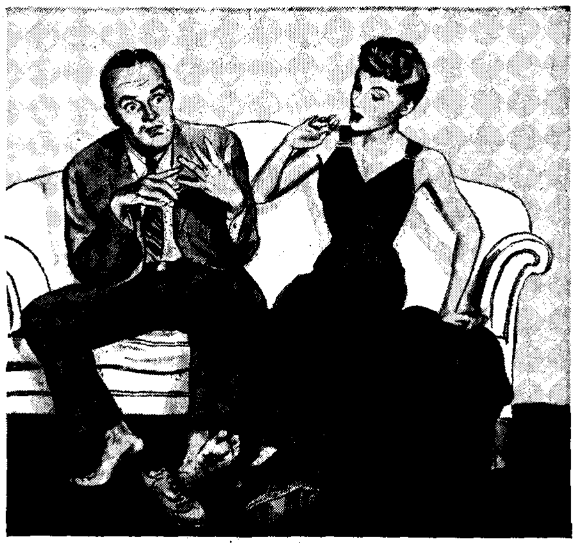
1. Of course, you know what a husband is! That's a bank account with pants and an empty stomach. It's easy to catch one, though. All it takes is a flashy car—with a bear trap for a bumper. Suit yourself about how soon to start hunting. Remember, your only competition is 23,687,144 other women . . . and his Draft Board.



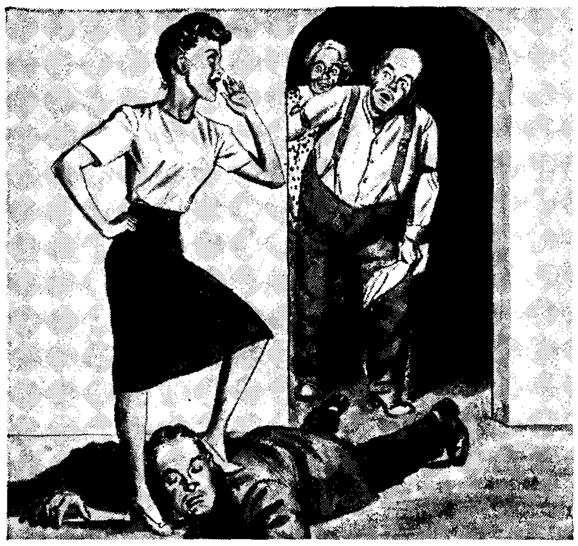
2. First, sight your prey. Only don't be too choosy. Remember, in some states they're even drafting scarecrows. Now, drop your handkerchief for attention. If this doesn't work, drop a used metal tube—that's always good for exchange when you buy a new tube of Pepsodent—the film-removing Tooth Paste.



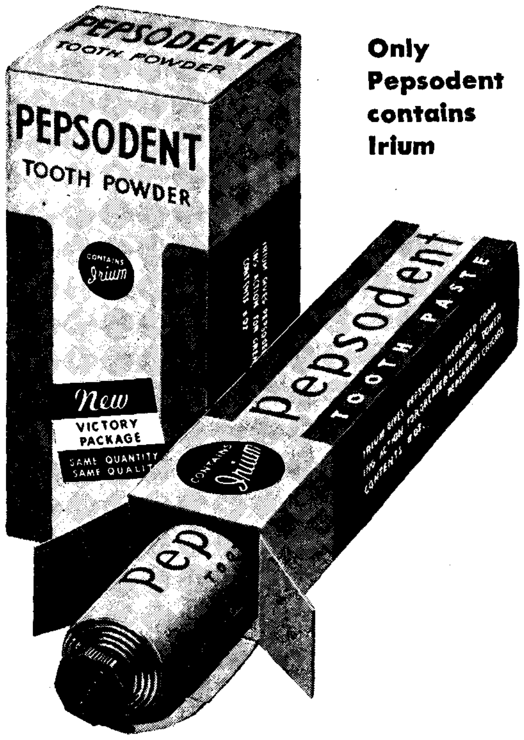
3. See—now he's interested. So speak to him. Only don't forget, times have changed. Instead of saying, "Hello, Joe, whadd'ya know"? . . . say, "Hello, Joe, when d'ya go?" Then to keep his attention, tell him some startling fact, like . . . Pepsodent makes teeth far brighter . . . steps up the sparkle of your smile!



4. Now, find out what he's like. Is he well-bred? In other words, has his family got dough. Is he smart . . . can he count to 20 without taking his shoes off? Then, tell him about yourself. And between lies, flash your big, bright, beautiful smile to show you use Pepsodent twice a day and see your dentist twice a year.



5. You did it! He proposed, and he's yours . . . "C" card . . . ration books and all! So now take your foot off his neck and order champagne. If you can't get champagne, just order a round of Pepsodent. Well, why not? . . . It tastes wonderful—it foams up swell—and it's refreshing, too. **See you Tuesday night on NBC.**



Only Pepsodent contains Irium

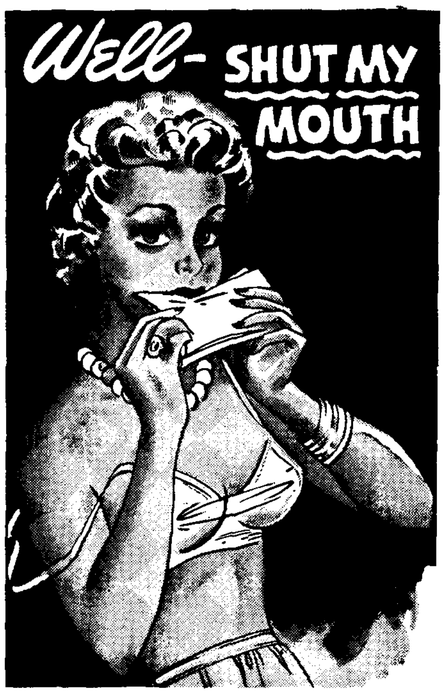
How PEPSODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

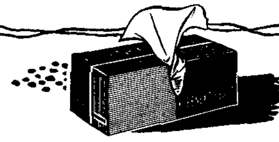
This film-coated mirror demonstrates what happens when commonplace methods fail to clean film away.

But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean, bright and sparkling.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile . . . quickly, gently, safely.



I shut my mouth on a KLEENEX Tissue to give my lipstick that neat, natural look. These days it's a crime to stain a towel! *(from a letter by* D. B., Detroit, Mich.)



Regardless of what others do,
We Kleenex people aim
To maintain Kleenex quality
And keep it just the same.
Now if your dealer should be out
Of Kleenex, don't dismay—
He'll get more soon, we're making tons
Of Kleenex every day!

Working Girl's Friend!

How's a girl to work hard all day—then wash dozens of hankies during colds? (You know about laundries these days!) Thank heavens for Kleenex! *(from a letter by* A. G., Indianapolis, Ind.)

Reduce Absenteeism
—EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!

Authorities say that ½ of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold!

So use Kleenex at the first sign of a sniffle to help keep your cold from spreading to others! Kleenex, as a handkerchief, is kind to your nose, your neighbor, your nation! Use each tissue once, then destroy—germs and all.

Drool Days!

Kleenex for bibs protects dresses from "drools"—saves laundry—gives mother more time for Red Cross! *(from a letter by* E. A. H., Worthington, Minn.)

TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS Kleenex*

AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

IF IT weren't that Messrs. Hull, Molotov and Eden are, or should be, far too busy to read this we'd hesitate to set it down. We'd hate to give them the idea that public enemies are showing a tendency to treat their victims with more than usual consideration, although we have evidence thereof here before us. However, the police in various sections of our country are reporting a strange increase in the return of pocketbooks, purses, wallets and billfolds by dips, lush-rollers, purse and handbag snatchers, moll-buzzers and other unfriendly grifters who pick pockets, rob drunks, grab handbags and steal from women. We regret to report that these articles are invariably innocent of cash when returned, but in many instances they do contain the owners' valuable papers such as draft cards, motor licenses, V-mail and so forth. What these unsocial persons do is to take out a body's money and, of course, ration coupons and then drop the wallet or whatever into the most convenient mailbox. Then it is up to the postal authorities to identify the ownership by its remaining contents and notify the loser. We heard of it first from Pittsburgh, where it is a very poor mailbox indeed which doesn't contain, on Monday mornings for example, several purses and the like. Monday morning produces the richest harvest. From that, we and the authorities, putting our heads together, deduce that week-end drinking and Saturday-night crowds furnish opportunities which our thieves are just unable to scorn. We've been looking into it in Washington, where we found the postal authorities shaking their heads and wondering, as you probably are, what things are coming to, anyway. But, as we say, this sympathy for their victims has not spread to Hitler and Tojo, and we don't want the anti-Axis conferees to get the idea that it has.

[redacted]

AND at this juncture a letter from Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, arrives. "Outside of being extra drouthy here this summer and the banks so full of money they are sort of losing respect for it," writes the colonel, "things are going fine in Mena with everybody in favor of winning the war but not too quick. Twenty dollar bills are as common down here in the Ouchitas as post-dated checks used to be. Nobody uses dollar bills to light his cigar with, but if the doggoned cigar won't light from a match right off he throws away the cigar and buys another one."

[redacted]

YOU'D think that by now the populace would have ceased to be amazed by anything Vice President Wallace says or does. But now we've received nine letters from Victory gardeners demanding to know how Mr. Wallace passed the miracle set forth in Drew Pearson's article. (Collier's, Sept. 11.) Mr. Brent Groves of New York City, says, for example, "It happens that my garden was almost exactly fifty by a hundred and fifty feet and there was room for a lot of different vegetables. But just how Mr. Wallace got in all his herbs, cash crops and still had room for nine varieties of corn and four hundred and eighty tomato plants is a mystery to me." But Mrs. Willa Cardoza of St. Joseph, Missouri, while admitting that neither does she understand, is for turning Mr. Wallace's magic into practical channels. "Let the government give Mr. Wallace a five-acre plot and stop all this speculation on how we are to feed devastated Europe and Asia after this war. Give him eight acres, and he'll not only do that but feed the United States too."

MR. ERNEST B. COHEAVE of San Antonio, Texas, reports that he overheard one of his fellow citizens say to another: "Listen, fella, the war's over. Don't let nobody kid ya." Replied number two: "I ain't seen nothing like that in the paper or on the radio." Said number one: "Sure ya ain't. The censors won't let nothing out about it." Number two: "It's funny the Army don't know nothin' about it." Number one: "The Army's the last guys they'd tell. They don't want them guys to stop fightin' until after election." But number two was still unconvinced, repeating that his newspaper and radio were still very warlike. "Okay, okay," said number one, "write to Pappy O'Daniel and ask him." . . .

W. D.

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WILLIAM L. CH
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JUST A TOUCH OF DeSoto

International News Photo

WE OF De Soto look fondly on these Bofors cannon as they take up their action positions overseas. Every time they open up on the enemy we are cheering for them. We help to make them.

We've been doing quite a lot of cheering lately. Perhaps you, too, have read about the exploits of the great B-26 Marauder bombers—over Sicily and Italy and a lot of other places. When we read these stirring stories, we glory in them, for we help make Marauder bombers, too.

Our other family pride concerns the stalwart General Sherman tanks. They've told their own fighting story many times, and Rommel told it too—back home among the boys in Berlin. We help make the General Sherman tanks.

Yes, these are among today's De Soto jobs that help to clinch Allied success at the fighting fronts throughout the world. How proud we are of them!

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

DE SOTO
APPROVED
SERVICE
PLYMOUTH

THIS service sign is also a reminder of DeSoto in most American communities. It means the best possible in automobile service and parts supply. It means full protection for your wartime transportation needs.

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

• • •

War Bonds—Your Personal Investment

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 9:30 P. M., EASTERN WAR TIME

TIME HANGING HEAVY...THANKS TO DRY SCALP?

5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT....

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

GIVE YOU NEATER, HEALTHIER-LOOKING HAIR!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

IT'S SO SIMPLE... Tomorrow morning and every morning, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb, and run it through your hair or rub it directly on your scalp. Yes, that's all . . . yet it keeps your hair well-groomed all day long. It also checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils. As an extra aid, massage your scalp vigorously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before every shampoo and rub a little on afterwards. That's the way to have good-looking, natural-appearing hair, and a comfortable scalp as well. For double care of both scalp and hair, try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. And don't forget, it's different because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

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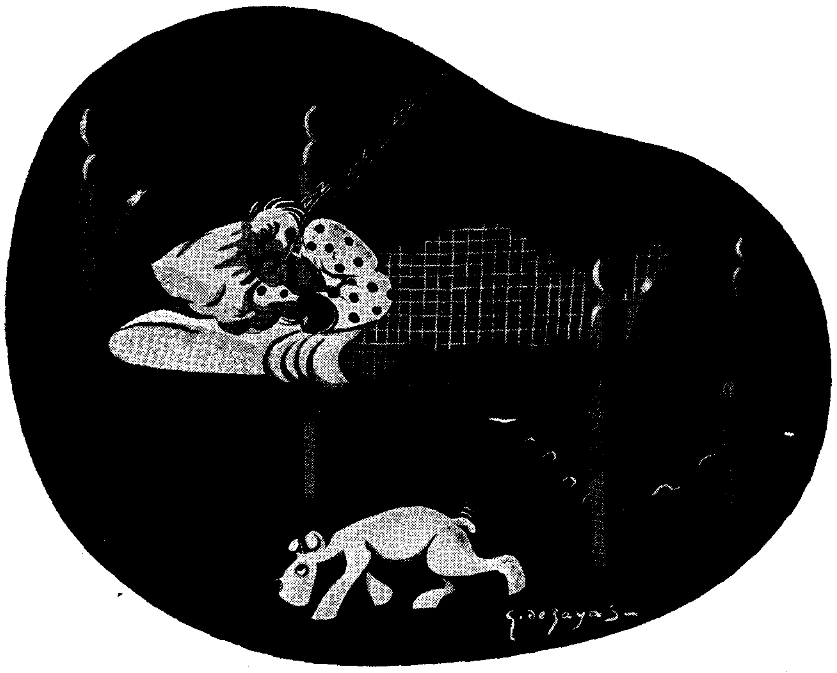

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A new "pulsating bed" is now being made by a famous firm after a development lasting 17 years. A noiseless electric motor in the box spring sends eight gentle rhythmic pulsations a second through the mattress, with the result that a tired but tense person becomes completely relaxed and ready for sleep in a matter of minutes.

Because copper is urgently needed for war materials, the Treasury Department has recently lent, to several new government-owned or operated plants, sufficient silver to take its place in their power distribution lines. Silver thus employed will not be consumed or destroyed and can be returned after the war. One installation in Michigan, which would have required $185,000 worth of copper, contains silver valued at $15,000,000 and, therefore, is constantly under armed guard.

Of the some 21,000 men who so far have tried to avoid conscription, about 8,800 have been inducted into the Army, 6,800 have been classified as sincere conscientious objectors and are in labor camps, and the other 5,400 have been convicted of deliberate draft dodging and are now in prison.

After a manufacturing plant has held an Army-Navy "E" pennant for six months, the company's record is reviewed by a government awards board. If the plant has equaled or exceeded its previous six-months performance, a service star is added to the flag; if it has not maintained both quality and quantity through the fault of either the management or the employees, the flag is withdrawn and has to be earned over again.

A recent report on elevators shows that New York City has 50,000, or one fifth of all the elevators in this country, and that they carry approximately 17,500,000 passengers daily, or nearly three times as many as all the city's busses, streetcars and subway and elevated trains combined.

Heifers and she-goats that are sterile or have not had offspring for other reasons may now be made to produce milk in profitable quantities through injections of a hormone, diethylstilbestrol dipropionate. Recently, one calfless cow in New Jersey, after 28 injections in 14 weeks, started to give milk and in four months reached a peak production of 33.7 pounds in one day. —*By William C. Albig, Scottdale, Pa.*

For having inflicted upon the German army the greatest defeat in its history, the city of Stalingrad is scheduled to receive a number of gifts, one of which will be a Sword of Honor from King George of England.

One of the longest radio broadcasts ever recorded completely was that of the coronation of King George of England in 1937. Made in New York by a firm specializing in this work, the recording covers both sides of 108 twelve-inch records, runs for nearly 14 hours and is priced at $700. Although a complete set has not yet been sold, many famous participants in this event have purchased the records containing their voices.

Of the dozen or more Allied Nations whose troops are stationed in Great Britain, the United States is the only one that has been permitted to establish its own military courts.

A unique American family is that of the Irish Horse Traders whose 4,000 members, all related by blood or by marriage, spend most of their time traveling through the South in small groups trading horses and mules. Their one official address is an undertaking establishment in Atlanta to which they ship their dead and where they meet for a week every April to celebrate marriages and to hold their annual mass funeral.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Appointment in Electronia...

LIKE PILOTS circling and converging to a meeting-point in outer space, the engineers of Bendix have a rendezvous with destiny. Their "INVISIBLE CREW," which now mans our planes and ships and tanks, will serve a whole new age of transportation. And to them, electrons are not dream-stuff . . . but everyday tools.

It is thus, now, in all divisions of Bendix. Scintilla projects the electronic control of high-altitude ignition. Eclipse perfects the electronic regulation of aircraft-generated voltage. Friez sends electronic scouts aloft, to report the weather from the stratosphere. Bendix Marine uses electrons in the navigation of warships. Pioneer has just developed a new flight-captain for "THE INVISIBLE CREW" . . . the first all-electronic Automatic Pilot. And all these are in addition to the well-known electronic functions of communication and detection . . . long mastered at Bendix Radio.

Bendix engineers draw upon electronics as upon all science . . . each in his special field. Some divisions excel in precision manufacture, some in mechanical invention, others in pure research. It is the merging of all their abilities, in ever more versatile members of "THE INVISIBLE CREW," that makes our Vehicles of Victory stand out as the Transports of Tomorrow. They may meet, next, in New York or Detroit. But, imaginatively, they have . . . an Appointment in Electronia.

SOME FAMOUS MEMBERS OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

PIONEER* Flight Instruments. **BENDIX* RADIO** Avigation, Detection, Communication Systems. **STROMBERG*** Aircraft Injection Carburetors. **ECLIPSE*AVIATION** Starters, Auxiliaries. **ECLIPSE MACHINE** Starter Drives. **SCINTILLA*** Aircraft Ignition. **BENDIX PRODUCTS** Stromberg Automotive Carburetors, Brakes, Landing Gear. **FRIEZ*** Weather Instruments. **ZENITH*** Carburetors. **BENDIX MARINE*** Controls.

THE INVISIBLE CREW

PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY

Bendix Aviation Corporation

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THE VEHICLES OF VICTORY ARE THE TRANSPORTS OF TOMORROW . . . EQUIP

BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS MONTH
You owe it to yourself—to America—to that special man of yours in uniform
We've got POWER on our side!

It's POWER that's defeating the Axis . . . power that's in there slugging . . . *fighting* power of every kind on every front! Man-power, sea-power and fire-power—producing-power in America's factories and on America's farms—*horse-power* by more millions than our foes in their wildest dreams ever conceived! Better American fuels in better engines, better maintained by better men, speak the only language the enemy can grasp. Sealed Power craftsmen, producing Sealed Power Piston Rings, Pistons and Cylinder Sleeves by multiplied millions, are proud of our Nation's trust. In tanks, trucks, jeeps and bulldozers—in bombers and fighter planes—in P-T boats and ships—and in the all-important trucks and tractors and cars on the home-front, Sealed Power Rings and Pistons save fuel, conserve power, and lengthen engine life. Packed in sets, individually engineered for all popular engines. Available for *your* engine at *your* favorite service shop. They cost no more. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

Scrap metal is needed for every gun, tank and ship. Send your scrap to war.

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PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

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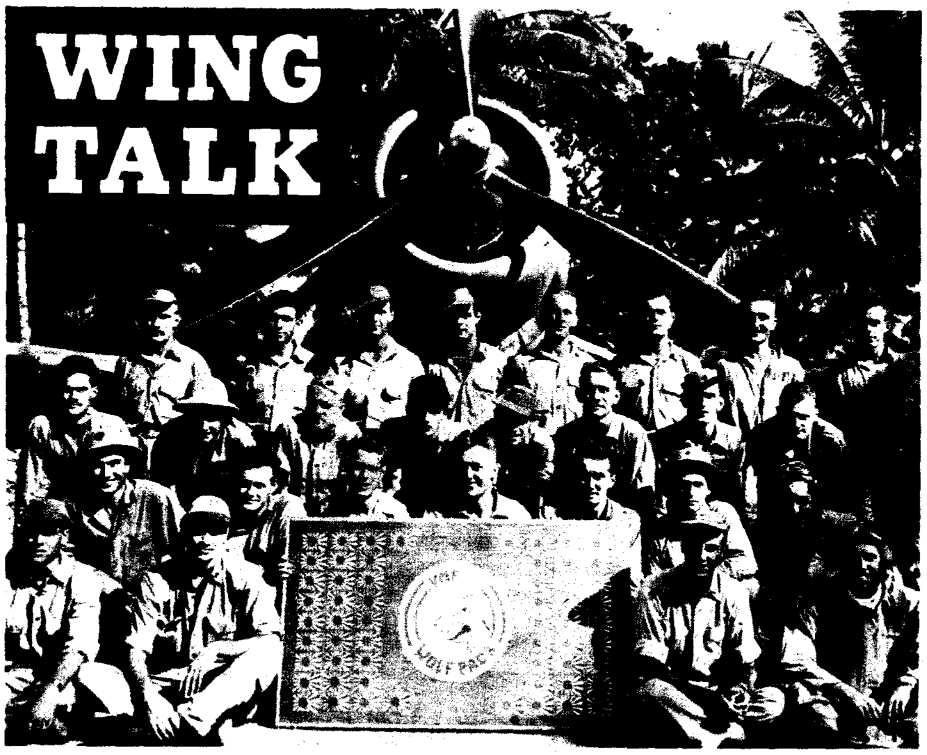
WING TALK



U. S. MARINE CORPS

Justly proud of their "tally board" are these members of a high-scoring Marine Fighter Squadron in the Pacific. "Skipper" Major Robert Fraser (second from right, front) tells his story below

THIS is the report of one of the high-scoring Marine Corps fighter squadrons in the Solomons campaign. It shot down 86 Japs with a loss of but two of its own pilots and very few of its planes. Its high point was a combat on a morning early in June, in which the squadron was credited with shooting down seven of nearly 50 Zeros.

The squadron "Skipper" is Major Robert Fraser of Genesee, New York. His account of the engagement gives a full and brilliant picture of what it is like to be a pilot in a fighter squadron in action.

Twelve F4Us (Vought Corsairs) of this squadron took off in midmorning to take combat patrol station to the north (Major Fraser related). The field was partly closed in and there was a high front ahead of us. When we came out of the front I had only 6 F4Us with me instead of 12. Two more F4Us came through the front and tried to catch us, but they were pretty far behind.

Almost at once the Zeros came over. We made a left turn and I saw six of them diving down out of the sun to a level slightly below us and coming up in back of our last man. I headed for them putting on the master switch controlling my guns. I was ready. As I closed the range my Jap boy executed a turn and straightened out into a steep dive but my old Corsair closed like the dickens. I gave him a burst and saw them going home. A couple of black puffs came out of his wing roots but he didn't burn as I had hoped. He rolled slowly to the left and I rolled with him, still shooting. I was overrunning so I rolled out of it and turned, trying to find him again, but no go. I chalked him up as a "probable." First Lt. Stanley T. Synar of Warner, Oklahoma, my wing man, saw him spin in, so I guess I shot the pilot.

The Wing Man Gets a Zero

After turning I saw another Zero go by ahead of me and was about to take after him when Synar went streaming by, closed very fast and blew him up in flames.

Then I joined on Synar and we started north again. We spotted some planes to the east and charged over there, but they were P-40s—they rocked their wings, swished their tails and yelled "P-40, P-40," so we knew who they were, all right.

About this time we spotted enemy planes rendezvousing to the south so we headed that way, climbing. The P-40s came along after us in due time and got eight Japs in a hurry after we had socked the Zeros downstairs, which made us feel kind of foolish. The P-40 is at its best "downstairs."

Synar was flying a nice formation on my wing when he suddenly dove under me with a Zero on his tail. I thought he had seen something below and cocked up to see what it was. Then I heard shooting behind me so I rather hastily kicked bottom rudder, rolled and figured that would lose my Jap. It didn't. He followed me for some time.

As I was doing my nose-down roll, another Zero went under my nose about 2,000 feet below me. I straightened out on his tail, but was out of range. He pulled up in a straight climb, in order to get me in position for his buddy. I pulled up too, and gave him a burst but it didn't seem to do any good—smoke puffs again.

A Corsair Takes a Strafing

I was fresh out of air speed and on my back, but got in another burst and he flamed on top. My Corsair spun—I could feel the stall at the wing tips—but she finally fell off on a wing. As I was recovering, there was a band in the accessory section and tracers started going by, so I rolled right and dove, and the oil pressure started going down.

I tried to dive out of it, but the Zero hung on my tail, still shooting. I rolled right, nose down, and dove for a layer of clouds, wondering when the motor was going to jump the mount. After going through the clouds I straightened out, throttling back. The oil pressure read zero. Twenty-mms. started bouncing off the armor plate—he was still there.

I rolled again and dove and got squared away to land in the water. The Zero closed on me and then swished back and forth from side to side looking me over. He was out of ammunition, but I couldn't know that. I naturally thought he was waiting to strafe me after I landed. My motor was vibrating badly and finally the prop froze. I opened the greenhouse (hood), watching the Zero who was following me down to the water and I was hoping he had gone to U.C.L.A. and knew what sportsmanship meant.

(Continued on page 78)

"I LOOKED INTO MY BROTHER'S FACE"

Even now, I can't sleep.

All night long the distant thunder of the guns was like the sad sound of surf along the shore at Manasquan where we spent last summer. And all night long I heard again the words I said bending over the litters as the wounded came in...

"Where are you hurt, soldier?"

Now, not even the blessed numbness we pray for in this place can keep me from living over and over again the moment when, sponging away the dark red mud, I looked into my brother's face.

He said, "Don't cry, Sis." And suddenly we were children again, playing nurse and wounded soldier on the battlefield of our yard back home, and I was crying because it seemed so real and I was scared.

I grew up last night.

Out here, I've seen my share of war. Women strafed in the streets . . . hospitals bombed . . . ripped sheets, splintered beds, the living and dead tumbled together. And I've stood it, because I'm an Army Nurse and that's my job.

But a nurse is a woman, first. And when someone you love is wounded, something breaks inside, and the war hits home.

Hits home to you . . . and to your mother and dad in the little Iowa town where you were born. Hits home to the heart of America.

And then you know why we're out here. Not for glory. Not for new worlds to conquer. Not for the sake of great, high-sounding words...

But to make sure we keep on having the kind of America my brother and I grew up in... to make sure we'll always have a hand and a voice in helping to make it an even better land to live in. To make sure that we'll come home to the America we've always known . . . where we can make our lives what we want them to be . . . where we'll be free to live them out in peace and kindness and security.

That's what my brother and I are fighting for.

Keep it that way until we come back!

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney engines for Navy Vought Corsair fighters . . . making intricate Hamilton Standard Propellers . . . readying production lines to build Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces . . . working day and night to make sure our sons and brothers will soon be coming home again . . . to make certain that someday soon we'll turn again to peaceful things, to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash.

• • •

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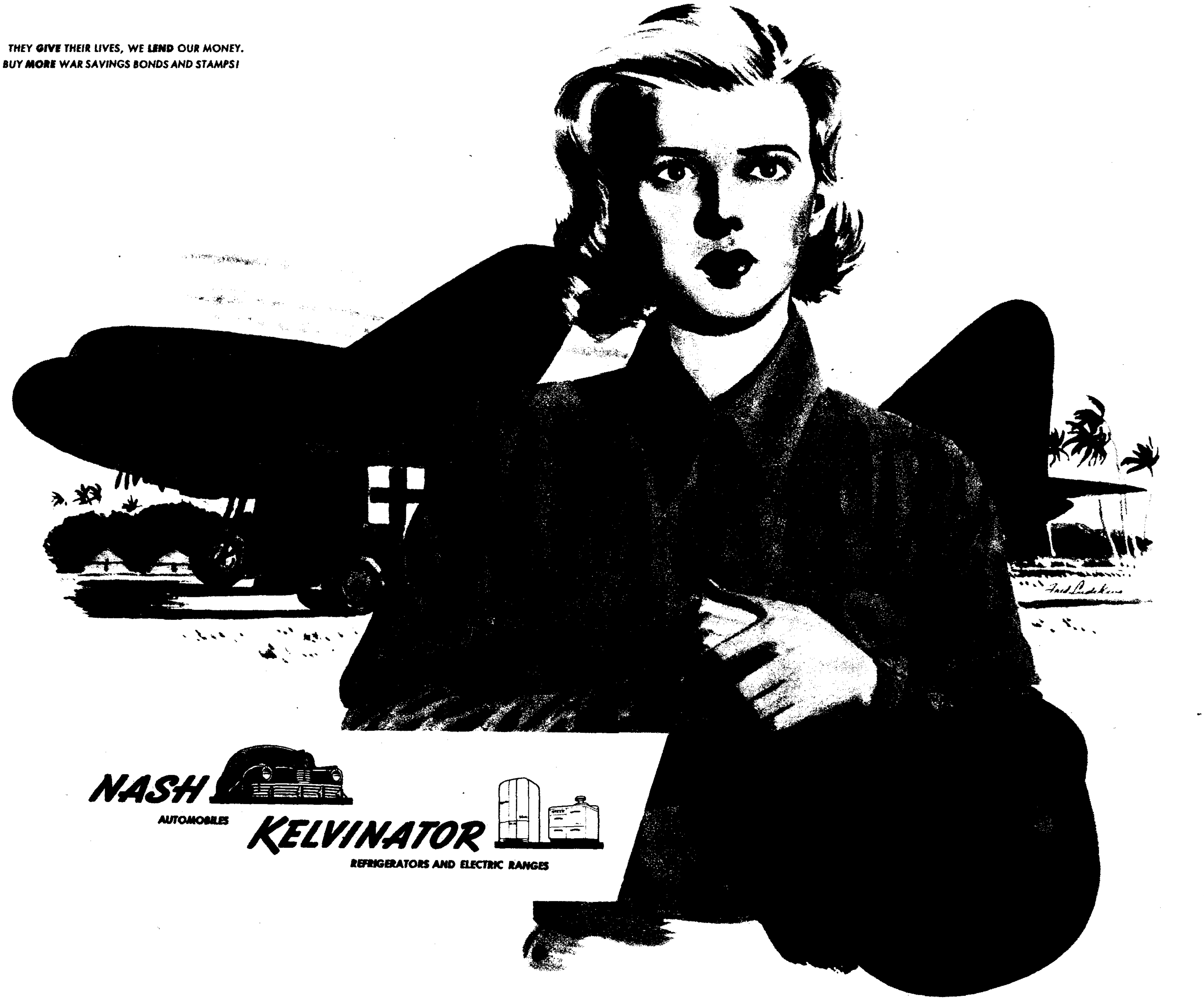
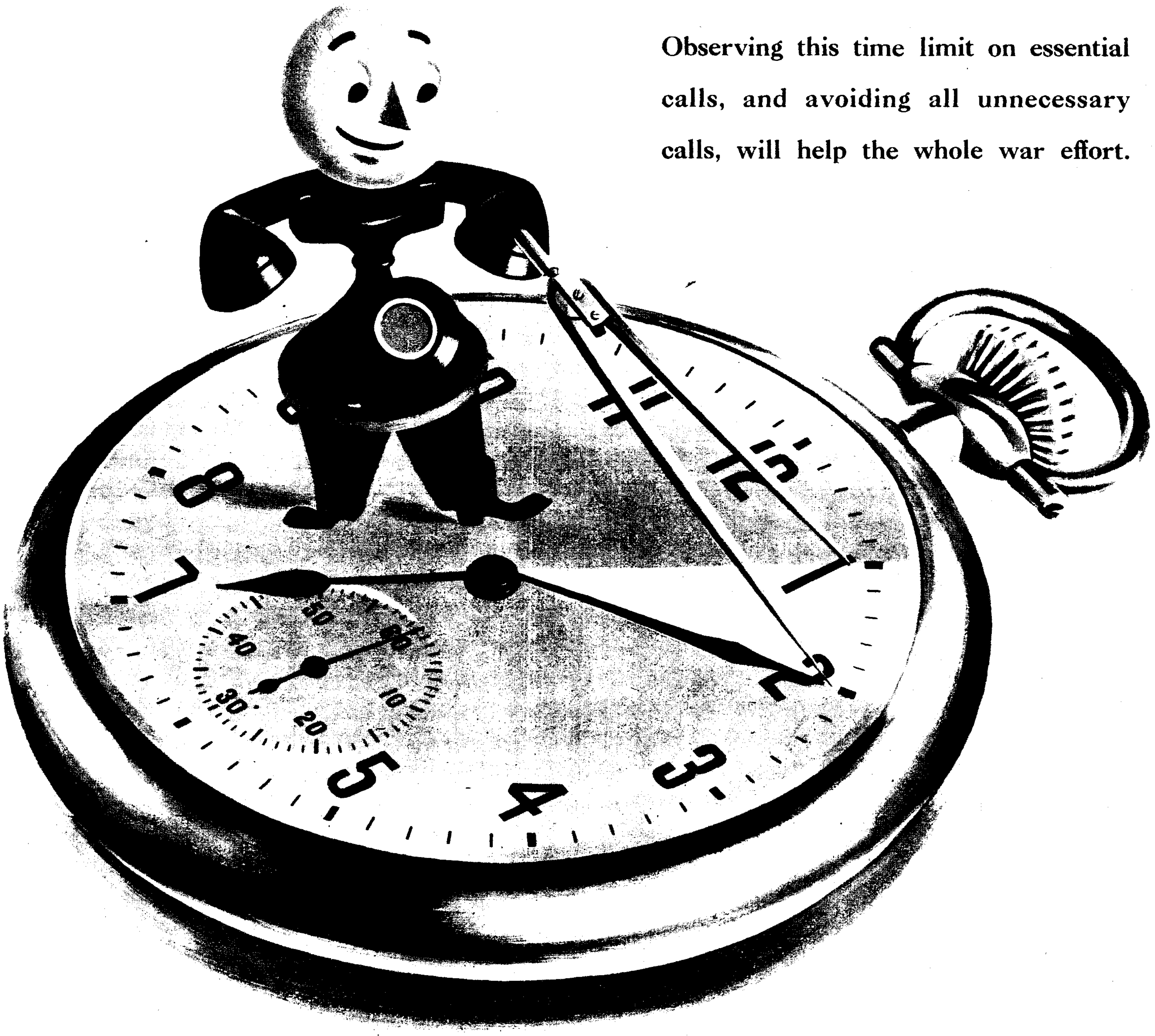

THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES, WE LEND OUR MONEY.
BUY MORE WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!
NASH
AUTOMOBILES
KELVINATOR
REFRIGERATORS AND ELECTRIC RANGES

PLEASE LIMIT YOUR CALL TO FIVE MINUTES

When a Long Distance circuit is crowded the operator will say: "Please limit your call to five minutes."

Observing this time limit on essential calls, and avoiding all unnecessary calls, will help the whole war effort.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

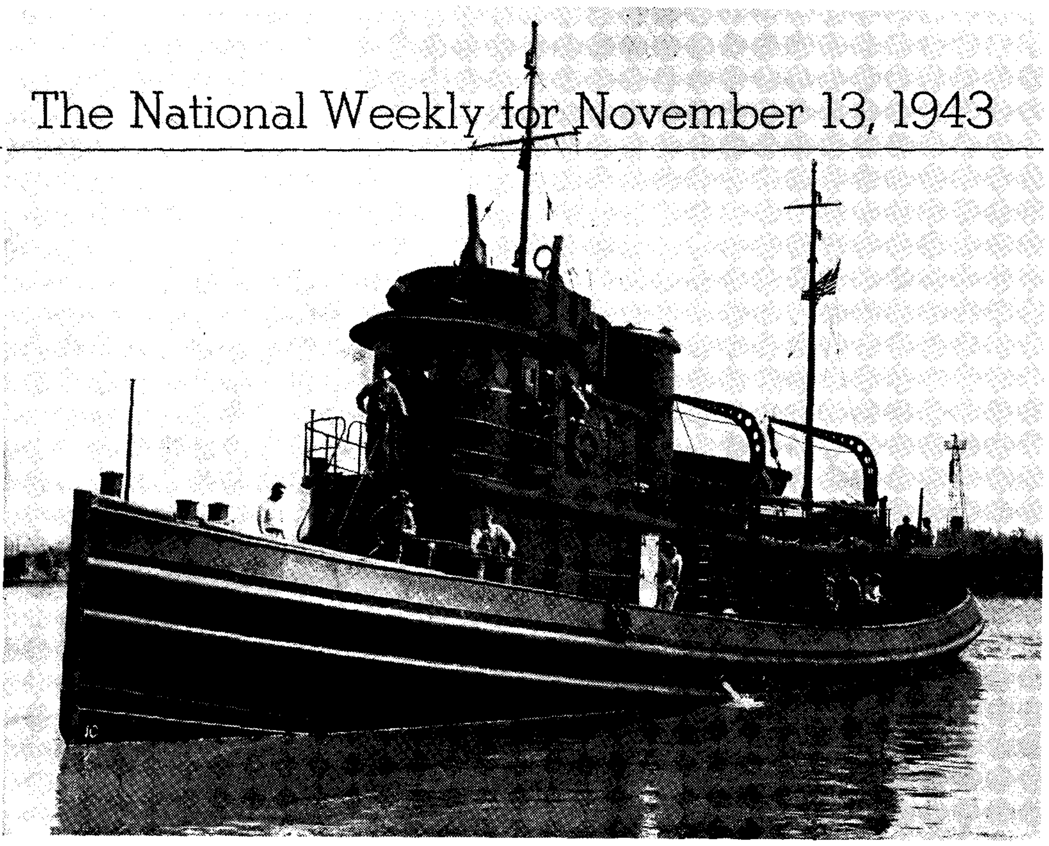
Collier's The National Weekly for November 13, 1943

THE MASSAWA MIRACLE

By Biddle Dorcy as told to Barrett C. Kiesling

The world knows that Rommel was beaten by the British 8th. But hardly anyone knows that behind the 8th stood an American tug. And the story of how that tug chuffed halfway around the world to Massawa to open a bottleneck for the 8th Army, and of how it probably saved North Africa for the Allies, makes a bright page of history—which is here published for the first time

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON



TEXAS STUDIO

The tug Intent, built and launched in 26 days, backs out in midstream at Port Arthur, Texas. She had 14 men aboard. Only the skipper knew that she was about to race Rommel to the Nile. Even he didn't know she'd win

IT TOOK a bare 100 days in the summer and fall of 1942 for fourteen civilian Americans and a small harbor tug to save North Africa for the Allies. If it hadn't been for us and our tug, all of the Mediterranean coast of Africa, and the Suez Canal, might today be in Axis hands. Here is the story—you judge for yourself:

Early in 1942 the British in Egypt were dangerously short of supplies, guns, ammunition, trucks, fuel. Rommel was battering at their lines. Axis air fleets based on Pantelleria practically cut off Allied shipping from England and America to Egyptian ports. The Suez Canal and parts of the Red Sea were within bomber range of the enemy and it was hazardous to use them.

So supplies for the Allied armies had to go around the Cape of Good Hope, and then up to Djibouti or Massawa. Massawa, in Eritrea, was by far the most vital. It was a short land passage from the port over a paved highway to Asmara; from there, there was a British military road up to Khartoum and then up the Nile Valley to Cairo.

War cargoes couldn't, with any chance of success, be taken farther north than Massawa—and at Massawa nine sunken ships blocked the way. They were sunk, bow to stern, in the south harbor entrance, the tops of their masts, rigging and stacks sticking out a few feet above the surface of the hot, oily swells. The retreating Italians had bomb-blasted them from inside when the British drove them from the port—and what got by these ships and up to the docks was a trickle.

The British had been trying to get some of the ships up, but they couldn't get the proper equipment or the skilled divers. They had been working on one ship for seven months—and she was still on the bottom. Rommel was getting his supplies across the Mediterranean, and the British weren't getting any supplies to amount to much from anywhere.

Meanwhile, Rommel was advancing eastward and the prophets were predicting he would soon overrun the Middle East, join with the Japs—and the war might be lost.

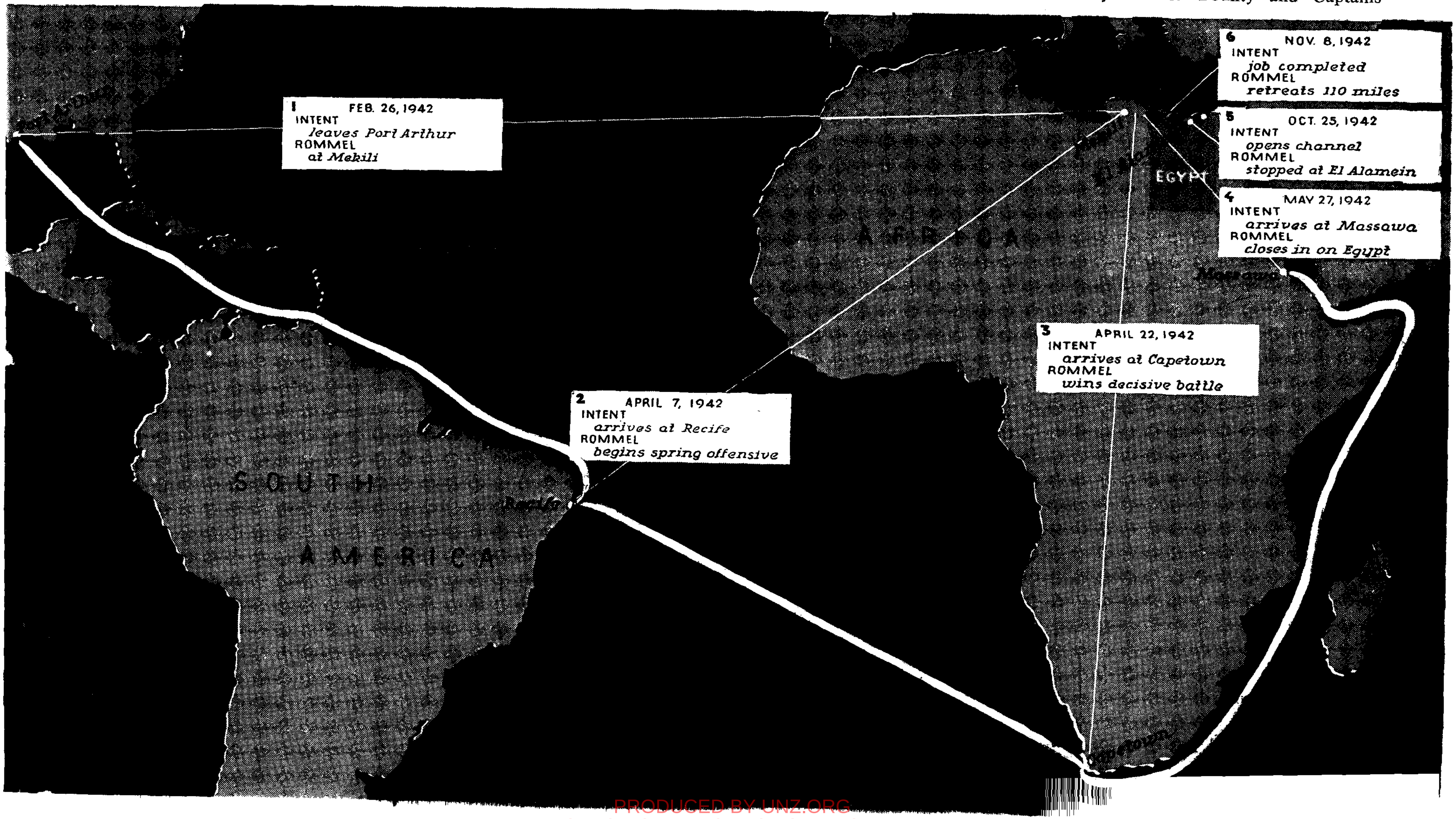
A look at the facts of the case seemed to make the prophets right, for once.

At this interesting moment I got a call from one of the big hotels in Los Angeles to meet a representative of the contracting firm of Johnson, Drake & Piper—and before long I found myself with a deep-sea diving contract. I thought: Well, probably it's in Central or South America somewhere; it won't take long. But no one would tell me where the job was; all I learned was that my boss would be Captain Edison D. Brown, a veteran salvager. He'd just got back from raising the sunken German steamer Eisenach at Puntarenas, Costa Rica.

I didn't know then that the British had sent in a hurry call to the United States to get those sunken ships at Massawa out of the way in jig time—or else. . . . I didn't know, either, that I'd been hired because Captain Brown had insisted to my employers that, although I was a "movie actor," I was no cream puff.

After I left Stanford University at Palo Alto, California, I did some commercial diving in the Philippines; coming back home I made a living as a stunt man in the movies. I swam the rapids in Northwest Passage; I fought a giant squid for Ray Milland in Reap the Wild Wind; I dived endlessly off masts and cliffs.

Well, Captain Brown had been a "movie actor," too. He'd skippered tugs in Mutiny on the Bounty and Captains


1 FEB. 26, 1942
INTENT
leaves Port Arthur
ROMMEL
at Mekili
2 APRIL 7, 1942
INTENT
arrives at Recife
ROMMEL
begins spring offensive
3 APRIL 22, 1942
INTENT
arrives at Capetown
ROMMEL
wins decisive battle
4 MAY 27, 1942
INTENT
arrives at Massawa
ROMMEL
closes in on Egypt
5 OCT. 25, 1942
INTENT
opens channel
ROMMEL
stopped at El Alamein
6 NOV. 8, 1942
INTENT
job completed
ROMMEL
retreats 110 miles
Port Arthur
SOUTH AMERICA
Recife
AFRICA
EGYPT
El Alamein
Massawa
Capetown

The route of the Intent from Texas to the Red Sea is shown below, together with the corresponding position of Rommel's Afrika Korps. The effect of one on the other is clear

Courageous—in between putting in twenty-five years of salvage work all over the world.

When the British SOS came in, there was no salvage vessel available anywhere in the United States. So one was built at Port Arthur, Texas, in twenty-six days. She was a steel tug, ninety-seven feet long, Diesel-electric driven and equipped with all the diving and salvage gadgets anyone could think of. She had been completed and run her trials only a few days before her crew piled aboard—officers, deckhands, divers, tenders and engineers. Few of us had seen one another before; none of us knew where we were going. All we knew was we were aboard a tug called the Intent, which boasted a seven-ton icebox full of good food. Her fantail was only a couple of feet above the water, and people began to predict she would be half under water if she ever got out of the harbor.

They were right.

As we headed out into the Gulf, the waves swept over the Intent in every mild breeze, and luckily none of us knew just what it would be like before our scratch crew had fought the little ship the 15,000 miles from Port Arthur to Massawa across stormy oceans, dodging German and Jap subs. We were in the Gulf when we learned that Massawa, on the Red Sea coast north of Aden, was our destination; and that opening a bottleneck was our job. We began then to take an interest in the battle for Africa.

On April 7th the sputtering radio told us that Rommel had started his Libyan drive and made forty miles toward Suez. We got a few more revolutions out of the motors and plowed on. By this time we had figured out a lot of things—including the probability that if we didn't get to Massawa and open that bottleneck pretty suddenly, the British wouldn't get supplies and Rommel was almost a cinch to win.

We were entering the harbor at Recife, Brazil, at the time, hoping for a quick getaway with fresh supplies and fuel for the long Atlantic stretch to Capetown.

After some trouble with the U. S. Marines, who were not expecting us, we left for the open South Atlantic. We got a bad physical and mental tossing about, half the time under water in the long, wind-driven seas. The radio made it worse: Alexandria raided from the air; Rommel nearing Tobruk; Allied opposition weak.

We fought on through storms. It was so rough we couldn't get into the seven-ton icebox, full of steaks, and existed, wet and sleepless, on cold stuff and lukewarm coffee. We spent a lot of time running away from ships we sighted, and then we noticed that if a ship saw us first, it turned tail and ran. It slowly dawned on us that our low silhouette looked remarkably like a surfaced submarine. It was no comfort to know this, because sooner or later some ambition-laden skipper on a passing freighter was going to open up on us with his deck guns.

A Target for Deck Guns

We flew a Stars-and-Stripes big enough for a battleship—so large it looked as if we were towing it. But there was always a chance, especially at night, that a ship would fire first and have a look at our nationality later—if there was anything left to look at.

So we swayed and pitched to the Cape and into Table Bay—just astern of 120,000 British troops who had cleaned out Capetown so thoroughly that you had to stand in line for hours to buy anything. We refueled and took on supplies and headed around the Cape and then north again, up through Mozambique Channel. On the night of May 6th, what we'd been fearing happened.

A big British transport, headed for Madagascar, mistook us for a Jap sub—there were some around—and came storming down to ram us. Just in the nick of time Captain Brown switched on our running lights. The transport captain realized we weren't a sub and swung hard astarboard. The Britisher's wash almost swamped us as she thrashed by.

The next day we heard over the air that Madagascar had fallen to the British and that Rommel still was headed eastward for Suez. We kept wondering if we'd be in time. We chugged along, past Aden, and into the baking heat of the Red Sea and poked into Massawa on May 27th, ninety days out of Texas. Four months before, the Intent had been only a blueprint.

Massawa was a mess. The hills ringing the bay were bleak and barren in the sun glare. The heat ranged from 100 to 128. A yellow haze of desert dust hung over everything. Nine ships were sunk in the main channel. Two drydocks and seventeen other oceangoing vessels were under water all over the harbor.

The British were yelling for supplies, and the headlines in the little Asmara newspaper said: Axis within fifteen miles of Tobruk in big advance.

Supply ships from England and America lay off the closed port. A trickle of supplies got ashore in lighters and small boats. Here was the war's worst bottleneck, and it was up to our tiny tug and her crew to pull the cork.

Captain Brown waved his hand toward the line of sunken ships. "There they are, boys," he said. "Bounce 'em!"

"Bouncing her," I may say, is underwater slang for raising a sunken ship. Two days after we got to Massawa, we had the equipment broken out, the pumps rigged, the suits tested and were at work on the 10,000-ton German freighter Liebenfels.

We worked in black, oily water at a temperature of 95 degrees. The ship had been blown open by time bombs and inside she was a fantastic nightmare of torn steel, twisted timber and assorted wreckage. We worked mainly on our hands and knees, crawling painfully around—divers stride gaily about only in the movies. It was a nerve-racking and physically exhausting job.

By the time I had on two suits of heavy underwear, heavy socks, short overall pants, shoulder pads and tennis shoes I was sweltering. Then my tender, Tom Dee, hung on my breastplate and canvas pants to protect the rubber dress. The minutes were sheer hell; sweat could not evaporate in the suit. The heavy helmet went on, the seventeen-pound iron sandals, the forty-pound belt. Then I tested my air and phone lines, and went down.

Every day was a battle to live. We could not use soap to wash because every tiny chafe turned into a running sore. We suspected there might be booby traps in the ships, and every time our hands touched wire, down below, we expected to be blown sky-high. The fact that we weren't, and that the ships came up, hangs on a few packs of American cigarettes.

Ashore for recreation were an American commissary, a couple of English canteens and the Turino Club. This haven was on the roof of Massawa's tallest skyscraper, five stories above the dusty street. You could get a cool drink there, sometimes, to take your mind off the "hostesses." The Italian waiters had all been stewards or sailors on the sunken ships. We Americans treated them as human beings and they were pathetically grateful.

The Italians were starved for cigarettes. Each of us got a pack a day and I shared mine with my favorite waiter. It paid off. One evening when we were working on the Liebenfels this waiter took me aside in the darkness and said, more or less: "Look, Signor Dorcy, you have been kind to me; I do not want to see you killed. So I tell that the sabotage officer who sunk all those ships, he rigged up booby traps in each ship."

A Vital Piece of Information

"Where?" I asked, anxiously, thanking my lucky stars we had not yet "found" any.

"He was a methodical man, without imagination," said the waiter. "He put bombs in each ship near the bulkhead between Holds One and Two and Holds Four and Five. And he put booby traps thus and so, in each ship. If you turn a certain valve—boom! No more ship."

"And no more Dorcy," I murmured.

I got a pretty good idea just where the fatal valve was, and where the booby-trap bombs were. We managed to find them and make them harmless. But it seems to me a cold fact that, had this waiter not told me how to find these infernal machines, the whole salvage operation probably would have failed, or at least been delayed long enough to allow Rommel to take Egypt.

In the stifling heat we went to work again, getting wooden plugs over the holes in the Liebenfels. The Asmara paper's headlines became gloomier and gloomier. . . . June 18: British withdraw into Egypt; a week later: Axis sweeps 180 miles into Egypt. It began to look as if we might be too late.

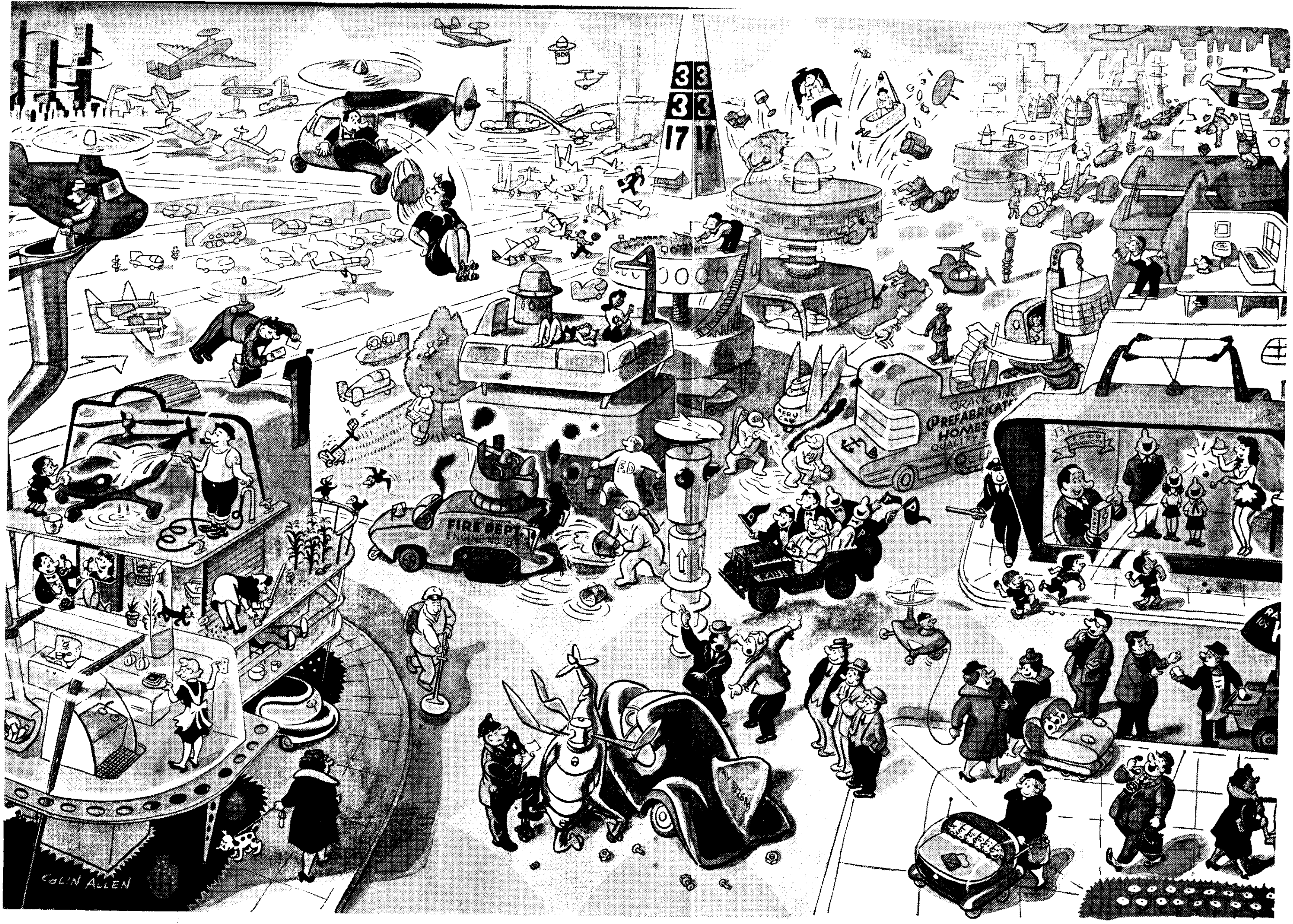
Outside the harbor, ships waited nervously, anxious to get in, unload their guns and munitions and trucks and sail out for more. From the retreating British came messages asking us to hurry. We hurried.

On July 1st we bounced the Liebenfels. We had set a world record of twenty-nine working days. A tug put a line on the raised ship and lugged her out of the channel. The bottleneck was partly open. A small tanker slid in and tied up at the

(Continued on page 76)

TEXAS STUDIO

The crew of the Intent. These 14 men feel that they had as much to do with the saving of North Africa for the Allies as the British 8th Army. The man in "civvies" with Capt. Brown did not go. Biddle Dorcy, author of the story of the Intent, is wearing a stocking cap



A wave of predictions about the immediate postwar industrial dream world makes the prophets of the last century look like sissies

Looking Backward to the Future

By Raymond Loewy as told to B. Smith Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ALLEN

You'll get that streamlined dream on wheels after the war. And Mom will get gadgets that do everything but mind the baby. But the industrial designers and manufacturers are worried. They think you expect these things the day after the armistice. If so, you'd better spend a few minutes reading why you may have to wait for a few years

IT WILL take but one hour to go from New York to Washington and only eleven hours to go to California . . . if this system should develop into a practicable mode of travel. The difficulties are merely mechanical!" What is this system—air transport? No, it can't be, because the writer continues: "Passengers will be *shot* full speed into the middle of the city; each one will travel in his own car and can start at any time of the day or night." He concludes with: "This would be the safest of all modes of travel yet devised."

That seven-day wonder, heralded so enthusiastically in October, 1861, was to have been the "new system of passenger traffic by *pneumatic tube!*" Unfortunately, the pneumatic system never proved to be practicable, but before the dream was abandoned, several companies were formed, here and in England, and a good many hard silver dollars were poured down the proverbial drain.

The same year, there was talk of a "small locomotive for family use" and a "musical instrument, so made that by passing a sheet of paper or other object (a comb, perhaps?) through the instrument, a desired tune will be produced," and a "substitute for bread yeast, a family instrument for impregnating bread dough with carbonic acid gas . . ."

Let's move on a few decades to September, 1896. A "railway on stilts" had just been opened between Brighton and Rottingdean in England. At high tide, the tracks were submerged, so the electric car was constructed on stilts, twenty-three feet above rail level. According to one newspaperman of the period, this railway would "of course, revolutionize sea travel as the locomotive revolutionized land travel. In a short time, we might expect to see a railway running from Dover to Calais . . ."

The Dream That Didn't Materialize

Sorry, bud, we always made that trip by boat or plane, and we never noticed, in your words, "the light of your flying windows," as you passed us in mid-channel. P.S. Shortly after the opening of the railway, a gale blew up and washed out the landing pier. Next, the seashore changed, and the track had to be taken up. It was a good idea while it lasted.

And so we come to 1943 and we see a wave of predictions about the immediate postwar industrial dream world that makes the writers of 1861 and 1896 look like sissies. Junior is saving his War Bonds to buy a $300 automobile; Pop thinks he will postpone his next fishing trip until he can fly to Maine in his own helicopter; Mom is dreaming about the day after the war when she can order that complete kitchen unit, electronically controlled, to be delivered in a matter of two weeks and installed within a morning

As an industrial designer, I should be the last one to discourage this kind of imaginative thinking. Perhaps the source of confusion is the term "postwar" itself. The automobile is a postwar development —post-Civil War! The slightly revised 1942 model of your favorite toaster will also be "post" a war, but that particular toaster can be designated specifically as a "resumption model"—the first from the manufacturer's plant when he resumes peacetime production. If you say, and really mean it, "See you around sometime, my postwar wonder product," you may be able to avoid those Armistice Blues. However, the wishful thinking appears to have got out of hand at present.

Undoubtedly, the case for the wonder world has been presented very convincingly, primarily because, blue-sky planning makes good escapist reading, and secondly, because, in the past two decades

(Continued on page 69)

Some of New York State's best home talent: Norman Hurd, State Farm Manpower Director (above), and H. E. Babcock, Chairman of the Emergency Food Commission

INTERNATIONAL

LOCAL BOYS MAKE GOOD

BY HICKMAN POWELL

Governor Dewey's Emergency Food Commission was set up to avert disaster on the food front. The way these foresighted commissioners got results makes it a model for other states to copy

AS PART of the new New York State administration, I have had some share in helping Governor Dewey organize the state's effort to protect its food supply. I suppose that is why the editor asked me to write an article on what one state can do in times like these.

Any state has a vast variety of problems peculiar to its own people, which it is best equipped to meet and which are likely to be overlooked in any national program.

Home talent has plenty which it can contribute to the national effort, without adding to the burden on Washington hotels. Almost any man functions at his best on familiar ground, where his leadership and his first name are recognized.

About the best day's work Tom Dewey has done as governor was persuading Ed Babcock to quit running back and forth to Washington, and get into harness managing the food show at home.

H. E. Babcock of Ithaca is a farmer who knows the food-production business inside out. Some years ago, he took charge of a small, struggling farm co-operative. He and his associates built it to a $140,000,000-a-year enterprise, the biggest farmer purchasing agency in the world. Retiring from active management, Babcock then branched out as one of the recognized top national leaders in organized agriculture—often consulted in the highest matters and often dismayed at the way things went. Dewey asked him to quit worrying, quit giving advice that wasn't taken, stay home, and do the work for his own state himself.

Governor Dewey created the Emergency Food Commission with Babcock as chairman—eleven practical men, each of them already busily engaged in the down-to-earth problems of food supply.

Trouble Shooters on the Job

Their fundamental job was to get their heads together, foresee troubles, and act to prevent emergencies. Each was to take a segment of the food problem (labor, transportation, machinery, etc.) and be responsible to act for the state in that field. The governor told them he wanted action even more than advice, and let them alone.

Naturally, many of the food commission's jobs have been to intercede with one federal bureau or another, and often it has been possible to get results. But there are things the state can do on its own. It has difficulty obtaining new farm machinery, when no metal is allocated for its manufacture; but it can and did rush delivery of new spraying equipment to a county faced with loss of its potato crop; it can and does provide engineers to give thousands of demonstrations to rural mechanics and farmers on the repair and adjustment of old machinery.

The state cannot put fruit crates ahead of ammunition boxes; but New York orchards were able to ship their crop this fall because the state, beginning last spring, canvassed its 1,300 sawmills, found a few which were not making ammunition containers, and induced them to make apple boxes.

Probably few of our national planners have lost much sleep over the simple fact that an eggshell comes from an oyster. When hens are cooped up, they have to eat crushed oyster shells or an equivalent, or else you will soon have a great many cracked eggs. If calcium is still denied, before long you will begin finding eggs enclosed only in a membrane, soft and droopy. Today, oyster shells are scarce. Last summer, the New York Food Commission sent out a scout to track down the trouble. At Norfolk, Virginia, he found thousands of tons of shells piled up next to a crushing mill which hadn't turned a wheel in months. The proprietor's legal wage ceiling was so low that nobody would crush shells for him when the shipyards were paying twice as much.

A Crisis in Calcium

Wage arbiters in Washington, when told the importance of oyster shells, said this must be corrected right away. But fortunately, since it was not corrected, the Food Commission took other steps.

At its request, two New York rock companies immediately began crushing a certain form of blue limestone, which the Food Commission's nutrition experts had found to be an acceptable substitute for shells. Meanwhile, the feed trade, stimulated by the commission, pressed out-of-state manufacturers for increased production of certain patented calcium-bearing grits. Such means now seem to assure maintenance of rigidity in the New York egg.

Much of the commission's work necessarily involved Washington. Ever since he took on the job last March, Babcock had been trying to make the national planners understand the necessity of maintaining food production in the East.

Not only New York, but all thirteen Northeastern states, comprising more than 40,000,000 people, a third of the nation, are dependent on Western grain for their local production of milk and eggs. But last summer, there was a corn famine so complete that the national corn products industry was virtually shut down. This was no mere shortage; it was a complete disappearance of corn from the market, artificially created by price-rigging policies.

Yet New York cows were fed. That was because the Emergency Food Commissioners, at their very first meeting last March, foresaw the impending corn famine and took steps to meet it. Since it was becoming impossible to buy American grain, they persuaded the feed trade to go into the Canadian market immediately for an initial shipment of 26,000,000 bushels of barley. That was not so simple as it sounds. The feed industry was being asked to risk millions of dollars on what was regarded as an inferior substitute, when what the farmers wanted was American corn. It was necessary to create a demand and this was what the Food Commission did. It warned the farmers that a shortage was near, and urged them to lay in supplies

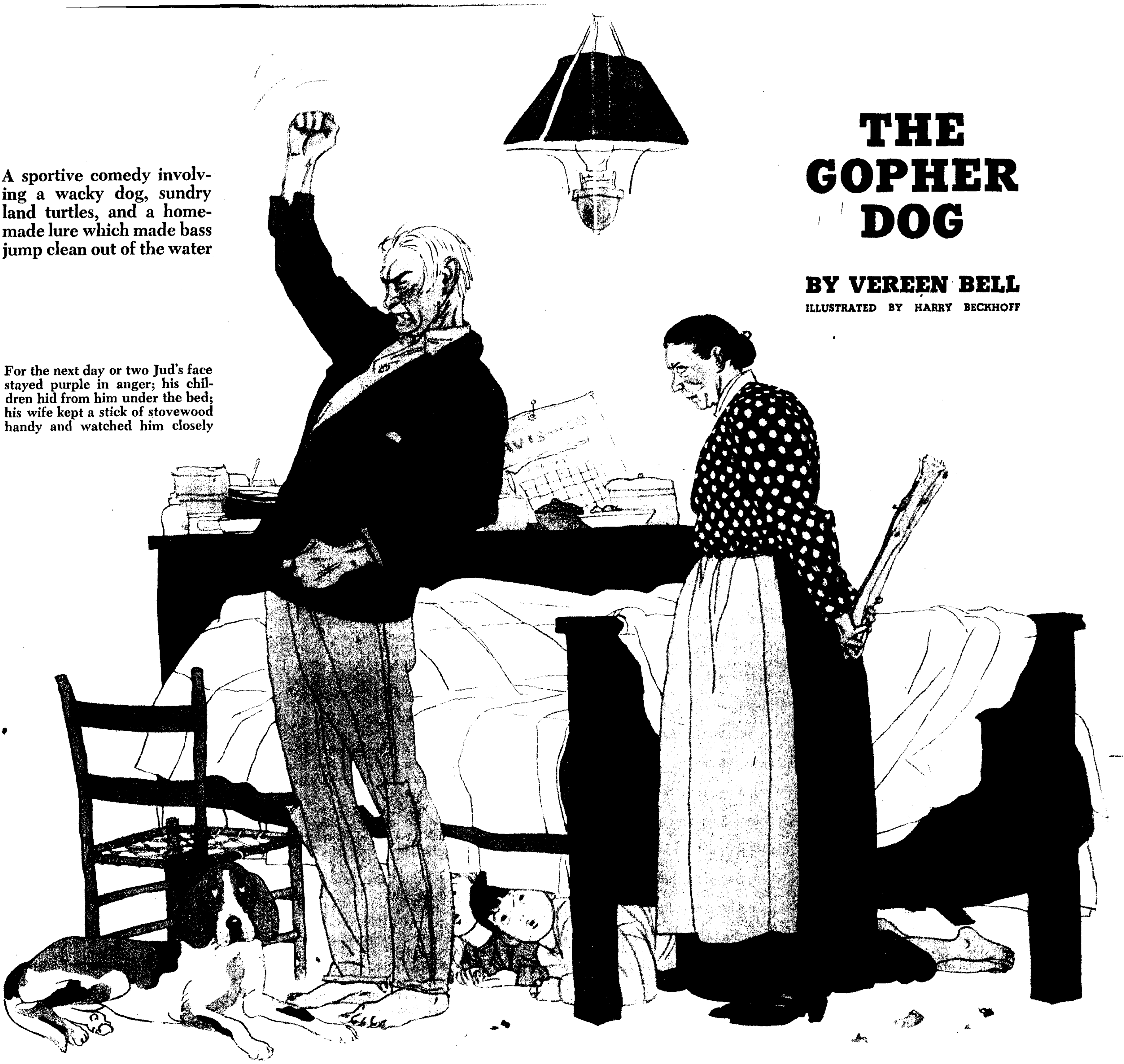
(Continued on page 75)

THE GOPHER DOG

BY VEREEN BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A sportive comedy involving a wacky dog, sundry land turtles, and a homemade lure which made bass jump clean out of the water



For the next day or two Jud's face stayed purple in anger; his children hid from him under the bed; his wife kept a stick of stovewood handy and watched him closely

JUD LEE stopped his wagon in front of the Golden Rule Grocery. The bird dog Fred, having trotted in under the shade of the wagon, lay down on the pavement and immediately went to sleep. Golden Rule Linkins, leaning against the doorway, called, "Howdy do, Jud?"

"Just tolable, Rule. How're you?"

"Poorly. It looks like my business is going to drindle right on down to nothing. Seems like I better hatch me up one them premotion schemes," Linkins said unhappily. "You been fishing lately?"

"I've just about give it up, to tell the truth. Ain't been since day before yestiddy," Jud said. " 'Course I stopped off a minute at the creek coming in, to catch a mess for my old woman, on account of she's ailing." He held up a willow fork on which hung three bass, still flapping.

"You caught them at the creek this morning?" Rule asked in astonishment. "Why, I fished the creek this morning myself and I never hung the first one. What'd you catch 'em with?"

"Same old thing." He leaned over in the wagon and picked up an object shaped roughly like a lizard, made of buckskin and studded with fishhooks.

"Jud Lee's dabbler," Rule breathed reverently, for the fame of this lure was wide. It was said that fish would follow Jud to the hard road to get at his dabbler. Many men had tried to imitate it, and even Jud had not been able to make another one as deadly. The imitations caught some fish, but not the way the original did. It had the magic motion.

"Jud," Rule said, "I don't guess you'd sell that dabbler, would you? It must be right old now, and it's gitting pretty chewed-uplike."

"I reckon I'll hang onto it a while longer," Jud said.

"I'd give you two dollars."

Jud said he reckoned not, and they went into the store. Rule was right—business was bad. Things were very quiet. Jud bought some supplies, and as he started to pay, Rule said, "You just take them things and this here five-dollar bill and leave that dabbler with me, and we'll call it square, Jud."

"I couldn't hardly do—" Jud stopped short, for from behind the counter had strolled a big pointer with well-sprung ribs and a handsome head. "Never knew you had no bird dog like that, Rule," Jud said. "Where you git him at?"

"I come by him," Rule said complacently.

"Is he worth a damn?"

"He ain't bad," Rule said. "Ain't bad. I reckon I ought to keep my mouth shut but the fellow I got him from said your dog Fred was the daddy of him. Said he had his bitch locked up and old Fred come around one night and when he seen what dog it was he let him in."

At this information Jud put down his groceries and looked intently at the dog. "He walks lazylike, the way Fred does," Jud admitted. "But eyes is set a mite too close together."

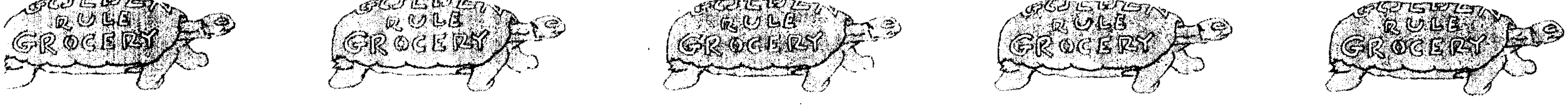
"Come here, Bertie," Rule said. He fondled the dog's ears. "That fellow shore did hate to git shet of Bertie. I sort of know how he feels now."

"How come?" Jud asked quickly.

"Well, looks like I'm gonna have to let him go myself. My business is bad and I got to try to build it up. Ain't got time for hunting and fishing both. So I'm quitting hunting. Tears me all to pieces to do it, but I got to find Bertie a new home."

"Town ain't no fit place for a bird dog noway," Jud said. "Guess I oughtn't to

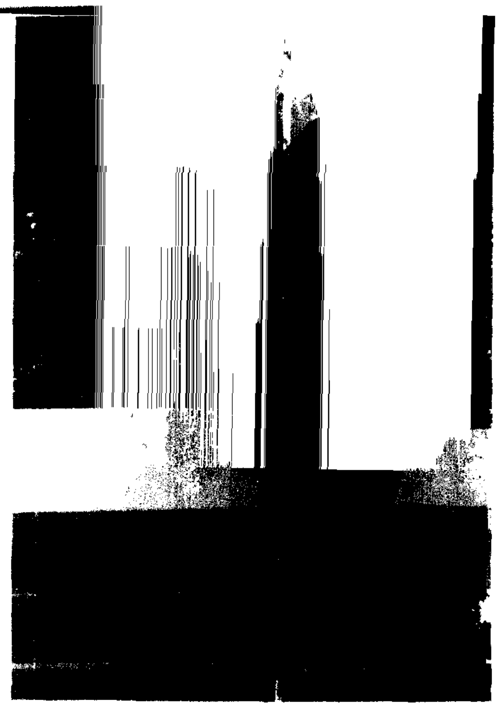
(Continued on page 63)



Lifeboat

BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK AND HARRY SYLVESTER. Based on an Original Screen Story by JOHN STEINBECK for 20th CENTURY-FOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



Alfred Hitchcock, co-author of this story and director of the forthcoming picture of the same title

ALTHOUGH she was, by many people's standards, a successful woman, Mrs. Porter never consciously thought of herself as lucky. And perhaps she was right; the cold, orderly and somewhat ruthless intellect which she possessed had enabled her to use her body when the intellect itself failed; her foresight had always been remarkable; in a profession that required honesty, artistic ability and a certain objectivity, she ranked high, although she possessed none of these qualities.

Her ability—nameless, in a way—had reached now its highest achievement, although Mrs. Porter did not think of it that way. For she sat, an elegant and solitary figure, on one of the thwarts of a lifeboat. Her mink coat was about her, a small hat rested on her hair, and near her feet was an alligator traveling case and the smallest practical portable typewriter. She was not even breathless. A lit cigarette held half-forgetfully between two fingers, with the other fingers of both hands she was adjusting a filter on the lens of a small but very expensive camera, to compensate for the fog which completely encircled her and made her, in the boat, the center of a circle of water not much over a hundred yards in diameter.

It was on the edge of this circle that the freighter, Frances Sweeney, was sinking. Close to two thirds of the ship was under water, but the funnel with its whistle still going, was above water, and Mrs. Porter, overexquisite, even for a woman, in small matters (although never in large ones), half wished that the boat would hurry and sink so that the whistle would be stilled. While with her fingers she hastened to affix the filter.

The fog had come quite suddenly and even ironically for all concerned, for not only was the freighter sinking but the submarine that had sunk it was already itself a steel coffin for most of its men, drifting aimlessly downward, a quarter mile beneath the sea. Even as she regretted that she had gotten no pictures of the submarine, part of her was wishing that if she was to have any companionship in the boat at all, it would be the nice young ensign who had been in command of the armed-guard crew that had sunk the submarine. But the ensign and his gun crew were already in the sight of God.

Partly because she had previously gotten some film of the ship sinking, partly because she saw another subject for her camera, Mrs. Porter shot only a few feet more of the ship. She pointed the camera almost hastily to where a man swam strongly through oil toward the boat. The oil coated him completely so that he did not look unlike a Negro. Mrs. Porter kept the camera on him all the way to the boat and even while he attempted to haul himself over the gunwale. He had the strength to do so, but oil had coated every part of him so that even when his fingers twisted into the rope scalloped around the boat, his torso slipped back into the water as he rested it on the gunwale. "For God's sake, lady," he said, "put that thing down and give me a hand!"

Mrs. Porter lowered the camera and figuratively if not literally, blinked. She picked her way closer to where the man hung and gingerly taking one oily wrist over the gunwale, pulled almost without effect. The man, an oiler named Kovac, slipped over the edge and into the boat and then stood up. He was young and muscular. He wore pants and an undershirt, both vaguely outlined under the oil. He looked at Mrs. Porter, sleek and quite comely in spite of her thirty-eight years, and then began to strip the oil off his face and arms with his hands.

"Are you all right?" Mrs. Porter said.

"I could use a cigarette," he said.

Mrs. Porter fumbled in her purse and took out a platinum cigarette case and jeweled lighter. "No danger of igniting the oil?" she said, with a little half-laugh.

"I don't think so," he said. He held her wrist to steady the lighter and when he released it, she looked around for something to wipe her hands on, and finally scraped them on the gunwale.

"I thought I was the only one left," she said. There might even have been a hint of disappointment in her tone. "I saw this boat on the side nearest the sub. Everyone else seemed to be on the other side, and I got in just as it was floating and managed to work the thing that released the davit rope." She was quite pleased.

"What do you mean, everyone else?" Kovac said. "Outside the gun crew, there weren't a dozen people above deck."

"Well, what there were," she said.

"I don't know why they had to shell the boats, too," he said, almost absently, "probably trying to silence the gun crew." He stared at her. "You're Constance Porter, ain't you?"

"That's right."

"I heard you was aboard. So you took pictures, huh?"

"Oh, I got some wonderful stuff. A lot of the freighter going down and I almost got some of the U-boat sinking, too, but the fog had started to close in." Kovac kept looking at her and, not very comfortable, she said: "Too bad I wasn't closer. I—"

"You got any film left?"

"A little," Mrs. Porter said.

"So photograph that." He pointed to where in some flotsam drifting by, a baby-bottle, half-filled with milk, swayed slowly, its nipple moving like the hand of a metronome.

"I think you're disgusting," she said.

"The feeling's mutual," he said. "I'm not going to argue about it." He turned to look out over the sea. Now that neither of them spoke, they could both hear a faint shouting as at a great distance.

"For God's sake, look out," Kovac said. He dived toward a pair of oars, brushing heavily against Mrs. Porter and knocking the camera out of her hands. It struck the edge of the gunwale and slipped into the sea. She cursed him furiously and he looked up at her from the thwart as he began to row, fascinated, vaguely amused and even surprised. "Why, I didn't know nice women knew those words," he said.

"You're those and almost everything else unspeakable that I can think of," she said.

"Calm yourself," he said. She stamped away from him and sat in the stern. Looking over his shoulder as he rowed, Kovac said: "What the hell do you know! It's that Limey radio operator. Hey, Garrett, I'll be right with you."

GARRETT floated in his life jacket in a piece of sea free of oil. He was able to come over the side quite briskly by himself.

"There's more out here, Kovac," he said. "One of them's hurt. They ought to be right around here."

"This ape here," Mrs. Porter said, "just knocked my camera overboard, apparently deliberately. I—"

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Porter," Garrett said. His respect stayed with him even here. "Kovac, here," he went on, smiling a little, "is dreadfully class-conscious."

"Well, I'm going to report him when—" Mrs. Porter began but stopped when she saw neither of the others were listening to her.

"There you are, Kovac," Garrett said, tensing a little. "Just back around." The raft had been in sight of them all the while they were picking up Garrett but none of them had heard the three people on it, yelling. The shorter of the two men on the raft stood awkwardly but yelled loudest of all. He wore the rough clothes of a seaman. The tall man was in suspenders and shirt sleeves and waved his arms and clapped his hands. The woman stood behind the two men and hardly moved at all.

As the two vessels came alongside each other, Mrs. Porter stood up in the boat, her anger gone, and shook her head with a kind of mocking smile. "Well, well,

Smith had raised himself and could see the way the leg had come up. "Well, what do you think, Alice?" he said. "I don't know," the girl said. "I really don't know." The German kept looking at the leg, too

Ritt," she said, "leave it to you to light right side up. Twelve boards of directors would breathe easier if they knew."

"You should talk, Connie," Rittenhouse said. "I wouldn't bet against your not having engineered the whole thing for a story."

"Hey, anyone got any liquor?" the shorter man on the raft said. He started to climb over the gunwale, then winced suddenly as one leg gave almost completely under him. Garrett helped the girl, wearing a wet, white nurse's uniform, in over the side of the boat. She did not look at anyone and hardly spoke. Mrs. Porter finally noticed that the girl's eyes were lowered to the seaman's injured leg.

They were all in the boat now and the raft was drifting away.

"Look," the nurse said to the injured man. "Smith, Gus, would you please lie down and let me get a look at your leg? If—"

"Okay, kid," Gus said. "Anything for you."

Unconsciously they formed a group around the injured man, although Kovac had taken the oars of the boat and was at one far edge of the group, while Mrs. Porter, with a kind of delicacy, hovered on the other edge.

The nurse looked up at Garrett. "Is there any sulfanilamide in the kit, Stanley?"

"I'm afraid not, Alice," Garrett said. "Some of these kits are pretty primitive by modern standards."

"Anyone got a drink?" Gus said, again.

"Sorry, son, I haven't," Mr. Rittenhouse said.

"I have a little brandy," Mrs. Porter said.

"Oh, I feel faint," Gus said, clutching at his heart and rolling his eyes. Kovac thought it quite funny and one or two of the others smiled.

"No, Gus," the nurse said. "It might start the bleeding again." . . .

There was a yell, rising hopefully, as if the boat had just been seen by someone on the edge of the fog. All but the kneeling nurse turned and Kovac swore. "My God," he said, "it's Joe the steward."

They could see the Negro floating upright in the water, supported by his life jacket, and as the boat came closer they saw he was holding a woman's head above the water with one hand and, with the other, something none of them could believe was a baby. Closer, now, they could see he had on two life jackets awkwardly arranged, as if one had been hastily put on.

THE men in the boat reached down and took the woman and the baby from the Negro and then they helped him over the side. "That woman," the Negro said, "she didn't want to be saved."

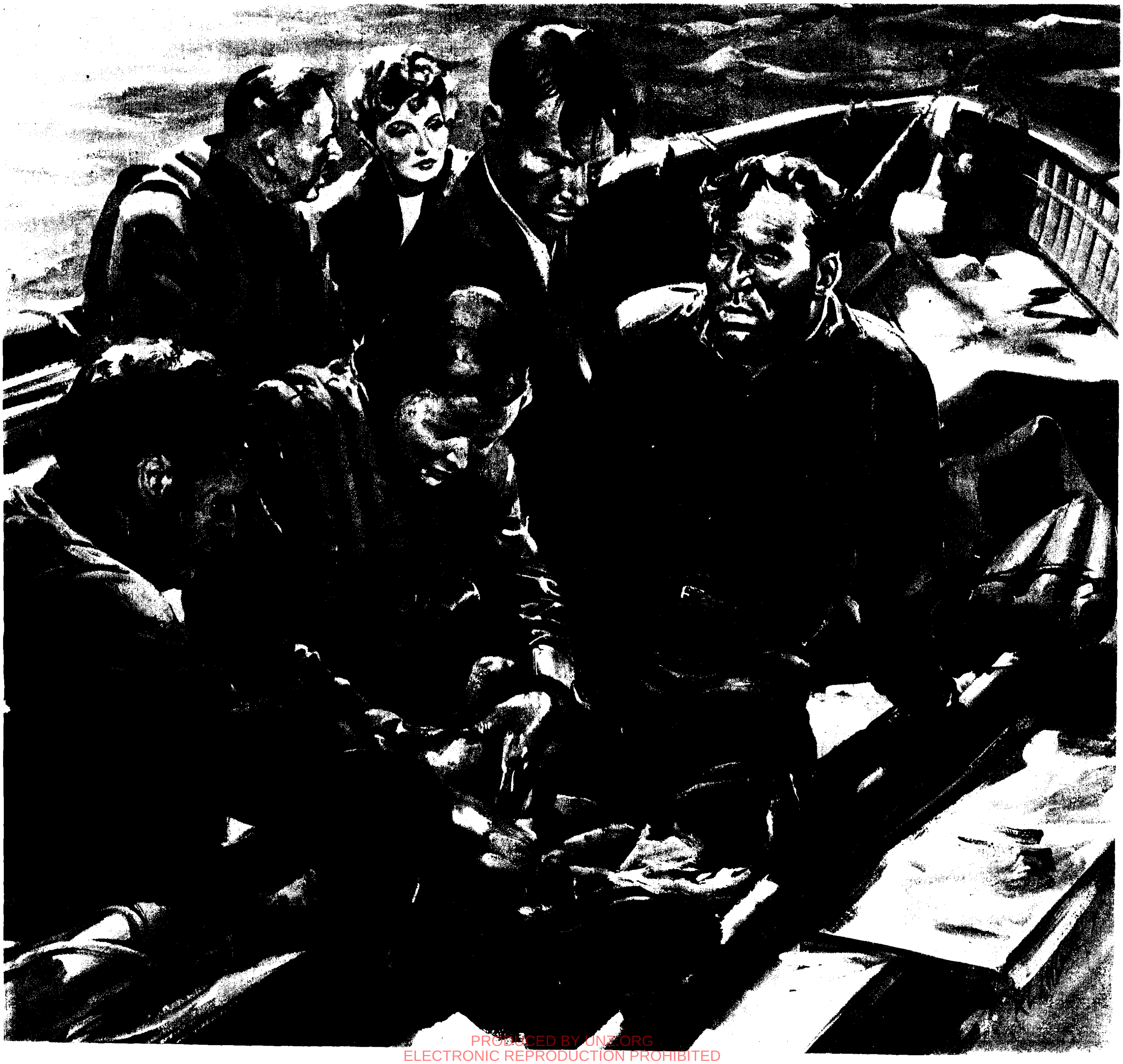
The men who had helped him in turned curiously to look at the woman. Being saved was so dramatically the most important thing in their lives at the moment, that they had to turn to the woman. She was unconscious and her wet hair streamed untidily over one cheek and shoulder.

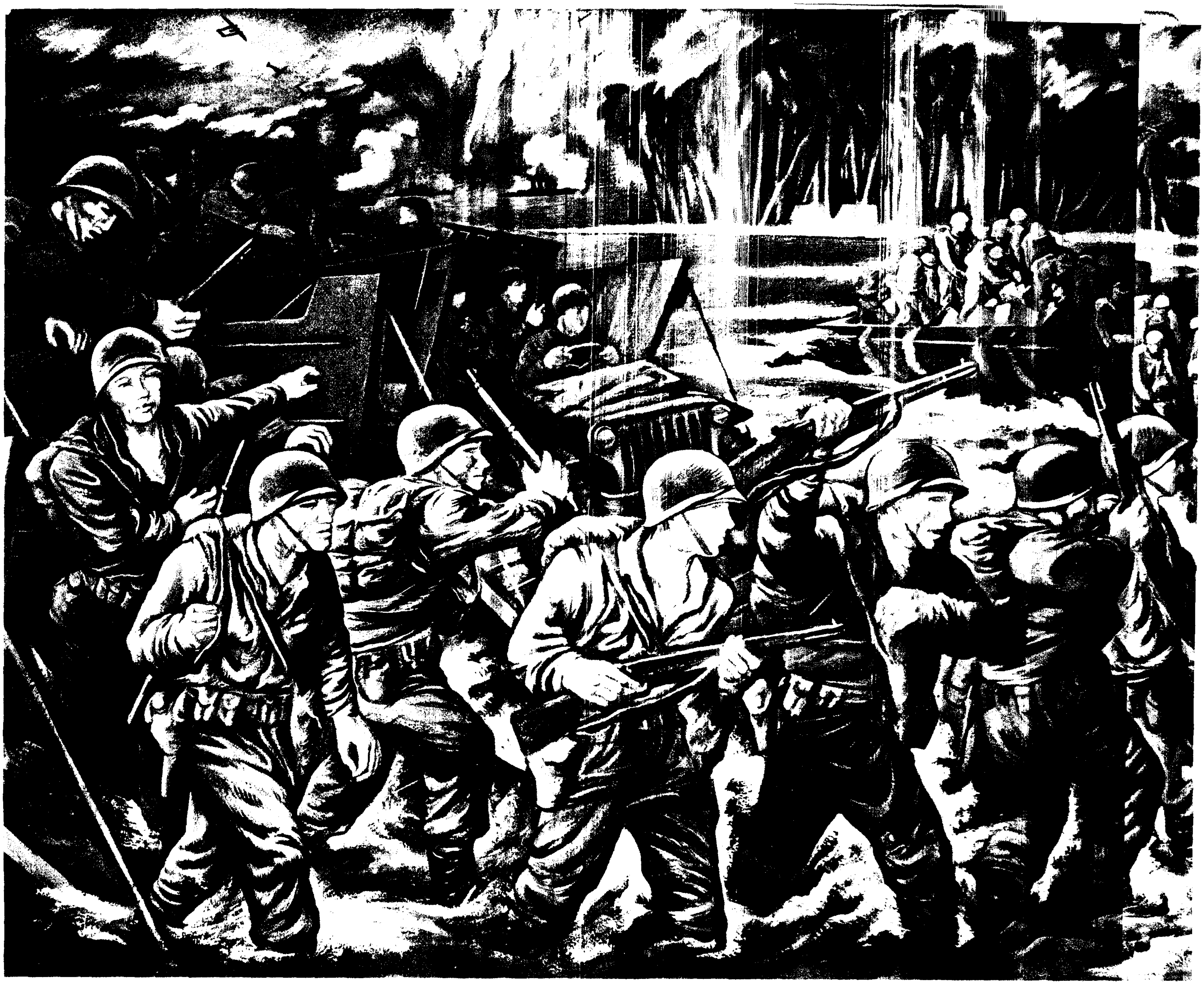
"It's Mrs. Higgins," Stanley Garrett said. "She was going back to see her husband. Hadn't seen him since before he was at Dunkerque."

The tall man, Rittenhouse, was bending over the woman with some solicitude and the nurse had left Gus Smith for the moment and turned to the baby. The nurse knew almost immediately what was the matter with the baby; there just wasn't any point in mentioning it at the moment.

Mrs. Higgins moved and opened her eyes. She did not appear to be exhausted so much as bewildered. Her eyes moved around the boat, failing to focus until they came to the baby in the nurse's arms. Then, suddenly and quite strongly, she got up and went directly and without haste to where Alice Mackenzie held the baby, and taking it from the nurse, opened her dress and held the baby against one breast. She began to talk to it.

(Continued on page 52)





THE JAPS TRIED TO DRIVE US CRAZY

BY IRA WOLFERT

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD COOK

The Japs tried a new weapon in New Guinea—a diabolical use of the psychology of fear. It didn't work, but it made this tiny sector of stinking jungle the most grisly battlefield in our military history

NOBODY is yet sure exactly what happened during the first two weeks of our campaign against Munda airfield on New Georgia. The truth lies with Japs who are now dead. But many curious things happened. Some of them seemed actually, on the surface, to have no reason behind them and to be lunatic. Nor could the men on New Georgia be sure, much of the time, whether they were not imagining what was happening.

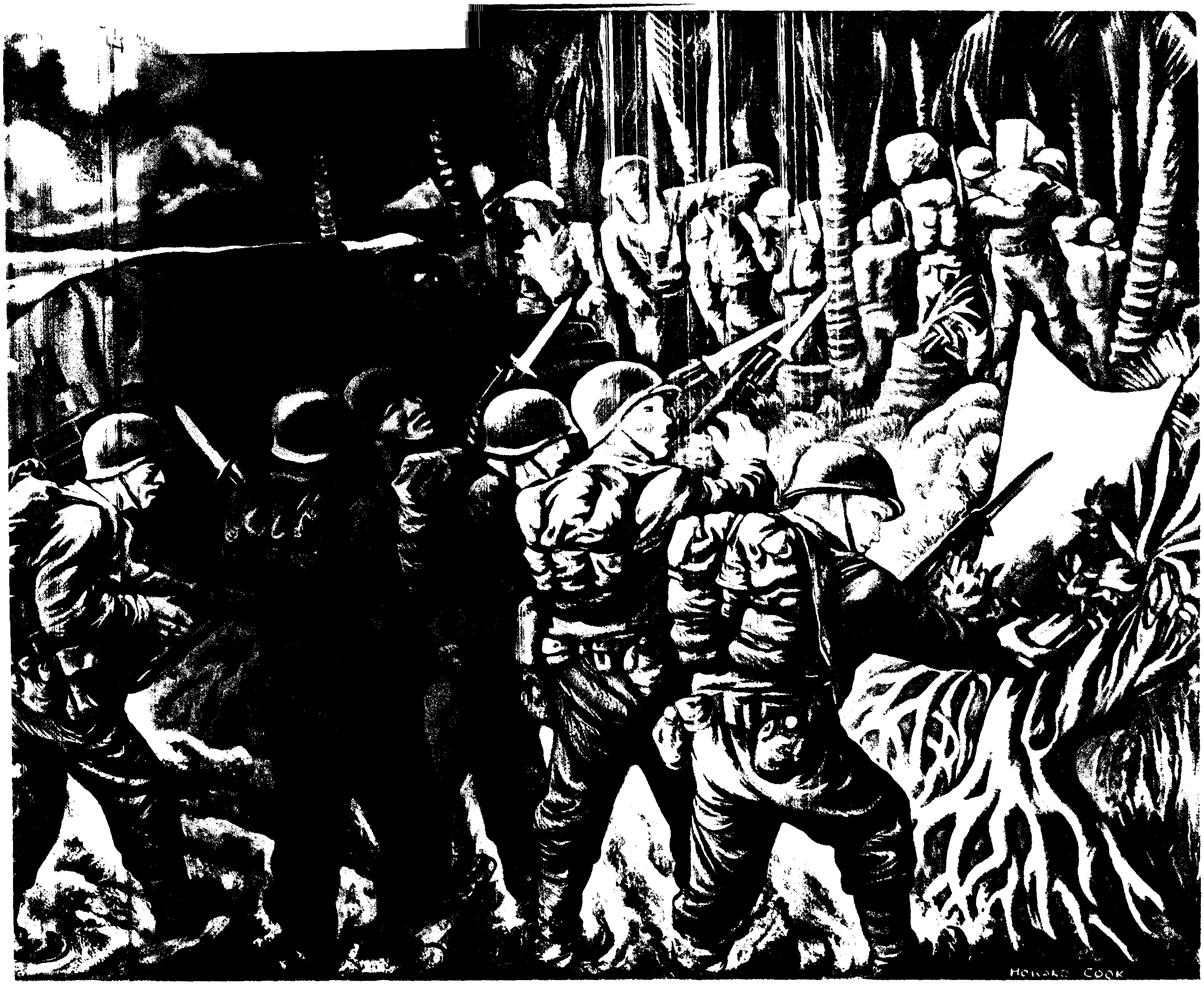
For what those first two weeks in July add up to is that the Japs did not try so much to kill us as to drive us crazy. They do not seem to have had enough men to spare for a rear guard that would kill enough of us to make a difference. They sent out only handfuls of men and these men did not choose the most effective ways of killing us. Instead they chose the most effective ways of frightening us and unbalancing our minds.

Evidently they counted on the fact that, while death from bullets is not contagious, "anxiety neurosis"—as shell shock is called nowadays—is. They counted wrong. We took the airfield. Every Jap who stayed to defend it is now dead. But the Japs succeeded in doing this much: They made the small, obscure, recent but already nearly forgotten campaign on New Georgia one of the grisliest in American military history.

We could have taken Munda airport in a single day by frontal assault, as we had taken Henderson Field on Guadalcanal. The Japs would have scattered into the jungle. But that would have meant another Guadalcanal, another six months of jungle fighting. So we came in behind the Japs to herd them down onto the open airfield and finish them there swiftly, in a blitz.

The beginning was rather smooth. Where I landed June 30th the waves were breaking high, and men and cases of ammunition were being flung up by them and were churning in them. There were about three yards of sand to the beach. Then the jungle began. The jungle of New Georgia is a thick creation. It is so thick it seems like an animal crouched silently against the earth waiting to kill you. It is very quiet inside the jungle. Not many animals live in it. They can't see to kill or to run away from being killed and they choose more open woods. So the jungle is mostly plants. But it is a place of death all the same. The plants are locked in silent struggle with each other. They suck each other's blood and strangle each other with fleshless strength. Life is being smothered everywhere there all the time. The silence of the jungle is the silence of death. The Japs there were silent, too, when we landed. There were 5,000 or 7,000 of them in the jungle living the last days of their lives and they were very quiet, like men praying to themselves.

The jungle here grew out of a swamp. The mud began abruptly at the edge of the sand. Over the mud was a network of vines and brush. A shoe made the mud open like a mouth and, when the shoe was pulled out, the mud sucked like a mouth.



Landing in New Georgia Islands—by Collier's Staff Artist Howard Cook, who made his sketches while on assignment with the fighting forces in the South Pacific. Of this forceful, modern composition, Mr. Cook says: "Since this landing is typical of all landings in the New Georgias, I did not title it locally. Actually the landing shown here was made on Rendova Island, which is separated by only a narrow strait from Munda, scene of the action in the accompanying article. The time is early morning of June 30th; this is a high-speed operation intended to disperse men and equipment through the jungle before the anticipated air attack. The barges ran the gantlet of Jap snipers on surrounding islands to reach their assigned spot on the beach, indicated by the checkered flag. The group in the right foreground are advance scouts, stripped to barest fighting essentials and heavily supplied with ammunition. The transports anchored outside are protected by an umbrella of fighter planes and the destroyer is engaging shore batteries at Munda. Other warships are covering the landing"

Suck, scrape, squash. That was the blitz marching.

The first shots came unexpectedly and from all around, from ground we had just walked over, too. That was the worst, our own ground shooting at us. Now the enemy was in front of us and on the side of us and shooting us through the wall we had our backs up against.

The shooting came in spatters and angry little tears as if the Japs knew what they were shooting at. They were shooting at our area, but I don't think they could see, any more than we could, anything to shoot at. Then one of our rifles started firing. It had a real barroom roar to it. You could tell it easily from the whickering snicker of the Jap rifles. Bang! Bang! Bang! Steady, shot after shot, as if the bullets were marching. "What the hell are you shooting at?" a voice cried. The man shooting didn't answer. He just kept banging away. "Ask that boy what in the name of God he is shooting at," an officer shouted. "Pass the word to ask him."

I thought the Japs were charging us, but they weren't. The shooting was just one of those things that happen when men go along together just so far and one lets go and then another and then they all let go. After a little while, the officers got the shooting stopped and the practical work of finding out what was going on began. They sent out points of fire. A point of fire is a man who sticks himself out as bait for the Japs to grab at. When the Japs grab, they expose themselves.

The quiet went all the way up from the bottom of the earth to the top of the sky. Men sweated silently into the pestilential and suppurating earth. Then a Jap rifle fired one shot and became silent, fired another shot and became silent again and fired a string of shots, like a man hurriedly hammering shut a coffin. Our point of fire was dead. The first shot had killed him and he must have been dead before even the sound of it reached him.

Ambushed by Panic

Finally, the Jap sniper got frightened and made a mistake. He fired at a movement in the brush. When a sniper in a tree shoots at a man hunting him, he has to kill with his first shot. He can't move and the man hunting him can. The Jap must have known his mistake was fatal for he panicked altogether after that and let his automatic rifle go in wild, long bursts.

The sniper was covering a machine-gun nest. The men there must have thought an army was coming, for now they panicked, too, and cut loose. After that, it was pretty easy for the lieutenant and his three men. Hand grenades silenced the machine gun. The sniper, when they killed him, didn't fall out of the tree. He was tied to it and nobody ever did see him, but men who followed after us saw his blood come dripping down.

The point of fire probed for several hours. There would be shots and silence or shots and shouts and silence. The silence always came back. It fluttered away nervously from the shots. Finally the line of men picked themselves out of the mud and started again to move deeper into the jungle. There were no more Japs left. Those who hadn't died had retreated to give battle farther up the line.

I felt very tired when I stood up. I tried to take out a handkerchief to wipe some mud off my face. My hand was shaking so much I could not get it into my pocket.

"More litter bearers and plaster," the man in front of me said. "Pass the word."

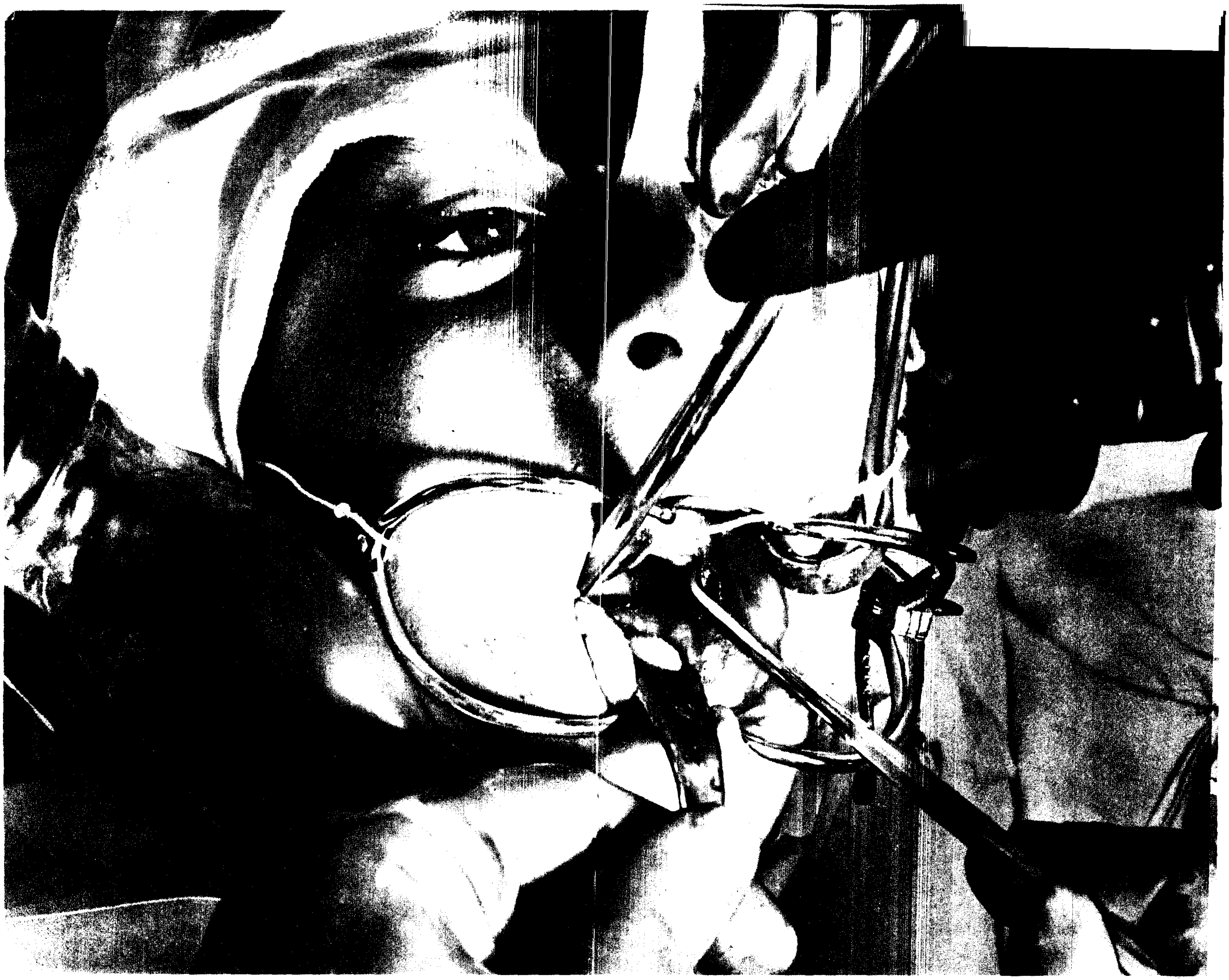
"You mean plasma?" I asked him.

"Yes, pass the word."

It occurred to me he had been too tired to make his tongue form the unfamiliar syllables and had said "plaster" because it was easier.

When the troops dug in for their first night on New Georgia, it was still raining. The darkness blackened until it was so black that you could not see your hand in front of your face. You felt blinded. The effect of the blackness was so stunning that you couldn't tell whether your eyes

(Continued on page 66)



This anesthetized youngster is having his tonsils removed. The surgeon works them loose from their beds, then snips them out with a wire loop

YOUR TONSILS

By J. D. Ratcliff

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN-PIX

Taking out tonsils is an industry. Leaving them in can be a blessing or a curse—depending, of course, on the tonsil

MENTION the T & A and most people will think of a wheezy, fresh-water railroad, not surgeons. To them, T & A means tonsils and adenoids.

Removing these pesky little dinguses is medicine's nearest approach to big business. The operation is performed more frequently than all other surgery put together.

Tonsils and adenoids are hotboxes of trouble. Tonsils probably cause more misery than all other human plumbing put together. These little blobs of soft tissue, normally about the size of a robin's egg, can cause everything from mild sore throat to toxic goiter.

Since there is a scarcity of doctors today, and since it is important for everyone to keep in top physical condition during wartime, it might be well for us to get acquainted with our tonsils. They are with us for better or for worse—probably worse.

Tonsils are a part of the body's system of lymph glands. There are five major tonsils in every throat: the faucials, which nest cozily at the back of the tongue; the linguals, farther down; and the pharyngeal tonsil, or adenoid.

The lingual tonsils rarely give trouble. It is the faucials your physician is talking about when your throat becomes raw, and you become a subject for surgery. They are pink-red in color and approximately the shape of an almond. They vary in size but may bulk as large as a golf ball.

The tonsil, unlike the appendix, isn't a vestigial organ. It is present in nearly all animal species. Horses have small tonsils, pigs large ones. The chief point of difference between man and animal tonsils is that animals seldom if ever have trouble with them.

Straining Out the Germs

Since it isn't likely that nature gave them to men just by way of being contrary, there must be some explanation of why they are troublesome. The best guess is that tonsils react to man's artificial environment. Man breathes bad air and lives in constant contact with bacteria. So tonsils react by becoming infected.

They are supposed to perform much the same function that an air filter performs in an auto engine. Most researchers are agreed that the tonsils' job is to catch and destroy bacteria that otherwise would pass into lungs or stomach.

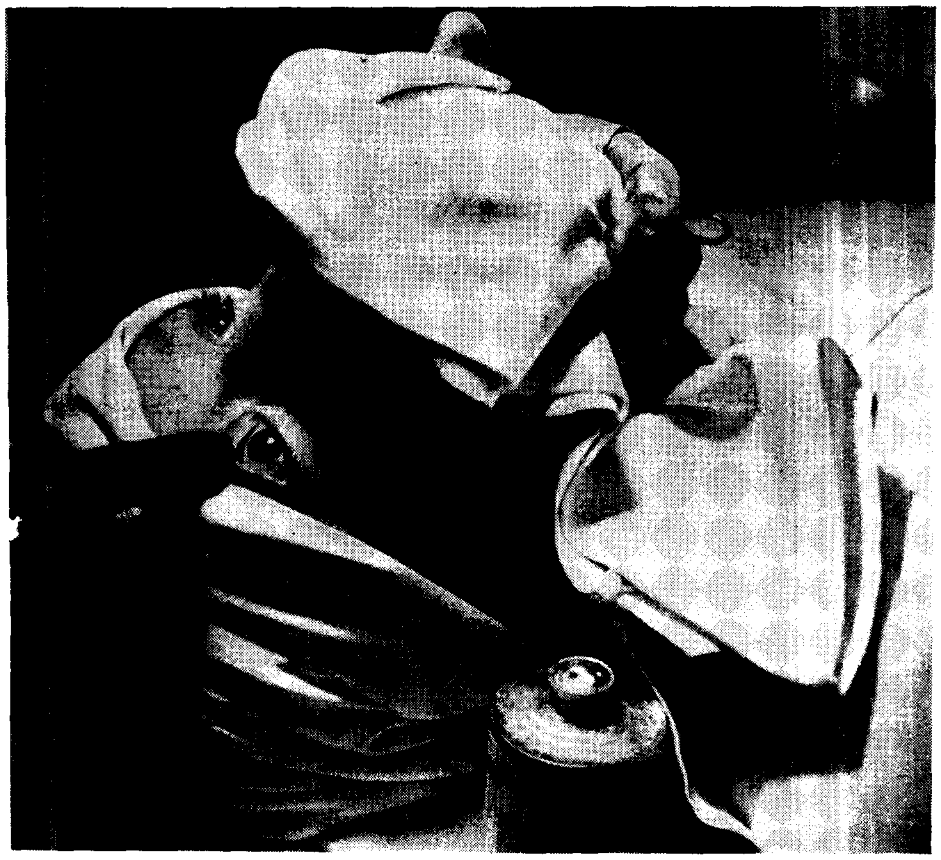
They accomplish this protective job by secreting phagocytes—which destroy bacteria.

Swab off a tonsil—even a healthy tonsil—and you are apt to get nearly every microbe in the book: those which cause tuberculosis, scarlet fever, diphtheria, septic sore throat and a host of other diseases. Under normal circumstances, tonsils handle these invaders with ease. But at times they are overwhelmed. Then there is trouble. Bacteria lodge in the crypts and tunnels that line tonsil tissue. The environment is ideal for their growth —dark, warm, moist.

Tonsils bloat and become bright red. With luck, the tonsils may hold their own against the invaders. In this case the victim gets off with no more than a sore

Before surgery starts, these patients get blood tests. Improper clotting may mean danger of hemorrhage

In the picture below, the patient has had a few whiffs of ether, is already asleep. The operation is ready to start. It will take about half an hour



throat. But if they lose their battle, all manner of complications may result. The tonsils may become ulcerated—then you have quinsy. Or bacteria may start generating toxins which they dump in the blood stream. When this happens, tonsils become a focal point of infection—as gall bladder, appendix or decayed teeth do under other circumstances.

This toxin may inflame the heart valves and cause endocarditis, or it may attack the kidneys, or the joints and muscles to cause rheumatism. Dozens of ailments can be traced to diseased tonsils, once they become miniature poison factories. As a rule, all these ailments respond quickly and dramatically to tonsil removal—if surgery is performed in the early stages of the disease. But if the condition is allowed to go unattended for a considerable period, surgery rarely helps.

As a rule, the adenoid doesn't cause such severe complications. This small mass of tissue grows in the nasal pharynx—the passage from nose to throat. It is improperly blamed for nearly all nasal constrictions. Only rarely does the adenoid grow large enough actually to block this passage.

The Root of Ear Troubles

The chief trouble caused by the adenoid comes when it grows over the nasal opening of the eustachian tube—which equalizes air pressure on the ear. When this happens, the eardrum is pressed inward. It thickens, becomes rigid, and deafness ensues. This type of deafness often gets dramatic relief from removal of the organ. Blockage of this tube causes other trouble as well. The adenoid can become infected, and this infection spreads up the tube to cause runny ears and other trouble.

Surgical removal of tonsils and adenoids—the T & A operation—traces back to Roman times. Roman doctors manipulated tonsils with their fingers until they were loosened from their beds. Then they would give a hard yank. The operation was successful, but too many patients died—from hemorrhage. So, until better techniques were devised, the operation was largely abandoned.

As performed early this century, the tonsil operation wasn't much of an improvement over Roman methods. This was particularly true with clinic patients. For some curious reason, doctors contended that children weren't as acutely sensitive to pain as adults, and that they needed no anesthesia.

In Terror of the Knife

So little Willie, scared within an inch of his life, was led to the slaughter. A beefy orderly pinned him down, while the doctor slipped a steel bit between his teeth, to hold his mouth open. With a sharp, shovel-like device, the surgeon scooped the tonsils out. It was all over in a minute—all but the screaming.

Surgeons today have largely abandoned surgical techniques widely practiced in the twenties. One method was to pepper tonsils with X-rays. Too much surrounding tissue was destroyed. Another method was to plant gold seeds containing radon gas (derived from radium) in tonsils. The radiation from the gas was supposed to hammer tonsil tissue into submission. To a large extent, this method proved to be a failure.

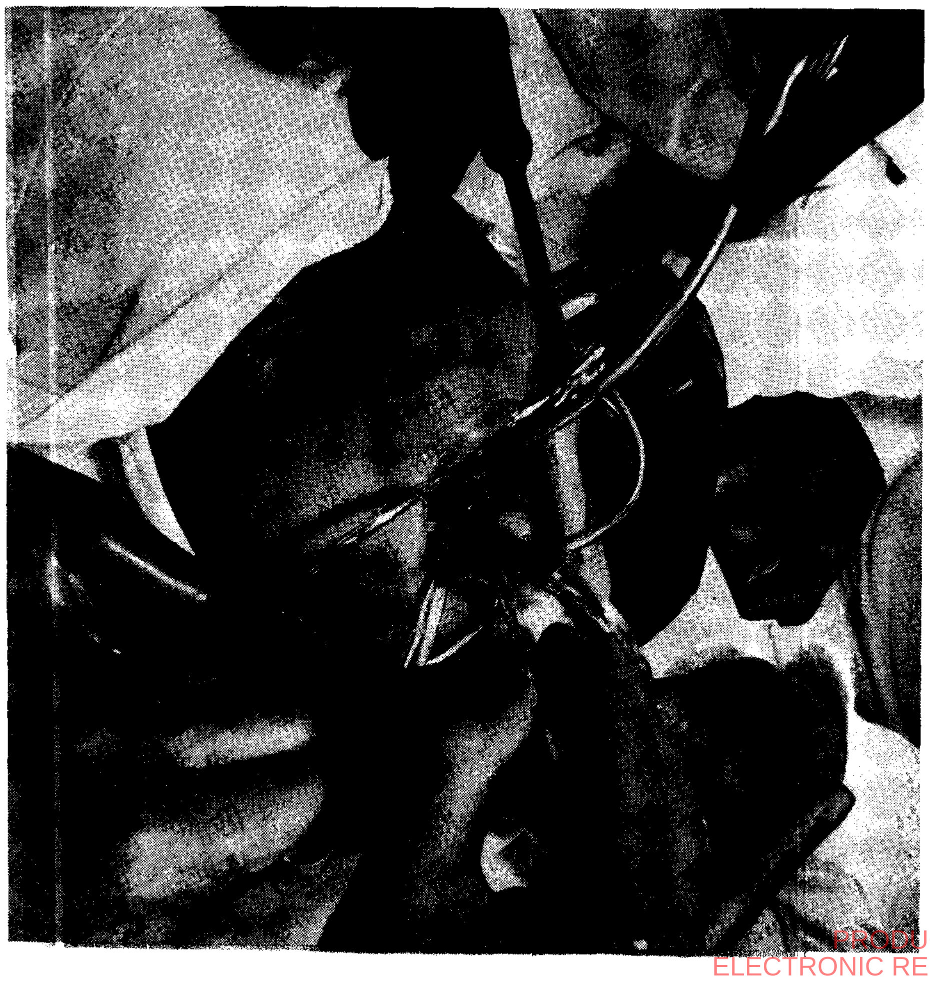
Still a third method was actually to burn tonsils out with a high-frequency electric current. After about a dozen relatively painless treatments in a doctor's office, most tonsil tissue was burned away. The flaw to this idea was that bacteria were often sealed under the crust of burned tissue to cause more trouble than ever.

Surgeons have abandoned most of this fanciness and have gone back to conservative methods. Techniques have improved enormously. As performed today, the operation is, to a large extent, bloodless; it lacks most of the painful aftermath once associated with this surgery. Watch the operation step by step to see what happens when your physician informs you that your tonsils must go.

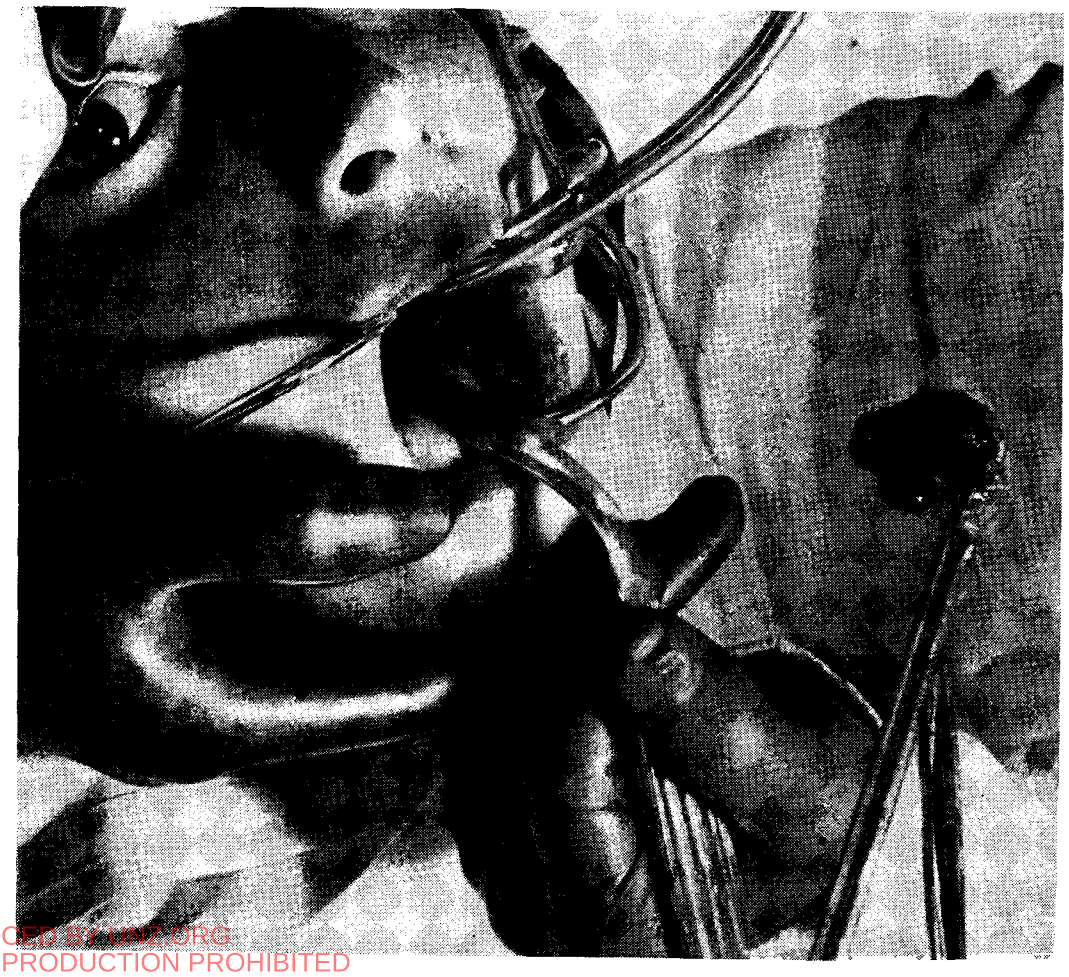
First, the surgeon checks the clotting

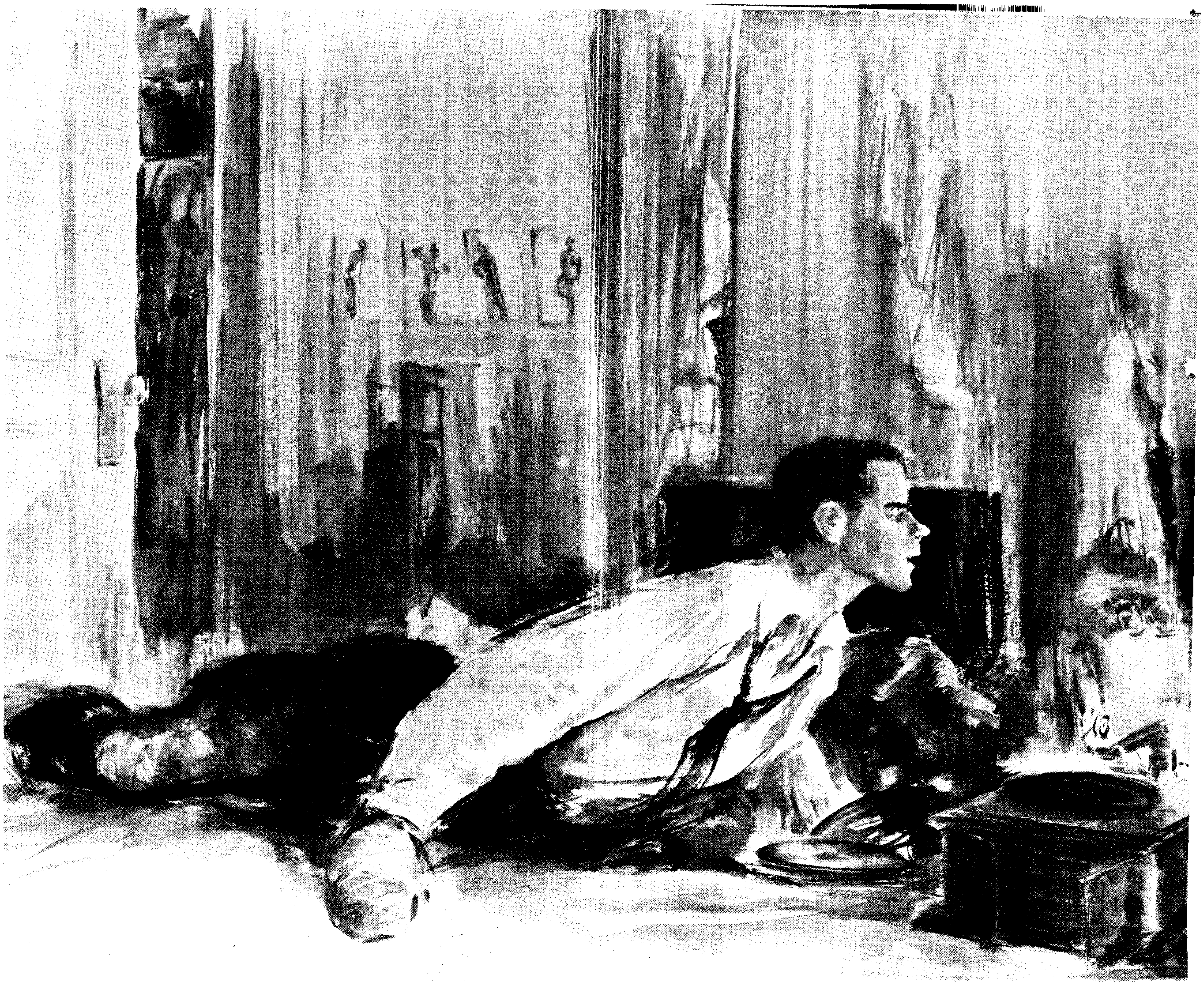
(Continued on page 78)

Tonsil surgery requires lots of instruments: mouth spreader, tongue depressor, suction tube to carry excess blood away. Picture below shows tonsil bed



One tonsil is out. The patient will have a sore throat for a few days but will enjoy better health for the rest of his life as a result of the surgery





HOTEL BERLIN–1943

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The Story Thus Far:

BARON VON STETTEN of the German Foreign Office stages a banquet at Berlin's most prominent hotel. Among the guests—who begin to assemble after an air raid—are General Arnim von Dahnwitz, just returned from the front, Gestapo Commissar Joachim Helm, Gauleiter Heinrich Plottke and many other Nazi leaders.

Von Dahnwitz converses briefly with a young flier, Oberleutnant Otto Kauders, a current newspaper hero. Suddenly the hotel lobby is electrified by the entrance of a beautiful girl, who comes in from the street. She is Lisa Dorn, Germany's most popular actress. The general, an old man, is in love with her. Kauders wangles an introduction to her—not, however, until he has booked for the evening a gay habitué of the hotel named "Tilli," a young woman whom Gauleiter Plottke, who is married, regards possessively.

The crowd watches the lovely actress as she talks with von Dahnwitz, for she is immensely popular and a favorite of Der Fuehrer.

Lisa leaves the crowded foyer and goes to her room, where a waiter brings in her dinner. As he is serving it, policemen enter, interview her, and search the place thoroughly. They are looking for a university student, a former German soldier, who, while under sentence of death, has escaped his guards. He is suspected of being somewhere in the Hotel Berlin. His name is Martin Richter, and his getaway has been given considerable publicity.

After the police leave, Lisa is chatting with the waiter. Suddenly he faints. The actress notices, to her consternation, that he is suffering from a bad shoulder wound. She attempts to telephone for assistance.

But the "waiter" regains consciousness sufficiently to order her to put the phone down. He disconnects the wire. Then, abandoning his attempt at disguise, he informs her that he is—*Martin Richter!* He says that he is not a criminal.

She asks him to tell her his story. "One of the party bosses treated my sister like a prostitute," he says simply, "and I defended her. That is my capital crime." What he does *not* tell her is this: Two Frenchmen—Gaston, the hotel's headwaiter, and Philippe, the cellar master—have been hiding him, protecting him, planning his escape. . . . *Outside, in the hall, Gestapo agents are* loitering. Richter knows he can't get out that way. He says to the girl: "If you give me away, I'll kill you." But she knows he doesn't mean it

Uncertain what to do, Lisa spars for time. To harbor a fugitive from the Gestapo is very dangerous. She knows that. She knows, furthermore, that the general—who has a key to her room—may come in at any moment. She tells Martin to bolt the door. He stares at her in amazement "You are not afraid of me?" he asks. "Not half as afraid as you are of me," she replies. "Get hold of your nerves. Breathe deeply; that's what I do when I have stage fright"

II

TELL me the whole story," Lisa demanded. "What you said before doesn't make sense. Tell it to me from the beginning"

Why doesn't Gaston come? Martin thought desperately. How much longer can I hide here? Will this bundle of caprice get tired of her whim and throw me out? Tell her a story, you sap, and it better be good! A funny sort of Scheherazade you're turning out to be, my boy. He folded his hands between his knees and bent his head over them, trying to concentrate.

"I don't know how the whole story began or when or where. I think it must have been in Stalingrad. Whenever I try to remember the things that happened to us, I come back to that night in Stalingrad when Kurt died. Kurt was my friend, we had been through a lot together. It took him five hours to die. They tell you the wounded don't cry, but they do. And how they cry, Fräulein Dorn! After midnight, he had no more strength left for screaming and then he died. We couldn't see it because it was pitch-dark in the cellar where we had dug ourselves in, but we knew he was dead. We took his uniform and wrapped the pieces around our-

"How long do you think this war is going to last?" Tilli asked. "That's all you civilians ask!" Otto exclaimed. "It'll last until we have beaten the others to a pulp! If you ask me, I hope it won't be over too soon. I like war"

selves. It was so cold that the cold sometimes felt like fire.

"Remember what the Fuehrer said when the war began, September 2, 1939? t will never happen again that Germany and Russia will meet in battle. And there we were, croaking by the thousands in Stalingrad. It set us off thinking. We alked about it and came back to it in a circle. Once you had begun to unravel one thread, the whole thing went to pieces. Yes, that's how it began. You don't know what Stalingrad was, and no one can tell you if you weren't in it. It wasn't one ell, it was ten burning, freezing, screaming, starving hells, one piled on top of the other. At first, we were sure we would get the city and later we weren't so sure, nd then we were still sure some of our divisions would come and shoot us out of it. We waited and we got orders and we obeyed orders and we still believed in hat blab the radios told us. Still later we only waited for our planes to come and hrow some food down for us, and in he end we knew that they had given us up."

He stopped, his voice rough with the old grief, the old, grim fury.

"Go on!" Lisa whispered, revolted and yet fascinated. "Go on—go on!"

"I had a lot of time for thinking," he aid. He had fastened his eyes on the general's photo, but his mind was racing through the frozen steppes of the past. "The day I got that shot in my chest there were only two of us left in that cellar. The Bolshis took me prisoner while I was unconscious. They could easily have killed me then, but they took me prisoner. When I came to, it was because the Russian doctor who was operating on me hadn't given me enough anesthetic. They did a good job, though. When I began to get better, they gave me books, too. German books. Of course it was all propaganda and it didn't change me much. I didn't know how much of the stuff they told me had taken root in my mind. I was still a good German soldier then. I was so homesick for Germany I would have bitten off my own hands if that would have helped me to get back. All I could think of was Deutschland — Deutschland — Deutschland. I've never been crazy about a girl, but that's how it must feel. Every nerve screaming and aching for just that one thing—Deutschland!"

"But you came back to Deutschland," Lisa said with shining eyes.

"Yes, I came back. Don't ask me how, because I don't know how we ever made it; there were three of us, and it was spring; our own troops were advancing again. They must have thought we were still too weak to escape from their hospital. But we did it. They didn't let me go home until I looked halfway respectable. It would have been bad for the home morale to let a sick soldier go home to his mother. Of course, if a few thousand sick soldiers should get home all at once and begin telling their folks what they saw out there and what they thought about the whole swinish mess our Fuehrer had got us into, it wouldn't be so good for the morale. And so I was home. And so that was Deutschland. That was my own Deutschland for which Kurt had died in a screaming horror and for which we had fought and for which I had been eating my heart out.

"It was as if somebody had thrown away my old eyes and put a new pair of them into my head. I could see through everything as if I had X-rays in these new eyes. My mother had died, waiting for me.

"My father was a crushed little worm, living in mortal fear of every neighbor and of the house warden and the block warden and the SS man at the corner and of anyone who could get him into trouble if he didn't knuckle under. They all were like that, every spark of pluck or character stamped out of them.

"My older sister went around with a big belly; she didn't even know who was the father of her baby. She had done her patriotic duty and slept with a good part of our brave troops. 'What of it?' she said. 'All I have to do is to pick the name of some dead soldier, and the little bastard will have a father.' But why am I telling you all this?"

"It isn't a nice story," Lisa said. The pupils of her gray eyes were dilated and dark with excitement and confusion and —yes—a hot, searing pity. "No wonder the Gestapo doesn't like that sort of talk. I don't think I like it myself."

"LISTEN—I didn't want to tell you all this," he said fervently, because everything depended on gaining time, keeping her quiet, maybe even making her see his side. Surely, Gaston or Philippe would somehow get him out of this cursed room if only he kept on talking and made her keep on listening. "I wanted to tell you about Annemarie," he went on urgently. "You must listen. I want you to understand the whole thing. Annemarie was my twin sister. It's funny the way one feels about a twin sister. My mother used to tell me that when she had us in the perambulator—an extra wide one—I would have Annemarie's big toe in my mouth and she would have mine in hers and we were completely happy and contented. As if we were not two different babies but two halves of the same one. It was like that all along. Annemarie was the only one who didn't ask me questions when I came back the way I came back. She knew. She felt. She understood.

"'What are you planning to do now?' she asked me when I got my discharge.

"'I had thought it over carefully while I was in that hospital in Rumania. 'I want to study medicine,' I told her. I wanted to cure and heal and patch and make well; be an obstetrician, maybe, help bring children into the world.

"'I thought so; I want to study medicine, too,' Annemarie said.

"She was in love with a boy who had lost a leg in Libya in 1941. Wilhelm Schott. He was at the university, too; he was a serious sort of fellow, didn't want to marry her until he had taken his doctor's degree. They had lowered the standards for the examination, and we passed it together and registered for the summer term. We soon found out that there were many students just as sober and disillusioned as I—all of us in our old, faded uniforms. Most of us had the Iron Cross and one part or the other missing, and the same sort of experiences behind us. We had come a long way from that glorious frenzy of before the war.

"God in heaven, when I think of that Nuremburg *Parteitag* in 1934! I was one of the drummers and I'll never forget what it did to us when the Fuehrer came up that long, long *via triumphalis*, and when he stopped to talk to us, and the wind was flapping in the banners over our heads. They had certainly got us so drunk with it all that it took a Stalingrad to sober us up. Do you know what I am talking about, Fräulein Dorn? Or are you still on the crest of that crazy wave?"

LISA gave no answer. She was back in the shabby quarters of her childhood, in Floridsdorf, a suburb on the wrong side of the tracks. In the factories, on the street, in school, there was that unkempt crowd of workers' children, alien and loud and dark, Poles, Czechs, Jews, spiteful, all of them. And then the glory and romantic relief of belonging to the Ostmark Youth. More than once the leader of their group had been arrested; once they had hidden him in the ruins of a burned-out mill, and at night they had brought him food; they had rowed across a dead-end arm of the Danube in a boat, with a little lantern, and little owls with red eyes had been sitting on the willow trees.

Martin did not understand the dreamy smile on Lisa's face. But she was thinking just then: I'm incurable. I'm still hiding men from the police. "Does Annemarie look like you?" she asked softly.

"She did when she was alive," he said.

It was like a guillotine dropping. Lisa turned a little pale.

"This is another story that isn't quite nice, Fräulein Dorn," he said harshly, because the pain and the horror were still too fresh in his mind. "I'll tell you how it happened. Some of us felt that it was our responsibility to tell people the truth as we saw it; we listened to the illegal radio stations and printed little bulletins and circulated them among the students. We rummaged in the libraries of our parents and found some of the books that were forbidden and organized an illegal library service. We were students, after all. We were of an inquisitive mind and we wanted to know and think for ourselves. We were tired of gobbling up Goebbels' predigested handouts. It all came about quite spontaneously, not only in our university but in many others. You can't take back war veterans who have seen what we had seen and treat them like silly children.

"When they had the unhappy idea of sending us Herr Gauleiter Plottke to give us a talk, and the Herr Gauleiter began by insulting the girl students, we booed. He addressed the girls as if they were streetwalkers, telling them that they were useless and lazy, and that they had better start at once sleeping with soldiers and bearing children. We didn't like that, and the girls didn't like it, either. When we booed, the Herr Gauleiter got hysterical and threatened to have the university closed and all of us arrested.

"The rumor spread among the students, and that afternoon we assembled in front of the university; we were a big crowd. No meeting had been called; it was a spontaneous action. Then came the police and tried to arrest the girls, and we boys formed a circle around them and tried to protect them. Most of us had been through the war and it seemed rather silly to have to fight policemen; I don't think any of us took the thing seriously.

(Continued on page 35)

Below the Nile, the Archbishop finds that the faith of the children is as unaffected as it is among New York children

ACTION THIS DAY

By Archbishop Francis J. Spellman

The sharp, humor-tinted observations of Archbishop Spellman in his meetings with famous statesmen and generals continue in this, the fifth installment of his letters to his father. He meets Haile Selassie, among others, and eats a meal "in Amharic"

TEHERAN, IRAN
May 26, 1943

My dear father: I closed my last letter saying goodby to Turkey. I said good morning to Syria in Aleppo on May 19th. Father Pauvot met me at the station and brought me to the Jesuit chapel. Afterward we called on the Greek and Armenian bishops, of whom I have now met a great many.

We walked a bit about the city and among the people. As always, I observed the children. They are the best index to every country's future. It is sad to see them, in so many places, undernourished, sick and neglected. They are every country's greatest treasure and it is tragic to see the children of today in many blighted lands climbing into boyhood and girlhood denied not only food for the body but also the character food of parental care and guidance.

Father Pauvot took me into a bank to get some money changed. Foreign exchange of money is quite an undertaking nowadays. One must give the monetary system some attention, especially if one travels in as many countries as I am visiting.

For example, the Turkish pound is valued at 55 cents; the Egyptian pound at $4.16; the Palestinian pound at $4.05; the Syrian and the Libyan pound, each at 44 cents. In Iran, the unit is a toman, which is valued at 32 cents; and it takes ten rials to make a toman. In Iraq, the unit is a dinar, which is worth $4.03. So you can see how easy it is to buy a dinner in Iran, pay for it in Iraqian money and know how much it cost.

It was an easy and pleasant three-hour plane ride from Aleppo to Bagdad. You would like to know that Bagdad means "gift of God," and Iraq means "a cliff." Just before arriving at Bagdad, we passed over what is thought to be the Garden of Eden. I saw nothing about it, either from the air or afterward from the ground, that would make the spot correspond to its traditional description.

I was invited to stay at the residence of Mr. Wilson, the American minister. He lives on the outskirts of the city. It was a large, substantial building with a portico built about six years ago. The owner evidently was a competent businessman, for he rented it so profitably that he has already reimbursed himself for the price of the land and the building, and the American government is fortunate to have leased it, because other places are unavailable. Naturally, he will not sell it, for the Iraqians are well aware that real property, personal property, any property, is more valuable than money.

The next morning, I was up very early to fly about fifty miles from Bagdad to Habbaniya, to celebrate Mass for hundreds of Polish soldiers. Bishop Gawlina, the Chaplain General of the Polish Army, went with me. The soldiers gave me a beautiful silver chalice which I used at the Mass. I was touched by the gift, its beauty and its significance.

I flew back to Bagdad, arriving in time to go with Mr. Thomas Murray Wilson, our country's able diplomatic representative, to an eleven-o'clock audience with the Prince Regent of Iraq. When we went into the audience, we did not know whether we were to see the Prince Regent or his brother, so Mr. Wilson told me that if he said "Royal Highness," it would be the regent, and if he said "Highness," it would be his brother. He said "Royal Highness." Then I knew that it was the Prince Regent.

We spent half an hour with him. He is a young man with a pleasing personality,

(Continued on page 81)

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Archbishop Spellman has given the rights to these articles to the Military Ordinariate, and the proceeds therefrom will be used in their entirety for the welfare of soldiers and sailors of all races and religions who visit the Cathedral Canteen in New York City. This organization, among other things, provides luncheons and dinners without cost to servicemen

Bazooka! And the guy turned into a GIANT

It happened like this. He was out with a patrol one day and he walked around a sand-dune smack into what looked like the biggest tank in the whole German army. . . . "Gee, it's now or never!" he said. So he unlimbered a thing he had on his back, pointed it at the tank and — "WHAM!" That tank seemed to blow up and disappear. . . . Right then that young fellow felt himself begin to grow . . . bigger than a Mark IV . . . bigger than a gun emplacement.

AND that's the story of one of the first of our soldiers to use the new weapon that makes one lad the equal of an armoured giant or big gun.

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- When the war is won, the new skills and techniques they have developed in the production of *things for fighting* will result in even finer G-E *servants for better living.*
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- They will be taken for granted in your new, low-cost After Victory home. War Savings Bonds will build it if you invest in them regularly now.

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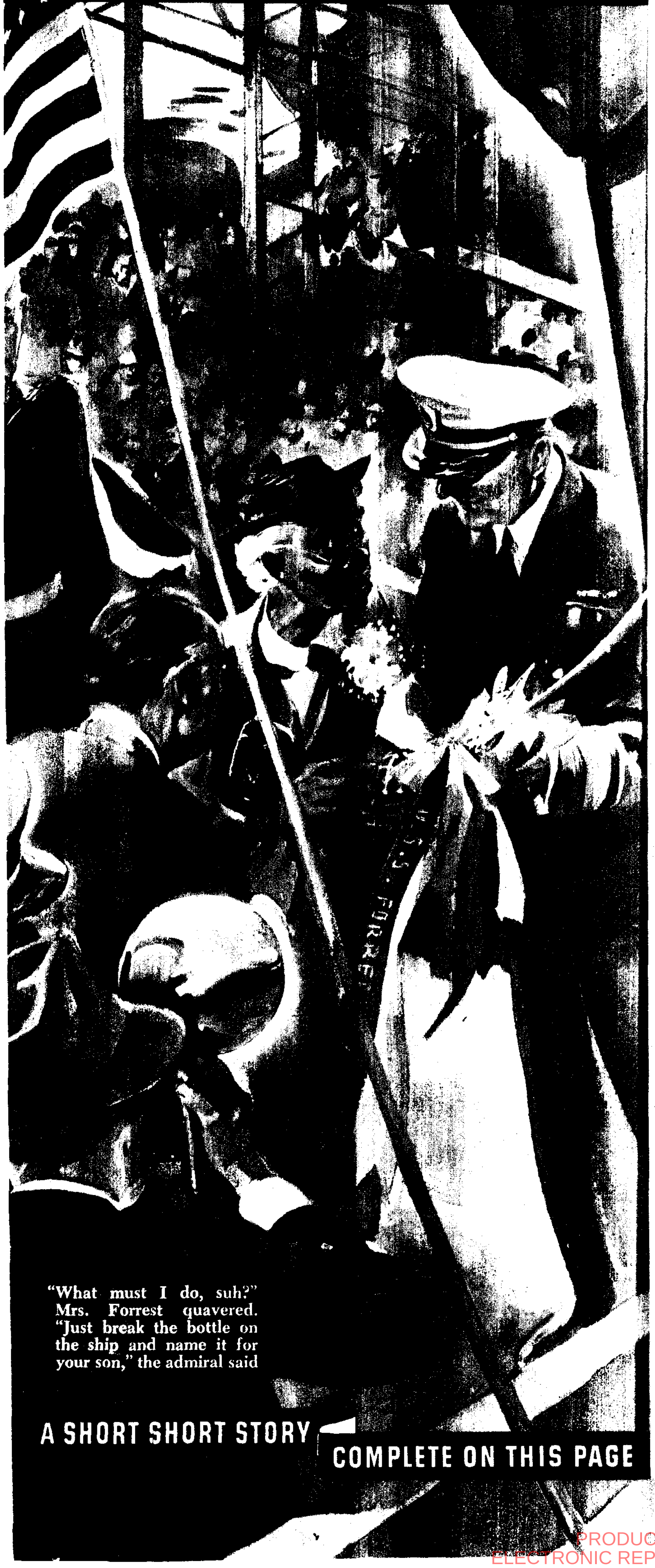
EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL FOR AFTER VICTORY HOMES

GENERAL ELECTRIC

CAN'T STAY HOME NO MORE

BY LOUIS ZARA

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



"What must I do, suh?" Mrs. Forrest quavered. "Just break the bottle on the ship and name it for your son," the admiral said

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

GOODIE FORREST was scared. She had been scared all day, since she had arrived at the commandant's office and the long ride to the shipyards had started. But now, climbing the wooden staircase to the christening platform, Goodie trembled as she had never before in her life. Crushing her black purse under her arm, she took each step with misgiving and wonder.

Not a foot away, the gray steel prow of the ship rose like a thick, menacing cleaver. But it wasn't that which made her heart pound as the mayor spoke softly behind her, and the sailors stood at attention up above. It was that she, Goodie Forrest, aged forty-nine, a little shriveled, colored woman with gold-rimmed spectacles and gray hair, should have been invited to the ceremony at all.

Could they have meant another Mrs. Forrest? Would they discover the mistake as soon as the mayor and the admiral began to speak? She shivered, but it was not from the cold wind that blew across the harbor.

"Shall we proceed, Mrs. Forrest? Just another little climb!" It was the mayor's voice.

Her lips trembled. "Yes, suh," she said huskily and, gripping the unpainted banister, she made the last stairs.

She felt better standing upon the solid platform. "My, my!" she muttered. For the ship was decorated with red-white-and-blue bunting and pennons, and a flag clustering white stars on a blue field waved above the bow. She gasped as she saw the sloping deck with workers in overalls crowding the sides and about the strange superstructure.

"Isn't she a beauty?" the mayor whispered. "She isn't finished yet," he added. "After the christening, then they'll put the guns on."

"Yes, suh?" Goodie glanced timidly at the admiral, who was so tall and stern in his blue uniform with its gold braid.

Suddenly the naval band on the dock began to play the national anthem. The sunlight blazed from the brass horns. The familiar strains tugged at her heart, and she began to sing "What so proudly we hailed—" As her thin small voice rose, she realized that no one else was singing. She caught herself and stood rigid. In the distance were anchored two steel-gray ships with guns protruding from their sides, and close by, stubby tugs were hauling a tanker which mounted a tarpaulin-covered gun. It came to her suddenly that this was all part of the world in which her Tom had lived. Lived and died, she thought wretchedly.

Then the mayor began to speak. "The Bill of Rights!" the microphone shouted at her. She tried to listen closely, because the Bill of Rights was very important. "The Fourteenth Amendment!" he went on, and she guessed that was good, too. He mentioned "The Four Freedoms," and she wanted to clap her hands, because she had heard the President tell about them on the radio. Finally the mayor thrust his arm out grandly and pointed toward her, and everyone below cheered, and she wished that she were back in the Adams kitchen.

The admiral was the next speaker. The gold braid on his cap and sleeves gleamed like twisted sunbeams. He glanced at Mrs. Forrest and at the mayor, and cleared his throat. "The Navy is proud—" he began at the microphone.

That was all Mrs. Forrest heard. There was a catch in her throat and her eyes filled, and she had to search quickly through her purse for her handkerchief. "The Navy is proud—"

SHE remembered how it was with Tom after Poland, after Belgium, when Paris fell. She could see him every evening, clutching the newspaper in both brown hands, his lips mumbling as he stared at the headlines. "Can't stay home no more, Ma," he said miserably. "Can't stay home no more."

She twisted the plain gold ring on her finger. She had known for weeks that he would be saying that. "Tom—you just got to do what you got to do," she said, though her heart ached.

He leaned over and kissed her cheek, and said, "Thanks, Ma." . . .

A burst of applause awoke Mrs. Forrest. The admiral was still at the microphone. "Tom Forrest," he said. She caught the phrase. "Above and beyond the line of duty . . ."

Goodie perked her ears. After all these months, she was at last hearing exactly what it was Tom had done. It was something he really needn't have done, since he was only a mess attendant. He was standing near a pom-pom gun, and the crew had all been killed except two boys. And Tom, who had been carrying away the wounded, just forgot himself and rushed in. He crouched there, helping to fire the gun, and the shells hit a big German torpedo plane and exploded it to bits. Tom got fragments in his neck and chest, and he died there quietly below the gun, his blood drying on the hot deck. "The Navy is proud—"

"Come, Mrs. Forrest!" The mayor beckoned.

She licked her lips. Did he really mean her? She stood between him and the admiral. She was so close to the steel bow that she could almost touch it, and she was trembling again.

"This destroyer escort," said the admiral, "is to be christened the Tom Forrest, by the mother of the gallant lad who gave his life for his comrades and his country!"

They placed a bottle in her hands. She was afraid she would drop it, but it was fixed in a cradle of ropes with red, white and blue ribbons.

"Now, Mrs. Forrest," the admiral said.

"What must I do, suh?" she quavered.

"Just break the bottle on the ship and name it for your son."

Tears blinded her. "I do christen you the Tom Forrest," she said in a low voice. "Oh, I do! I do!"

With all her might she swung the bottle against the bow. "Oh, Tom!" she cried.

"There she goes!" The crowd shouted, as the glass broke and the spray leaped back. On the dock the band struck up Anchors Aweigh!

SMOOTHLY, the ship was slipping down the ways. On either side of the bow she saw the letters DE and a number. For reasons of war, Tom's name was not painted on, but in the records of the Navy, it would be recorded that a destroyer escort had been christened the Tom Forrest. The men on that ship, and the men and officers of the Fleet would know it. The whole world would know that Goodie Forrest's boy, Tom, had been honored for conduct "above and beyond the line of duty."

She put her fingers to her wet cheeks. "Did I do it all right, suh?"

The admiral smiled down at her. "You did very well, Mrs. Forrest. Your Tom would have been as proud of you as we are of him."

In another moment the stern of the ship had eased into the water. The gray sides quivered slightly, and then the bow, too, dipped in. The crowds cheered as the craft floated proudly toward the bay.

Can't stay home no more, she thought. It can't stay home no more—the Tom Forrest! It seemed to her that somewhere out on those waters Tom was watching the trim fighting ship that had been christened for him.

"Goodie Forrest," she said to herself, "you're going to wake up and find it's a dream." But there were the photographers taking pictures, and she was shrinking with every flash of the bulbs.

"What are you going to do now, Mrs. Forrest?" a reporter asked, as the mayor helped her down the stairs.

"I'm going home to cook dinner for Mrs. Adams," she replied. Then an inspiration seized her. "But first I'm going to buy me one of them service-star pins to wear for my Tom."

They looked at one another knowingly. "You want the gold star, Mrs. Forrest," the mayor said gently. "The service stars are for the boys who are still in there—I mean who are still fighting."

Had she said something wrong? Her face turned to the bay where the newly christened ship was moving grimly toward the other craft. "The Tom Forrest!" she muttered.

Suddenly her voice had a clear ring, and all her doubts and fears were gone. "No; a service-star pin, Mr. Mayor," she said firmly. "That's sure enough what I want. For the Tom Forrest that's in there fighting."

HOW FIRE-POWER SAVES THE LIVES OF AMERICA'S FIGHTING FLIERS

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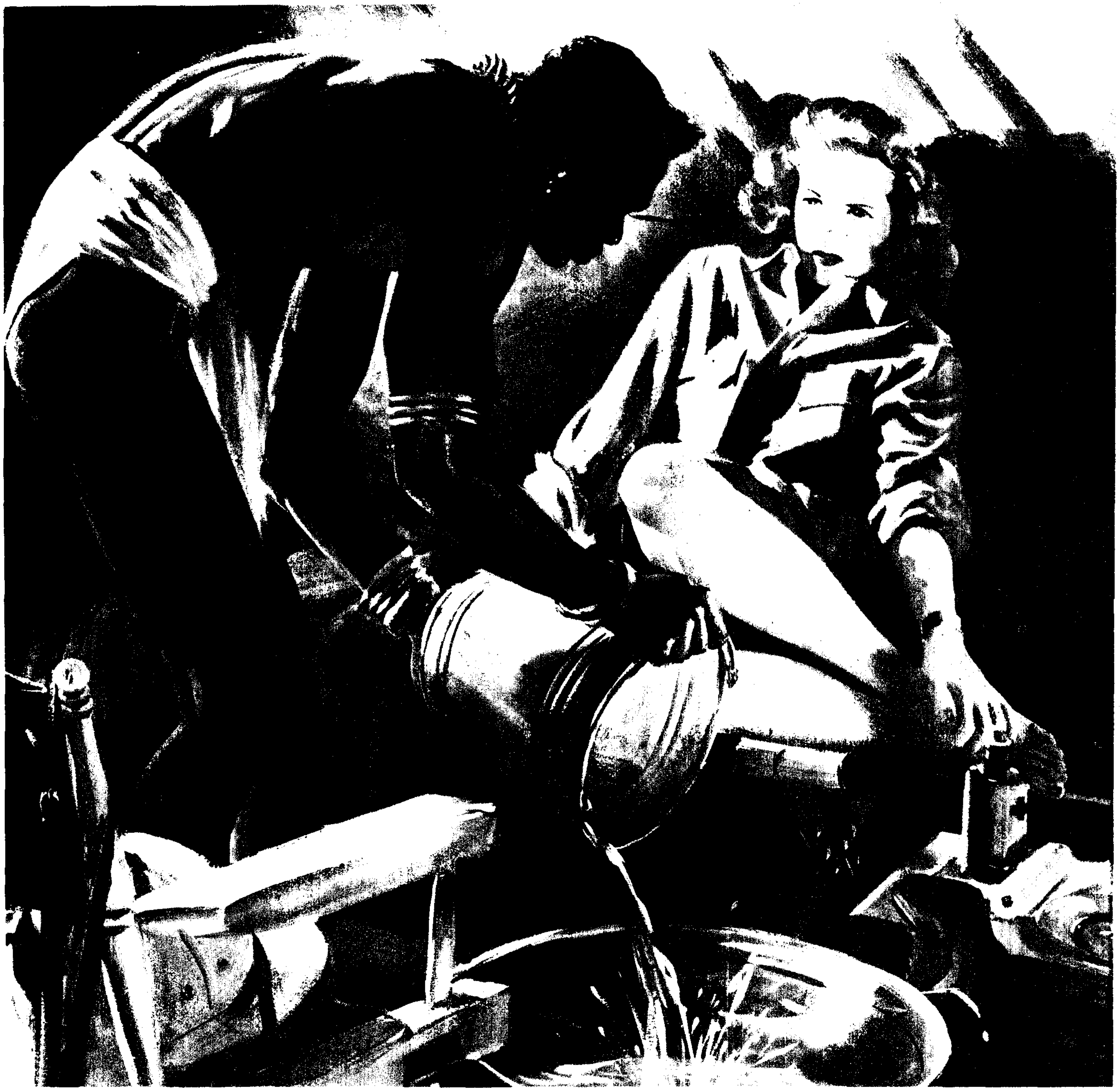

By nightfall Gladys was too tired to say what she thought, which was plenty, when her bath was brought by a boy with a pock-marked face and filed teeth. Though he gave her the creeps, it seemed to be his job to be her lady's maid

[illegible]

BY MARGARET CARSON HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Gladys was a good trouper and she went to him with open eyes, but it was a long walk home

"DEAR Mom:" Gladys wrote from Bulawayo where she had to wait half a day between trains. "I am going to be married. His name is Albert Jenkinson and he owns a hotel and ten thousand acres in Northern Rhodesia. He sent me the money for meals and bedding and my ticket to a place called Lusaka. That is two days from here. I suppose he has horses and we will drive to his place. I hope it's a wagon, but if it isn't I'll try to stick on.

"It's time I got married. I'll never see my name in lights.

"Hoping this finds you well, as it leaves me,

"Your loving daughter,
"Gladys.

"P. S. My address will be: Mrs Albert Jenkinson, M'Poshi (I fancy that's the name of his farm) via Lusaka, N. Rhodesia."

She was doing exactly what she had planned to do when she said goodby to her mother in Bristol five years ago. Her father had stormed, but her mother had given her five pounds and all but pushed her out the door with her parting advice.

"If you keep a level head on your shoulders, Gladys Vale, dancing's as good a way as any of seeing the world and finding yourself a husband," she said. "I wish I'd done it. You'll have to work anyhow, so do it the way that suits you. Never mind the old man. I'll handle him. Just remember you're your mother's daughter and don't marry a gentleman who will look down his nose at you. If you get in a very tight spot write me and I'll find a pound or two. Now good luck to you."

Gladys was blond—pretty, pert, a hard worker and because she was deaf to the word no, she kept herself in one show or another for three seasons, touring the provinces of England, and then she signed on for a Pacific and Orient tour with a third-rate company doing a Floradora revival.

She danced in the big ports and small from Sydney to Singapore to Bombay, but she also danced in the hinterland where the footlights were hurricane lamps and the stage just one end of a pub. She remembered her mother's advice to keep a level head on her shoulders and said a firm "No" to the grizzled ranchers in the "wayback" of Australia and the strapping sergeants of the Indian army who wanted to marry her. The only time she fell in love she ran like a driven grouse, for he was a gentleman, amusing himself at the stage door, and she discovered that love hurt. "It's a sell," she concluded, and hid in the bottom of her trunk the crepe-paper favors that were all that remained of their parties and the dreams she had dared dream.

Now as a reward for her virtue she was going to be married to a good, solid settler whose background was no fancier than her own. He promised her she would be mistress of a hotel and ten thousand acres and have plenty of blacks to wait on her. Her mother would approve such reasons for marrying.

Albert had first taken her out after their show in Krugersdorp, a one-night stand before they went on to Johannesburg.

"A man should have a wife, but there's not much choice where I come from," he told her. "It's two years since I've been this far south, may be three before I get here again." That had been fair enough warning.

"You've seen a good bit of the world," he said when she rattled on about runs in Darwin, Delhi and Durban. He said it as though he were taking her measure.

"A bit, but between you and me it was seeing it as baggage. Take this train, sleep in that hotel, get on that train. It's not like going where you want, when you want, but it isn't half bad."

"If you ever get to my country it won't be as baggage," he commented. "Most every place you go in Rhodesia you sweat to get there."

When they got to Johannesburg he stayed around a few days longer than he had said he would, but she had to make up her mind before he took the train that would get him to Bulawayo in time for a cattle show. She made the dead line, said yes to his proposal, and they arranged that when her company's tour was finished in two months Albert should meet her in Lusaka for the wedding. From there they would go to his farm.

SO HERE she was on the Beira, Mashonaland and Rhodesian Railways, on the last lap of the long journey. There were only two more hours before meeting Albert, which gave her time to have another shower and not get too hot and dusty again before they arrived. For all she knew, Albert might take her directly from the train to the church, which was as it should be, only she was going to hold out for fifteen minutes to go to the hotel and change into the flowered chiffon she had bought to be married in.

Good-naturedly, he did not argue but took her directly to the hotel behind the station. Gladys thought he looked nicer than he had in Jo'burg. He was only two inches taller than her five feet eight, but so broad-shouldered he looked much bigger. He gave orders as though no one would think of questioning them, which no one did, and Gladys was quite sure she had made the right decision. His blue eyes were still appraising her, but he smiled as though he were secretly pleased with life, which was a good start.

"Get going, girl, we have a long way to go," were not very loverlike words with which to leave her to change her dress, but she liked his smile when he said them. He was not much of a talker, but she could talk for the two of them.

On the way to the church she felt a bit rushed, keeping up with his long strides and wished he had thought of a carriage, for her shoes got dusty, but she wiped them off with her handkerchief. The church was still cool at eleven o'clock and the words of the marriage service were the very words that would have married her in Bristol, which was comforting.

"We might have a beer to celebrate," Albert said when they left the church. "That's a poor load to carry on trek, but there's no need to start before two to reach the Drift by sundown."

"What's a drift?" Gladys wanted to know.

"A river-crossing," Albert stated and she gave up asking all the questions she burned to have answered. He was even less talkative than he had been in the south and it would take a week at his rate of description to drag from him some picture

(Continued on page 59)

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Pabco linoleum-pores are impregnated and sealed to preserve floor life, colors and beauty, and to resist penetration of dirt, stains and footprints.

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Satin-smooth yet non-slippery! Simplifies cleaning, maintenance!

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Should your floor be damaged, any Marbled Square can be replaced without appearance of "patching".

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Quiet! Comfortable! *Thanks to Pabco's built-in underlay of heavy, rot-resistant felt! This quality-advancement cuts laying-costs, too . . . eliminates all need for the customary extra underlay of felt!

★ *"RAINBOW" OF PATTERNS!* ★
Choose Today from your dealer's vivid array of new patterns in Pabco Soil-Sealed Linoleum. *For New Re-Decoration Booklet,* send two 3c stamps to Dept. 1543, nearest Pabco office!

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ROBERT CAPA-PIX

Surrendering Axis soldiers engulfed our men in Tunisia. These, unguarded, found the prison camp by themselves

WE NEVER LOSE A NAZI

BY TOM TREANOR

BY RADIO FROM ORAN

THE classic story of the "if you gotta do it, you can do it" school is the story of Goldware, Matthews & Brett, the biggest keepers of prisoners in American history. They have handled more German and Italian soldiers than there were American soldiers in the prewar standing Army of the U. S. It wasn't in their blood or training. They learned it by doing it and they have done a masterpiece.

Major Joseph Goldware, thirty years of age, the commanding officer of the Prisoner of War division here, was an Omaha lawyer. His first assistant, Major John Matthews, thirty-two, was a Kansas City buyer for Sears. His second assistant, Captain Henry Brett, thirty, of Watertown, Mass., was a merchandiser for Timothy Smith & Company.

They started with no well-worked-out plan and without even an American precedent, as we've been just a peace-loving country that hardly ever has taken a prisoner. Those we took in the last war were cared for in France under the already existing French system. The first directive to Goldware will give you some idea of how unexpectedly large was the final Allied bag in North Africa.

A Mayor of Many Cities

Major Goldware was told to prepare for 10,000 prisoners. He was staggered by the immensity of the job, but in a couple of months he was told to care for 40,000; and then 60,000, and then 200,000, not counting those being taken in the present Italian campaign. He has several camps which are capable of holding 30,000 prisoners each. He's mayor of a series of prison cities that may eventually house a total population as great as that of his home town.

The work started with disappointing slowness. If you remember, we weren't taking prisoners so fast ourselves. We were lucky not to be taken prisoners in the early stages of the North African battle. So Goldware and his staff were champing at the bit.

Finally, 108 Germans came trickling through. The boys pounced on them with what amounted to the mother instinct. Candy bars, cigarettes, wonderful food, terrific medical attention. If a prisoner even sniffled, he was hospitalized, thumped on the chest and given fever readings until he was likely to become a hypochondriac.

The prisoners had so many blankets they could heap them on their cots like mattresses. They were guarded like the crown jewels—three guards to a prisoner.

"We thought they were spending every waking hour plotting to escape," said Goldware. Our men have since learned that, with few exceptions, prisoners don't try to escape. But they didn't know that then. They thought every prisoner was a dangerous character. "But we were so proud of our prisoners," said Goldware, "that we'd go out and look at them every day. We treated them like china."

They even had a wedding party for a Nazi soldier whom they married by mail to his sweetheart in Germany, through the Swiss government. When the time came to ship their charges to America, the firm of Goldware, Matthews & Brett really went to town. Every prisoner got a new American uniform, two new blankets, a new American overcoat and two cartons of cigarettes. They were loaded as carefully as cotton-packed peaches, a maximum of fourteen to a truck plus two American guards pointing fixed bayonets at them.

"There were six motorcycle cops," said Brett. "Behind each truck was a jeep with a machine gun and we had a lieutenant colonel leading the parade."

"How did you happen to put on such a show?" I asked Goldware.

"Didn't know any better," he said.

"It kind of confused the prisoners," said Matthews; "but it pleased them, too. Three of them cried when they left."

"Now," said Goldware, "we load them fifty in a truck. They get no new Am can uniforms unless their own clothes are worn out. There are no motorcycle cops no jeeps with machine guns and no lieu- tenant colonel. They come barreling through town in convoys of thirty at a time. Today we can move out 25,000 pris- oners in a day on roller bearings and we've never lost a prisoner between the camps and the boats."

Proof of German Ingenuity

The whole setup now is a Rube Gold- berg masterpiece of improvisation, oper- ating under the jurisdiction of the Provos Marshal. All useful material, naturally being vitally needed by the Army, ship- ping space couldn't be spared to send ove equipment for prisoners. So the prisoner have made their own dishes out of gallon cans. They have beaten out their own spoons on a wooden mold, they set up their own tailor shops and shoe-repai shops out of salvage. They have made their own soap and built their own ovens They have set up a complete hospita camp, and it is entirely manned by Ger- mans, without an American inside the stockade.

As their final masterpiece, they a completing a prison city of adobe bar racks with walls eighteen inches thick— city capable of housing 30,000 prisoner at a cost of five per cent of what canva would have cost for covering the same number.

After visiting this construction enter- prise and three other camps, I called on the delegate of the Swiss government which protects prisoners, and asked him how he found the American camps. "So far," he said, "everything is satisfactory Most of the prisoners appear satisfied."

Incidentally, the slogan of Goldware Matthews & Brett is not: "The impossibl we do immediately. The miraculous wil take a little time."

Their slogan is: "Who was this gu Rommel anyway?" ★★

The original DON COSSACK CHORUS — *world's greatest choral group!* SERGE JAROFF *conducting*

Music was in their blood—and chance brought them together around the campfires of Constantinople, over twenty years ago. Under the brilliant leadership of Serge Jaroff, these singing sons of the Steppes perfected an inimitable choral technique which has made them world-famous.

Today, they have brought great Russian music to millions . . . the full-blooded exuberance of their folk songs, the spine-tingling defiance of Cossack battle songs, the unearthly beauties of ancient liturgical music—sung as only they can sing them!

The Don Cossack Chorus now records *exclusively* on Columbia Masterworks Records. These records are laminated—pressed in layers—with surfaces of highly sensitized materials. This Sensitone-Surface, exclusive with Columbia, captures the rich tonal color of this great chorus, from the mighty diapason of their thunderous basses to their flutelike flights in the phenomenal upper registers.

Columbia brings you old Don Cossack favorites—*The Red Sarafan, Evening Bells, First Psalm of David, From the Evening Liturgy*—as well as a new album, *Don Cossacks On The Attack.* Hear this superb chorus, and many other famous artists, recorded by Columbia. *Great music is faithfully yours on Columbia Masterworks!*

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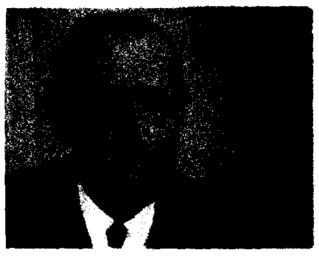

or **Stravinsky** conducts the Phil-
rmonic-Sym. Orch. of N. Y. in his
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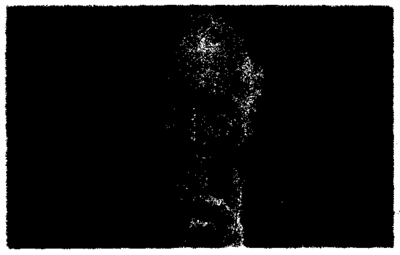

Felix Weingartner conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orch.: *Symphony No. 9 in D Minor* ("Choral") by Beethoven. Magnificent! Set M-MM-227, $8.50

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John Carter, brilliant tenor of the Metropolitan, in an album of *Sentimental Song.* It includes such favorites as Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, Trees, The Rosary, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming. Set M-522 . . . . . . $3.50

Egon Petri, famous pianist, plays the Tchaikovsky *Concerto No. 1 in B-Flat Minor,* accompanied by the London Phil. Orch. Set M-MM-318 . . . $4.50

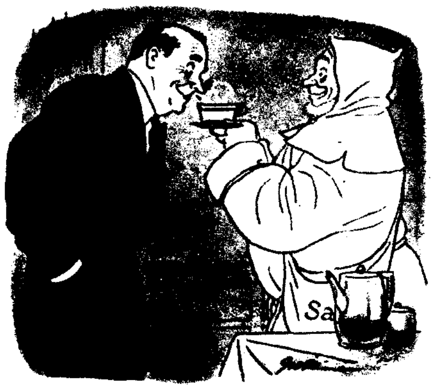
Chopin's *Preludes,* Opus 28, Nos. 1-24. A great performance! Set M-MM-523, $4.50

1. I'm the Sandman . . . and my job is putting people to sleep. But do people always co-operate? Not these days. What with the war and all, they're kinda nervous and upset.

2. There's one special tribe—people whose nerves are set a-jangle by caffein in coffee. Comes the night, they pace and toss and moan.

3. They expect me to get around (with transportation the way it is) to sprinkle sand in their eyes. That's asking too much. I know they *love* coffee. And so—

4. That's why I'm taking this magazine space—to tell 'em that if caffein in coffee upsets 'em, they ought to *switch to Sanka Coffee!* It's 97% caffein-free! Can't jangle anyone's nerves!



5. This Sanka is all coffee and nothing but coffee. And is it delicious! They take out the caffein without removing a snifter of the piping aroma or rich flavor. And Sanka is vacuum packed!

6. And because Sanka Coffee is practically caffein-free, you can make it strong! Use a heaping tablespoon per cup. And if you use a percolator, "perk" Sanka a little longer than usual.

FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

SANKA COFFEE

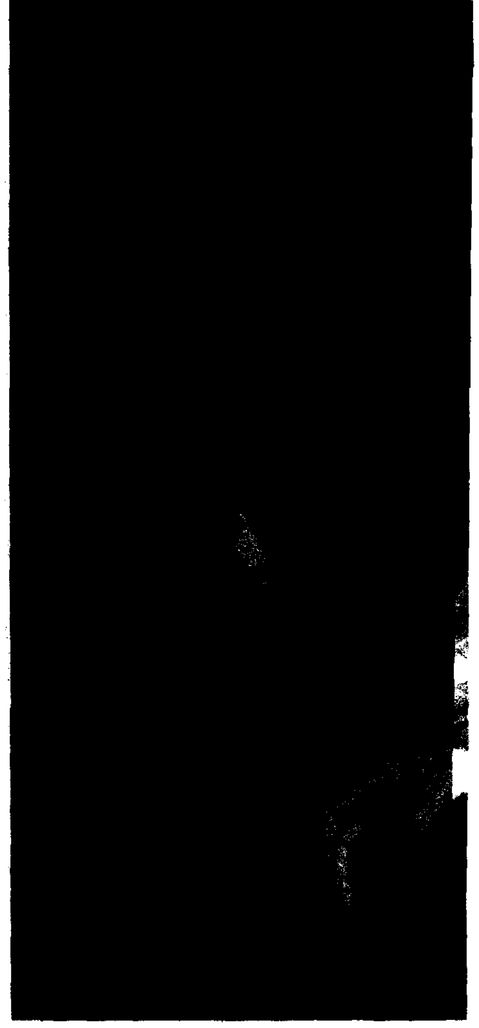
SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

Kate Smith's back on the air with a new, hour-long show! Listen to *The Kate Smith Hour* every Friday. Columbia network . . . 8 P.M., EWT; 7 P.M., CWT; 6 P.M., MWT; 9 P.M., PWT.

THE STAR-SPANGLE LADY

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-



LUCY MONROE is the lady you hear singing The Star-Spangled Banner so often. In truth, she virtually owns the song or, at least, has made it such a part of her that anybody else singing it has an uneasy feeling of trespassing on private property. She won her rights by singing it often and singing it good. As of November 1, 1943, she had sung it publicly 2,119 times. This is a record.

Miss Monroe is the only woman in our history who became a national monument during her lifetime. It is not true that no large gathering can begin its proceedings without her presence, but most large gatherings take no chances and have her there on the platform. This is the same as getting a clean bill of health from the F.B.I.

When there was a quiet underground movement last year to make God Bless America our national anthem, Miss Monroe's friends rallied in support. "This is a plot," they said, looking around gloweringly. The effort fell through pretty promptly, showing Miss Monroe's power. There was the additional circumstance that President Hoover had declared the official adoption of The Star-Spangled Banner as our national anthem in September, 1932.

Miss Monroe has gained all this undying fame by the mere device of being a home-town girl. When the American Legion descended upon New York in 1937 with the intention of releasing Manhattan Island from its moorings, they needed one who sang and also belonged locally. Lucy was their girl because she had been born in New York, educated at Horace Mann School, and had never been farther afield than the Bahamas. She sang the anthem fifteen times at the convention, protected day and night by a special bodyguard, an honor which many another terrified New Yorker would have appreciated. Since then, she has sung it at baseball parks, night clubs, clambakes, I. O. O. F. conclaves, meetings of the American Order of Junior Mechanics, and in her sleep.

When approached on the difficulties of singing The Star-Spangled Banner, Miss Monroe merely stated: "Pfoof!" Asked to elaborate on this extraordinarily thoughtful reply, she did so. She went so far as to outline a course of action.

A. Don't drag it. It isn't a dirge. It's a song of triumph. Sing it that way.

B. Think of the dramatic sense of the words instead of the tune.

C. When you come to the words "Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave," don't torture it. Keep going.

D. When you reach the high note in "the land of the free," don't let it throw you. It's lofty but it isn't impossible. Make "free" into two syllables like "free-hee." That'll do it.

Soloist for Thousands

The largest crowd she has sung to was 750,000 (estimated), who heard her in 1942 on I'm an American Day, on the Mall in Central Park in New York.

She has been official soloist twice for the American Legion (New York, 1937; Chicago, 1942); three times for the Veterans of Foreign Wars (Philadelphia, 1941; Cincinnati, 1942; New York, 1943); four times for the American Legion at the services at Arlington on Armistice Day. She is an honorary member of the Sutherland and Argyle Scots of Canada, whose boast is that they have never retreated; and also of the U. S. Army's Rainbow Division.

Miss Monroe got a flying start on all competitors when she sang the national anthem four times a day during the American Jubilee show at the New York World's Fair. She missed only two performances during 262 days.

She sings the anthem briskly and forthrightly, and prefers the fourth verse to all others. Written by Francis Scott Key at Fort McHenry, Maryland, on September 13, 1814, while he stood anxiously on a boat offshore, watching the effect of British bombing of the fort, the first verses represent his fears and apprehensions. There is grave doubt that the Americans will be able to withstand the bombardment, and Key's first words are in the form of relief that our flag still flies there.

"The fourth verse has all the triumph and confidence," she says.

The fourth verse, for those few who may not know it, goes:

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God Is Our Trust!"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

The music is from Anacreon in Heaven, an old English drinking song. Some feel that Francis Scott Key wrote the poem and only thought of setting it to music later. Miss Monroe is convinced that the melody must have been running through

Lucy Monroe has sung our national anthem publicly so many times—upward of 2,000 at the moment—that she virtually owns the song

his head as he composed the words. For years, The Star-Spangled Banner and America were used interchangeably as our national anthem. America was easier to sing but it had the fault of also being the tune of God Save the King. Some people didn't like that, and President Hoover settled the controversy.

Miss Monroe was the only child of Van Monroe, wholesale diamond and pearl merchant, and Anna Laughlin, who starred in The Wizard of Oz, with Montgomery and Stone. She studied music, had a brief fling at the theater, and then got into radio, where she did sustaining roles for years, ten or fifteen shows a week for a total of sixty well-earned clams. Later, she was with Frank Munn on the radio for several years and, in between, appeared with the Philadelphia Symphony under Ormandy, Reiner and Smallens. She sang with the Metropolitan during a summer season and had occasional operatic jobs elsewhere.

Miss Monroe is redheaded, slightly plump, writes left-handed, doesn't smoke, drinks only intermittently and amateurishly and thinks everybody acting on stage or screen is just grand.

She is hired now by a recording company to lead singing at war camps and war factories. Miss Monroe is proudest of the world-wide broadcast on July 4th, 1941, when President Roosevelt spoke from Washington, and Chief Justice Stone pledged allegiance to the flag from Denver. Her most exciting experience was singing in Yale Bowl in a storm so heavy that she finished the last note of the national anthem with her mouth full of water. Fifteen thousand people sat through the storm as living testimonials that habit is stronger than sanity, the assemblage being a collection of ex-Yale football fans.

The campaign to trifle with The Star-Spangled Banner continues with no support from our heroine. When Vincent Lopez kindly offered to change a few notes to make them more singable, Miss Monroe ceased liking Mr. Lopez. The best rendition of it she has heard was at a street rally in Harlem. She was very happy to be on the same program lately with the beauteous Anna Case, who was The Star-Spangled Banner singer of the last war.

Miss Monroe's method in leading community sings in war plants is to get them going in a hurry and keep batting along. "I start with something like The Old Gray Mare and end with the anthem, and everybody goes back to work happy."

She thinks music is going to win the war. ★★★

6 A.M. . . . Sam feels low down!

SAD SAM. He wakes up needing a laxative. He feels sluggish and out of sorts. But Sam's not one to put things off. So he takes a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica the minute he gets up. And look at Sam later (see below).

8 A.M. . . . Sam goes to town!

GLAD SAM. Taken when you hop out of bed, Sal Hepatica acts gently but quickly . . . *usually within an hour.* Helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping counteract excess gastric acidity, too. Fact is, 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling saline laxative.

The next time you need a laxative, try Sal Hepatica.

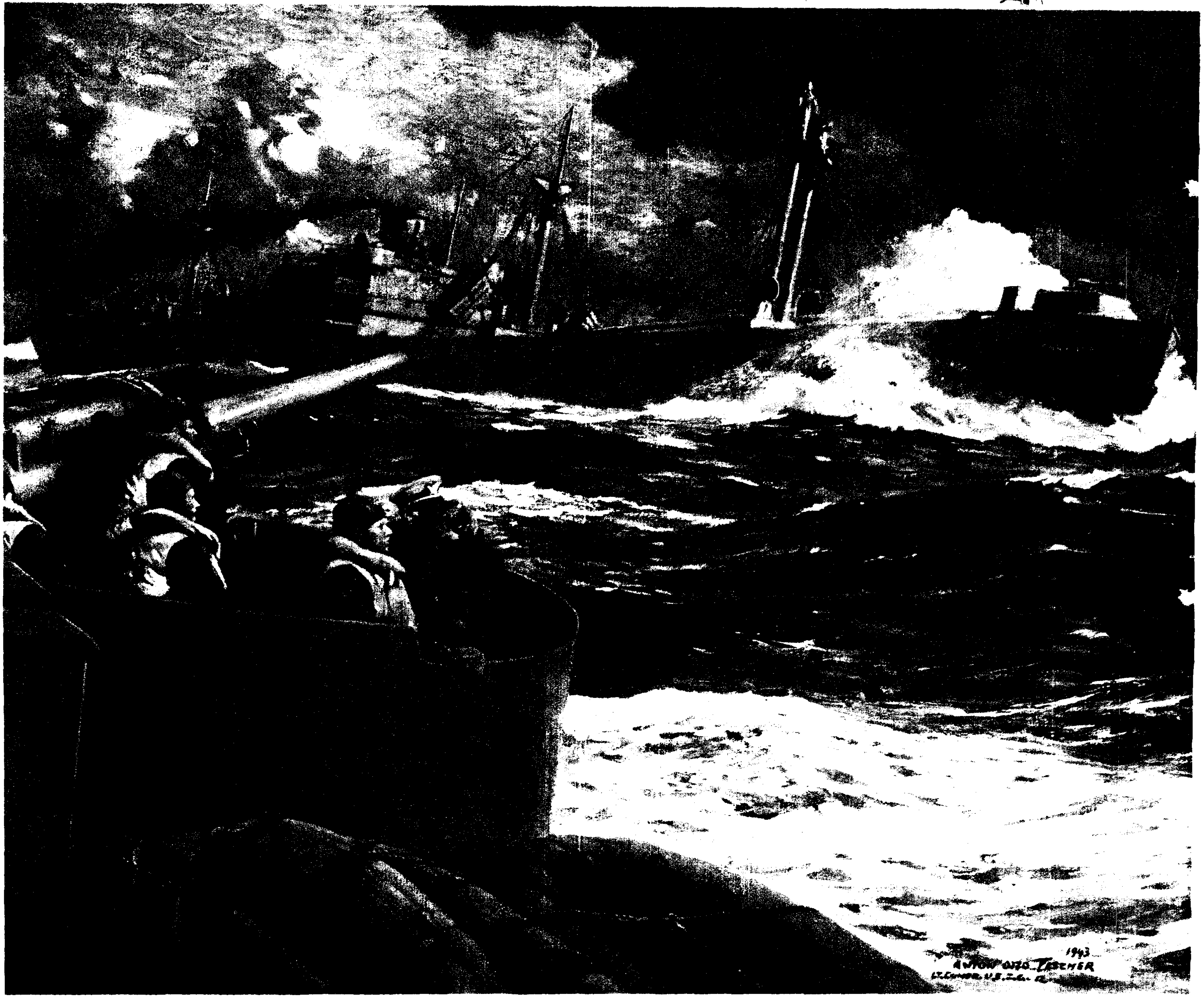
Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P.M., EWT
"DUFFY'S" with Ed Gardner, Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P.M., EWT

HENRY LOMB, *from his meager pay as a Civil War captain, provided funds that helped John J. Bausch to keep alive their infant partnership. It was this partnership that became the scientific institution that supplied gun-fire control instruments for the Spanish-American War . . . that during World War I freed America from dependence upon foreign sources for optical glass . . . and is able in this war to produce record quantities of gun-fire control instruments, binoculars, flyers' goggles, aerial photographic lenses, industrial optical equipment and other precision tools of war.*



The newly-commissioned S.S. Henry Lomb. A full color reproduction of this painting, by Lt. Comm. Anton Otto Fischer, sent free on request.

To Gallant Ships and the Men Who Sail Them

The S.S. Henry Lomb is just one ship of a vast fleet that flies the proud flag of the United States Merchant Marine. She is named after Captain Henry Lomb, Civil War soldier and co-founder of Bausch & Lomb Optical Company. To those who know of this great American, this gallant ship is a symbol and an inspiration.

The spirit that will guide her along perilous convoy routes, where sleek destroyers dance alert attendance and thundering planes hover protectingly, will be his spirit of militant loyalty to duty and country . . . to prosaic jobs that must be done and done well, without thought or fear of danger.

There are few songs to these brave gray ships or to the men in oil-stained dungarees who man them . . . the men who listen and wait for the crash of enemy torpedoes. These are the ships that carry the food, fuel, ammunition and weapons . . . often the vital optical instruments of war which Bausch & Lomb manufactures.

These are the ships and men who are welcomed by no cheering throngs . . . only by the clank and groan of heavily-laden winches working in grim urgency. These are the ships and men of the United States Merchant Marine.

BAUSCH & LOMB
OPTICAL CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1853

AN AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION PRODUCING OPTICAL GLASS AND INSTRUMENTS FOR MILITARY USE, EDUCATION, RESEARCH, INDUSTRY AND EYESIGHT CORRECTION

Hotel Berlin—1943

Continued from page 23

"Wilhelm Schott and I stood in front of Annemarie and prevented the policemen from pushing her or kicking her around. It was what you would call a little riot, and in the end we gave in and eighteen of us were taken to police headquarters. We thought they would keep us there for a few hours and send us home. But that isn't how justice works in the Reich."

HE STOPPED speaking because he felt his voice break. Lisa was sitting on the edge of her bed now, her face in her hands, as if she were afraid to look at him.

"For three days and nights they kept grilling us," he went on. "They wanted us to give away the names of the members of our organization and how it worked. But not one of us gave an answer. It is not easy to go through a grilling and not break, Fräulein Dorn. But not one of us broke. I am proud of that. The fourth day they shipped us to Berlin and shoved us before a tribunal of their Volksgericht. It worked as fast and as simply as an automatic meat grinder. As enemies of the state we were convicted and sentenced to die under the ax.

"They took us to Ploetzensee and every morning we were taken out into the prison yard and stood up in a row. We boys, twelve of us, on one side, the six girls on the other, an SS squad between us. In the center of the yard was the scaffold with the block. It looked new, as if they had erected it especially for us, and it smelled of freshly chopped wood. Every day one of us was executed while the others had to watch. And never did we know whose turn it was when they took us out into the yard.

"I think they thought we would go crazy and begin to fight among ourselves and give away whatever we knew to save ourselves. But we didn't. In a way, I was grateful during that week that I had been a soldier and gone through a stiff training. But what about the girls?

"On the third day they executed Wilhelm Schott. I knew what Annemarie was feeling when she saw the ax come down on him. It is easier to die than to watch it. She tried to cover her face with her hands, but one of the guards pulled them down and pinned them behind her back. I broke out of line and rushed over to her and held my fingers over her eyes, and then she buckled up and fainted. They beat the soles of my feet for it until they were raw and then made me stand up on them all night.

"On the ninth day, they killed Annemarie. I don't think she was fully conscious. Maybe the prison doctor had been merciful and given her a shot of something. There was that funny smell of the prison yard. Carbolic and dishwater and chopped wood and the foul smell of fear. Annemarie laughed when they took her up to the scaffold; she didn't smile, she laughed out loud as if she were drunk. When it was over, they made us give the Hitler salute and sing the Horst Wessel song."

"Be quiet! I don't want to hear it! I don't believe it! I don't believe a word of it!" Lisa cried out.

She leaped from her bed and clutched his shoulders as if she could force him to make it all unsaid. It gave him a sharp, stabbing pain in his wound, but also a grim satisfaction.

Have I waked you up at last Fräulein Dorn? he thought. He caught her hands in a hard grip and pushed them away from his body. She stared at him for another moment and then she began to pace up and down the room on her small, bare feet, beating her right fist into her left palm, as if to suppress a scream.

"Look at this," said Martin, and let the towel drop from his back.

"Go away—go!" Lisa whispered. "I don't want to hear another word. I don't want to see you. You can't force me to hear and see such things."

Martin got up and stood close in front of her. "Look at this," he said and turned his back toward her.

It was a mass of welts and sores and bruises. It made Lisa sick to see this tortured back so close to her eyes. The marks of prison and torture superseded the scar where the bullet had gone through. Poor, young, thin back, all muscles and sinews and hard, brave, living. The sick sensation became a cramp in her throat and then it broke into a sob and a stream of hard, aching, burning tears. She let her forehead drop against that mangled back, clamping her hands into the belt that held his black trousers, and cried.

Martin stood motionless and let her cry. I gave her a shock, he thought. Maybe this will be her Stalingrad. Maybe she, too, will begin to think now. The salt of her tears burned into the open welts of his back but he did not mind. He waited till she was through crying. I would give anything for a cigarette now, he thought. At last she pushed him away. But her crying over his sores had left something behind; a strange, new intimacy in his nerves and in hers, too—as if they had come from very far and had been very close for a few moments.

"I'm sorry I made a spectacle of myself," Lisa said, trying to slip back into her former self. "It's foolish. I think you must leave now. I can't keep you here forever. I'm expecting somebody."

"Oh, naturally," he said, catching the frightened and unconscious glance she had thrown toward the general's photo. "I forgot for a moment that Fräulein Dorn is having a love affair with this whole rotten National Socialistic government. I must have been crazy to hope that I could make you see the other side."

"I DON'T blame you for being bitter after what you've gone through," Lisa said; he had hurt her very deeply. "You are wrong, every word you say is wrong. But have you forgotten how things stood with us before the Fuehrer lifted us up and made Germany what she is now? We were miserable, downtrodden, poor. Now we are strong, victorious, powerful. It is men like the general who have brought us to the top where we belong. Why should I not be proud if he honors me with his friendship?"

"Well spoken, little parrot," he said. "I, too, was brought up on those phrases. It took a few hard blows to shake them out of me. They will be shaken out of you, too. Oh, my dear God!" he said with desperate urgency as it suddenly seemed to him that nothing mattered if he failed to make this slip of a girl see the truth. "Strong? Victorious? Powerful? Don't you know that we have lost the war already? Don't you feel the ground tremble under the feet of your great men, because they know what is ahead of them? What has happened on the battlefields is nothing compared to what is coming when the German people ask for a reckoning. Victory! That's how all our victories end: Germans falling on Germans and tearing one another to pieces!"

He had raised his voice in his excitement. There was a knock at the door and he froze. The hair at the nape of his neck stood up and every gland in his body poured out the signal: Danger! Danger!

"Yes? Who is it?" Lisa called; she was

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a good actress and she had her voice fairly well under control.

"The chambermaid. Fresh towels, Fräulein Dorn."

"Just a second," Lisa said. Martin had vanished into the folds of the curtains, and Lisa opened the door a crack. The towels appeared in the opening, together with the tousled, curious head of the maid. "Thank you, Katrine," Lisa said. "I don't need anything else. Good night."

With the towels over her arm, she came back and stood over Martin who, overcome by a sudden weakness, had dropped on her bed. Cold sweat covered his face and chest, and his teeth were chattering. He did not want them to chatter but they chattered anyway.

"You are not frightened?" she asked with a trace of her old mockery.

"Yes. Very frightened," he said.

"What a hero! Such big words! And frightened by a chambermaid?" she said; she wanted to hurt him and to make him small. She was struggling against something that had caught her as in a web, against her will, and was growing strong as a rope.

"Only fools are not frightened," he said.

LISA stood another moment bent over him and then she gave in to her fingers that had a will of their own. She put her hands cautiously into his coarse, dark hair. It was lively and electric. His teeth stopped chattering and his eyes closed. There was for a moment the queer, purely physical remembrance of the general's shaved round head in her fingertips and of the crisscross pattern of wrinkles on his neck. She began to stroke Martin's hair.

"Do you really care so much for living?" she asked gently. "Is it really so important to you?"

He seemed to ponder the question seriously before he gave an answer. "I don't know how important it is that I live. I don't think it is very important, not even to myself. But it is important that someone lives. Someone must stay alive and carry on. We are still so few—such a pitiful, small group—if they kill every one of us, what will happen to Germany?"

"Who are 'we'? What is it that you want to carry on?"

"It's not as clear cut as all that. We are not a society with by-laws. We are just a handful of young people loving the things that Germany has lost. We want to bring them back if we can. But we must stay alive to do it."

"What things?"

Martin caught her hand and held it in his. "You are an actress. Do you remember what the people demand in Goethe's Egmont? Peace, security, order and freedom. But you wouldn't know what freedom is. You wouldn't recognize it if you met it on the street, and if you found it hiding in your room, you wouldn't know what to do about it."

Lisa kept on studying the lines of his face. An hour ago she had not known this face; it was amazing how familiar she had become with it in such a brief span of time. The pattern of welts and sores and scars on his back, too, was engraved on her eyes and her mind as a pain and a challenge. Freedom? she thought. Freedom has blue eyes and dark hair that comes down in big ringlets, and a lean, stretched body with every rib standing out, and a bleeding shoulder and a bullet in the chest and scars everywhere. Freedom is hard and bitter and has suffered much and is frightened and must hide and is in danger every second. Is that freedom?

The actor Max Wildermann who had killed his Jewish wife and his children and himself rather than see them sent to Poland—had he meant freedom? Suddenly a cataract of memories came tumbling down on her, things she had forgotten, repressed; things she had not wanted to see or to know because they would have disturbed the comfort of her life. . . .

"Why did you have to come here?" she asked desperately. "Why did you have to pick on me? Why didn't you hide in some other room? I was happy. Why did you have to come and tell me your dreadful stories and show me your scars? What am I going to do with you now? You can't stay here all night. But I can't send you away—I can't. If anything should happen to you, I would never have another happy moment in my life. You and your freedom—how I hate you! Why are you staring at me as if you wanted to burn holes in me?"

Martin was staring at her because he had just then, only that minute, discovered that she was a woman and desirable. It was a bitter-sweet revelation in the midst of pain and fever and fear. It was like drinking strong wine on an empty stomach. He took his burning eyes away from her.

"I'm hungry," he said. "I haven't eaten anything for two days."

"Oh," said Lisa. She had expected something different. "Why didn't you tell me? Come—sit down and eat. There must be some coffee left—and a sardine or two and a crust of bread."

She rolled the table over to the bed on which he was sitting and lighted the little flame under the chafing dish. He watched her over the rim of the coffee cup. The brew was tepid and bitter but it made him feel good. Now a cigarette, and I would be fine, he thought. He said, "Do you realize that you are giving aid and comfort to an enemy of the Third Reich?"

"Don't talk nonsense. Eat," she said. "Eat."

"Do you know that from now on, you are in danger, too?"

Lisa looked away over his head, with the floating, fleeting, weightless smile that enraptured her audiences.

"Really? Am I?" she said, soaring up into a clouded firmament full of lightning and thunder. "And all I wanted was a nice quiet evening."

WITH streams of French champagne and mutual good will, the reception for the Central European Trade Commission approached its end. Every crumb of the cold buffet had been eaten up by the undernourished Central Europeans. Every toast had been drunk, every assurance of friendship had been given, every drop of propaganda had been squeezed from the special communiqué from the Eastern front and from the bombers downed over the Lueneburger Heide.

"I'm glad this is over!" sighed Baron von Stetten when he had patted the last back and kissed the last hand—Frau Plottke's padded, stubby hand, incidentally. "I thought they would never go. My dear Dahnwitz, dancing on volcanoes is a very tiresome occupation."

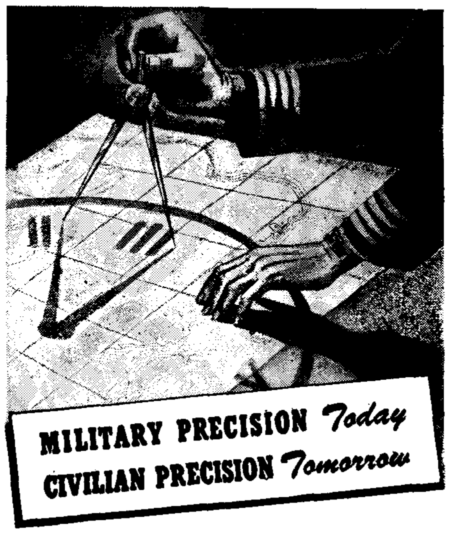
"Well, good night, Stetten. Glad I could help out," the general said at the door of the banquet room that looked now as if a swarm of locusts had gone through it.

"Wait till I get my coat," Stetten said. "I must talk with you—confidentially."

"Can't that wait until tomorrow?"

"No. It can't wait," Stetten said and something in his tone made Dahnwitz straighten up and say, "Let's go to my room then; I think I still have some cognac left."

The general's room was on the second floor because he would have thought it poor taste to have his room close to that of Lisa on the fourth. He disliked ostentation of any kind. His orderly had laid out everything in that military order that seemed to be measured with a ruler. A map of Europe was pinned to the wall together with a large-scale map of the Kharkov sector. There was a cool and manly smell of leather, menthol and rub-



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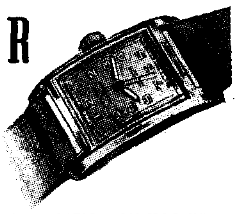

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bing alcohol in the air. The photo of the general's wife who had died seven years before stood on the writing desk. Although the general never looked at the photo and, in fact, had not much cared for his wife while she was alive, he was in the habit of carrying it with him wherever he went.

"If you'll pardon me, Stetten—I must make a phone call before we go into *medias res,"* he said after he had poured some cognac into the water glasses he found on the dresser.

Stetten disappeared discreetly into the bathroom to give Dahnwitz an opportunity of talking to Lisa Dorn undisturbed.

SITTING on his bed, the general picked up the phone. He smiled in anticipation. "Operator—give me Room 69," he said and waited. "Ring again, if you please," he said when the operator reported that there was no answer.

"Fräulein Dorn still doesn't answer," said the operator, and the general put the receiver back on the hook.

She has gone to sleep, he thought, a bit disappointed. Well, I can visit her in the morning. It was a pleasant thought that sent a warm wave through his body. A lifetime in the army had made it impossible for him to sleep later than five A. M. But to wake up before dawn in a hotel, in a town where nobody was up at that hour but the garbage collectors and the street sweepers, was a bore. However, if he could spend the morning with Lisa, every hour was a gain. Lisa was never lovelier than when she woke up.

Stetten came back from the bathroom the moment Dahnwitz had put down the receiver. *"Prosit,"* he said, and *"Prosit,"* said the general as they lifted their glasses and touched each other's little fingers.

"Well, what was it you had to tell me?" Dahnwitz asked, when Stetten seemed to be having trouble in opening the conversation.

"I was sorry—about your son, I mean," Stetten said uneasily.

"Yes—now they are gone—both of them," said the general. "My nephew, Juergen, too. I had adopted him, you know. There's no one left now to take over Elgede. Well, these youngsters only did their duty."

There was a little silence while Stetten considered how to approach what he had to say.

"Seen Keith recently?" he asked.

The general put his glass down and looked at him with close attention. "Not recently," he answered. "No. Not recently."

"Did you know that Fredendorff was court-martialed?"

"No. Was he?"

"Yes. As for Keith—he had an accident."

The general sat up very stiffly; he felt his pulse throb in the sore where Fischer had scraped out the abscess. He swallowed the taste of disinfectant and clove. Stetten could see his Adam's apple move as he opened the stiff crimson collar; the two decorations clicked faintly in the dead quiet of the room.

"What happened to him?"

"Some sort of a shooting accident—this morning. We have no details."

"That's bad. One fine strategist the less."

"Von Meyring took up his plane and crashed last night," said Stetten. Then there was a silence.

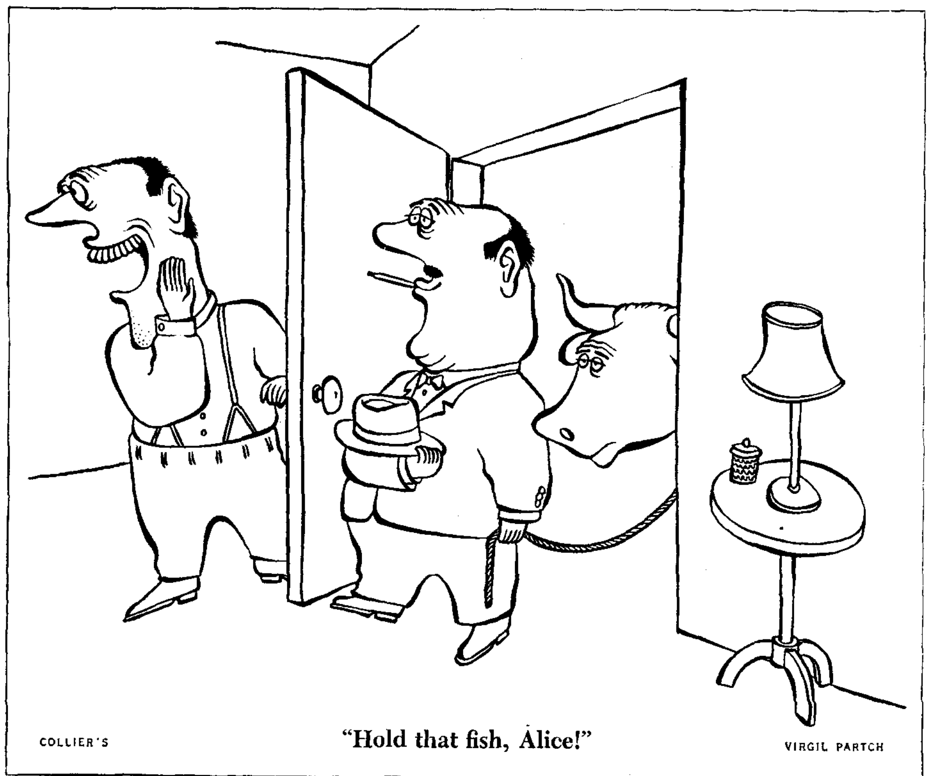
Berlin lay strangely muffled in the blackout night. Not a light, not a horn hooting, no cry of newspaper boys, not a whistle, not a voice, not a sound. Stifling. The general got up and went to the window and pulled the curtain back. A white moon shone over the roofs and the black skeletons of the scaffolds that hid some bombed buildings from view.

"Sounds like an epidemic," the general said at last, his back turned to Baron von Stetten.

"Yes; and a dangerous one," von Stetten said.

THE general kept on looking out, but he saw nothing. So we have lost, he thought. We took a risk and we lost and we have to take the consequences. He was not frightened or surprised. As far back as he could remember, he had learned that there were only two answers to any problem. In Gross-Lichterfelde in the cadet school, as a young lieutenant with the Royal Uhlans, in the military academy, on the staff, in maneuvers, as commander of the Eleventh Military District, in war—you won or lost. There was no other choice. With every move, every operation, every battle it was the same—you won or you lost.

When he and a small group of high officers had entered into a conspiracy for overthrowing the present High Command, they had planned well, and he could see no fault in their strategy. But they had lost all the same. Keith and Fredendorff had taken the consequences and now it was his turn. His tongue played mechanically with the sore spot on his gum; he almost enjoyed the little pain. He pulled the curtain to, went back to the table and poured the rest of the cognac into his glass. It pleased him to notice that his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hand was steady. Stetten looked pale and a fine film of perspiration covered his face. It made Dahnwitz, suddenly and quite inappropriately, remember the midwife in Elgede who had helped to bring his two sons into the world; she had sweated and fretted and suffered much more than his wife. He couldn't help smiling at the memory of good, fat, busy Frau Kettel. Stetten, who saw his smile, wondered whether the general had understood the full implication of their conversation.

"Thanks, Stetten," Dahnwitz said politely. "Very good of you to warn me. How did they find out?"

"You trusted Mattoni too much. He was planted by the Gestapo."

Mattoni had been one of the middlemen the conspiring generals had used in their dealings with corresponding groups in Italy. Dahnwitz had known him for many years; Mattoni came from a Tyrolean noble family and had been liaison officer on his staff in the last war. Never trust a mongrel or an Austrian, Dahnwitz's grandfather had always said. As a young *Fähnrich*, his grandfather had fought in the Prussian-Austrian war.

"It's very, very good of you to warn me," he said again. "I realize you're putting yourself in danger."

Baron von Stetten brushed it aside. "Pshaw, danger! What is and what isn't dangerous, as matters stand today? We're all frying in the same stew. I can understand your trying to get out of it while there is still time."

"Sauve qui peut? No, I don't believe we were thinking of ourselves when we tried to bring off a coup. Not of ourselves, Stetten. It was the best way we could see to save our country. Simple, sober mathematics. The war is lost, it's been lost since the winter of 1941. It is madness to go on feeding our divisions to the enemy, madness. The only trump we hold is an intact army—and how long can we keep it intact? Once the army is broken up, what do we have to throw into the scales at the conference table? As a gentleman and an officer, I know when it is time to count my chips and stop the game and go home.

"Only a bloody dilettante, an adventurer, a gambler like our little corporal will keep on gambling until he has lost his shirt and his pants—and our country to boot. I don't need to assure you that not one of us had selfish motives; none of us. All we thought of was Germany. We have clean hands and a clean conscience. But this is not the sort of war we were brought up to fight; this isn't a nice war, Stetten. The things we had to see and to watch and to cover with our names, in Poland, in the Ukraine—no, it's not a nice war. All we did was to keep our oath to serve our country. Yes. Serve the country, Stetten. We were stupid, unforgivably stupid, to stumble into Himmler's trap. But we weren't instructed at the Military Academy how to deal with scoundrels of Himmler's color."

THE general had started with his usual reserve, but as he spoke he felt his temper rise, and the blood beat in his temples as if they would burst. There was a roaring in his ears that made him deaf and he shouted louder and louder in order to hear himself.

Stetten listened, patient but unimpressed. Dear Heaven, how used he had got to hysterical outbursts and nervous breakdowns during his career under the Third Reich! He was sorry for Dahnwitz, who was a fine strategist and a brave man but also a blundering fool. They had been young officers in the same regiment, had courted the same plump widow, played the same pranks in the officers' casino, and after being wounded in the last war, they had recuperated in the same hospital in Baden-Baden. With a faint stirring of sentimentality, he remembered that Dahnwitz had once paid a gambling debt for him in their youth, thus saving him from disgrace. Now he was returning the favor. Poor Dahnwitz!

"Maybe history will justify you," he said politely. "Meanwhile, I thought you would like to know where you stand and make your decision."

The general gave him a friendly, resigned grin. "History doesn't take notice of a putsch that doesn't come off. A dud. No explosion. Finished. How much time do I have to make my—er—decision?"

"Not much time, Dahnwitz, I'm afraid. Twenty-four hours at the most, I would say. That is, if you don't want the Gestapo to intervene."

"Not much choice, eh?"

"No. Of course you know what has to be done."

The general smiled. "In other words, it's your mission to give me a gun, one bullet and one cigarette and leave me alone with them."

"I'm sorry, Dahnwitz. You'll have to toe the line."

"To be sure. Toe the line. Toe the line."

THE general folded his hands on the table and looked at his fingers in deep concentration. I'm tired, he thought. I'm damnably tired. Why didn't I retire and go to Elgede and plant my rye before it came to this?

Nostalgia for the old country seat swept over him in a great, warm surge. The wood crackling in the huge tile stove, the stuffed heads of stags with their proud crown of antlers adorning the hall, the rifles well oiled on their racks in the rifle chamber, the stables, the fields, the good brown smell of potatoes roasting on open fires at harvest time, the jolly noise of the thresher. And his horses, Windmill, Crown Prince and Attack. He had always wanted to teach Lisa to ride horseback. He had wanted to read some of the old books in his mother's room, too, and plant poplars along the driveway and have a little brick wall built off the south wing.

"I could hand in my resignation and retire," he said, half to himself.

Stetten saw his own tiny reflection in the disk of the general's monocle. He did not like himself at that moment.

"No. No, Dahnwitz, I don't think that would be considered sufficient," he said.

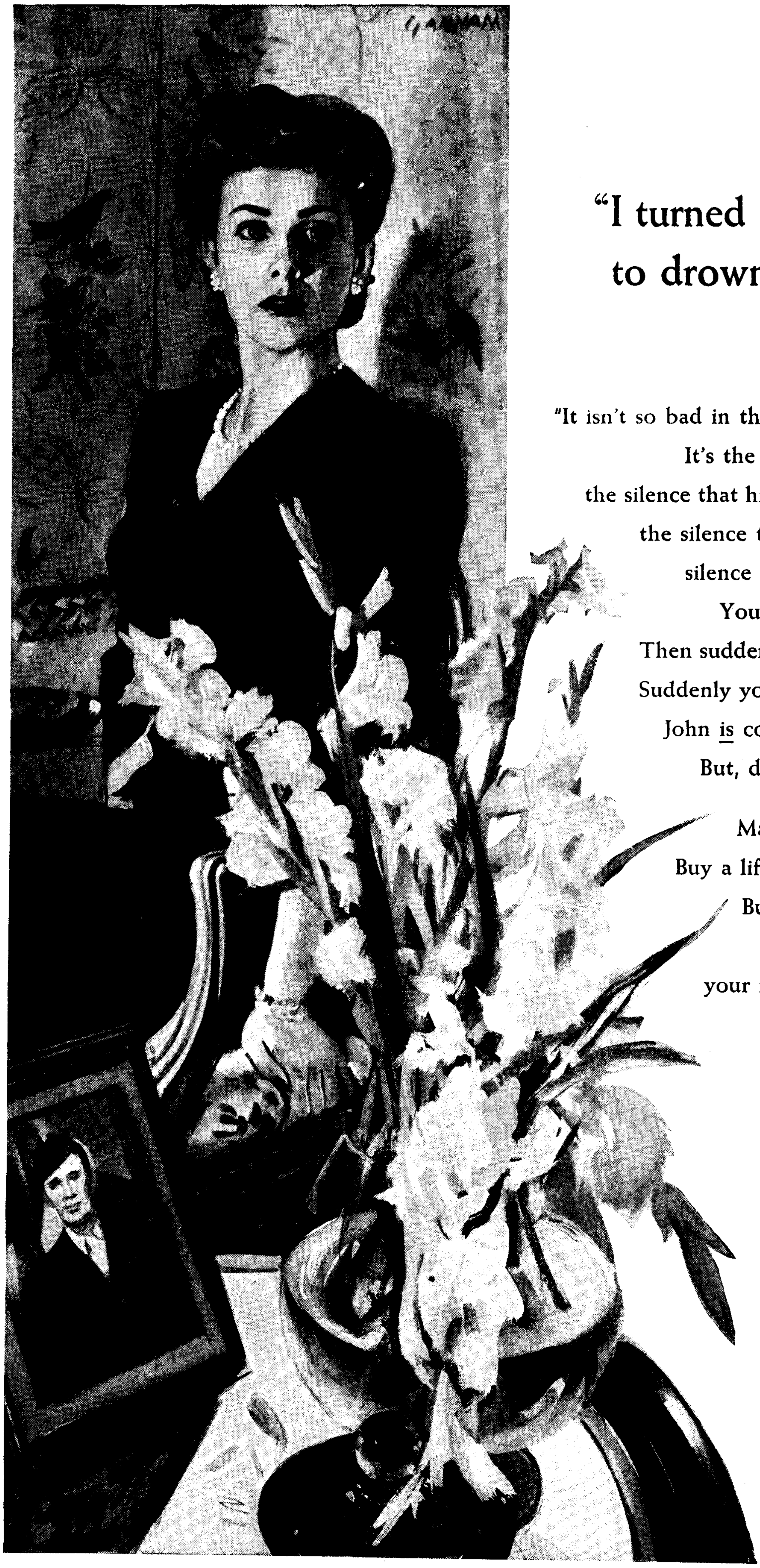
"I see. Well. Twenty-four hours, what? Good. Well, then, I think I won't detain you any longer. I'll have to look after my affairs. Thanks again. Very decent of you, Stetten. Very decent. *Au revoir!"*

"Good night, Dahnwitz," Baron von Stetten said, putting his coat on. He had stopped himself in time from calling "Heil Hitler!" "Too bad it had to come like this. But then—we don't know what's in store for the rest of us."

"Quite," said the general; they both saluted somewhat stiffly. He went politely to the door with his visitor and held it open until Stetten's trim figure had disappeared around the bend of the corridor.

Then he closed it carefully and took off his monocle. He took out his eyeglasses and, automatically, he glanced first at the maps on the wall and then at his calendar. At ten in the morning he had a date with the dentist. What a joke on Fischer! He unbuttoned his tunic and went over to his night stand. As usual, his orderly had put his old Luger in the little drawer there. He took it out, carried it over to the table and put it in front of him. He sat down, took off his eyeglasses and, dropping his head, he tried to marshal his thoughts in battle formation.

It was twelve minutes past midnight, and the hotel was beginning to put itself to bed. Janitor Schmidt had soaked his tired feet in a pail of cold water in the locker room and then gone home to catch a few hours sleep before his medical examination. Another Gestapo agent had



"I turned the music louder to drown out the silence..."

"It isn't so bad in the daytime...but the evenings are cruel.
It's the silence that hurts...
the silence that hits you when you enter your apartment...
the silence that hangs over you when you eat alone...
silence that screams...silence that roars.
You turn on the radio to drown it out...
Then suddenly you hear music...music you both loved.
Suddenly you're filled with courage and hope...
John is coming back...he must...he's got to...
But, dear God, make it soon!"

Make it soon!...Buy a moment off this war...
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Buy a decent future for America. You can...
You do...every time you put
your money in War Bonds and Stamps!

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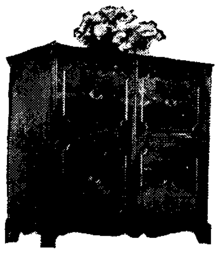
Today war production is our only job. Tomorrow, the things we've learned in war will come to you in as fine a radio as you can buy. The same skill that brought you the magic of FM radio will bring you new miracles of sound.... Remember this, when you consider your post-war radio.



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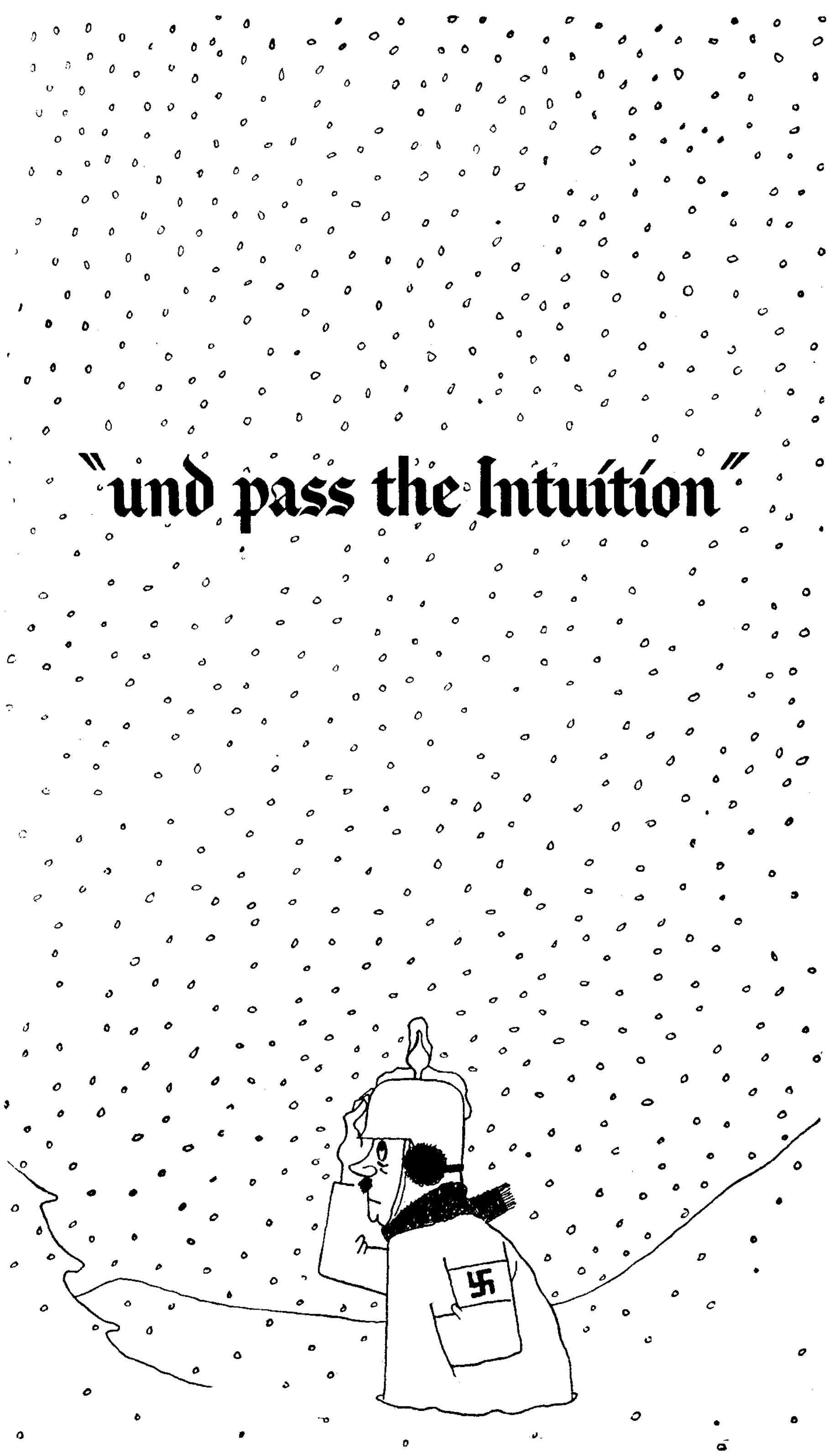

"und pass the Intuition"

Hitler said: "To hell mit mine cautious generals!"

Hitler said: "Von Brauchitsch und his plans — pfui!"

Hitler said: "Paper vork? — *Zum Teufel!*"

"I rely on *intuition," said Hitler. "Mine* intuition! Dot's *got* somet'ing!"

• • •

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relieved Heinrich and taken his post next to the revolving door. Yawning policemen, plain-clothes agents and SS guards were watching exits, stairs and corridors. A few perfunctory arrests had been made; the waiter Gaston, the cellar master Philippe, two members of the Gypsy band, a Danish chambermaid on the fifth floor and two traveling salesmen in Number 78 had been taken to police headquarters on Alexanderplatz as suspects.

The telegraph woman had shuffled in and put down a batch of telegrams and dropped a few rumors. "The Brunner factory in Tegel is on fire. They found a war widow with her two children drowned in the Landwehr canal. Something funny going on in Italy. They haven't got Richter yet," she reported and shuffled out again, a Cassandra in a crumpled uniform.

THE bar closed; with a great clanking of spurs the Rumanian Military Mission went out in search of more amusement, and Tilli dragged Oberleutnant Kauders to her room, promising him something really good to drink.

Under the thick blanket of the blackout night, new scrawls began to blossom on the walls of Berlin. "You can kill Richter—but you can't kill his spirit." The hotel doctor, who had gone up to the desk and riffled through the telegrams, returned to the table in the smoking room where Johannes Koenig and Geoffrey Nichols were finishing their game of chess.

"They haven't got Richter," he remarked, dropping stiffly into his chair and arranging his leg under the table. He was responsible to the authorities for the health of the English prisoner and kept an eye on his frail charge. He also had come to like Nichols in the four years of his forced stay at the hotel.

"Who's Richter?" Nichols asked indifferently.

"Richter's one of those immortal, quixotic fools who doesn't acknowledge the fact that a bullet in one's belly is a stronger argument than the most beautiful revolutionary slogan," Koenig said.

He was old and very effective with his blue eyes, powerful chin and flame of white hair over his wide brow. On closer inspection, though, he looked like a Goethe monument of imitation marble. His eyes were watery and red-rimmed, and alcohol had made deep inroads into his mind. He had been a great writer in his youth and was still a writer. In fact, he was *the* writer of the Third Reich, the only writer of European standing who had stayed on when the others went into voluntary or enforced exile. He produced to order, sonorous, resounding, swollen odes and battle hymns for official consumption. Otherwise, the queer little fact remained that Germany's Great Writer had not written a line since 1933. His impotent efforts to finish the fragmentary manuscript of a play, The Purple Hour, felt like a chronic itch, a boil, a sore on his literary conscience.

"Good reason for us to be jealous of him, what. Koenig?" Nichols said. Most of their conversations were fencing matches with swift lunges and smart repartee, and Geoffrey Nichols, a sick man and, since 1939, a war prisoner, always looked forward to the few weeks his German confrère spent in Berlin as to a rare holiday and a feast of shop talk.

Koenig pretended not to have heard the barbed remark. "Don't you like this hotel, Nichols? I like it very much."

"The difference between us is that you're a transient, while my status as a permanent guest is rather bothersome at times."

"That's only for the duration, Nichols, only for the duration."

"I have a good idea that this time the duration will last longer than the war."

Johannes Koenig savored the little crack. "Not bad," he said, "not bad. Why don't you save it for your next broadcast? I'm sure your countrymen will appreciate it." At which Nichols fell into a glum silence.

"Aren't we all prisoners, Nichols?" Johannes Koenig said rhetorically. "Let's drink to our comfortable prison. Each man his own prisoner, eh?" He was only a little drunk and he could never go to sleep until he was very drunk.

Nichols, too, suffered from insomnia; he was afraid of his room and his bed. It was terrible to sit propped up in that bed hour after hour, all alone, with one's heart beating like a temple gong and the fear strangling one's throat. His fear of dying all alone in his room some night had become an obsession. He had implored the authorities to let him have a night nurse. But while the authorities generally treated him with kid gloves because he was such a useful crop of propaganda, they had politely regretted that during the war there were no private nurses to spare for coddling a prisoner.

"I haven't told you yet how much I admired your last broadcast," Koenig said. "It was a masterpiece. If I try to imagine myself in your place—no, I should be completely incapable of telling my own country twice a week how wonderfully everything is going with their enemies. And you, my dear fellow, do it so smoothly, with so much finesse and humor—and with such a marvelous pretense of conviction. The effect must be devastating."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't pretend," Nichols protested. "I'm indeed convinced that it is better for England to know how matters stand. It can't be good for her to harbor the dangerous delusion that the strength and morale of Germany is dropping. I believe I am doing my own country a service by telling her the truth—that is, the truth as I see it," Nichols finished and tried pathetically to make himself believe it.

"The truth about Germany! Look here, Nichols, just between us, wouldn't it be more honest to say that you gave in because you were afraid of being sent to a prison camp? Remember Ibsen, Peer Gynt? What Ibsen calls the Great Crooked One? Go round about, the Great Crooked One says. Go round about. Compromise."

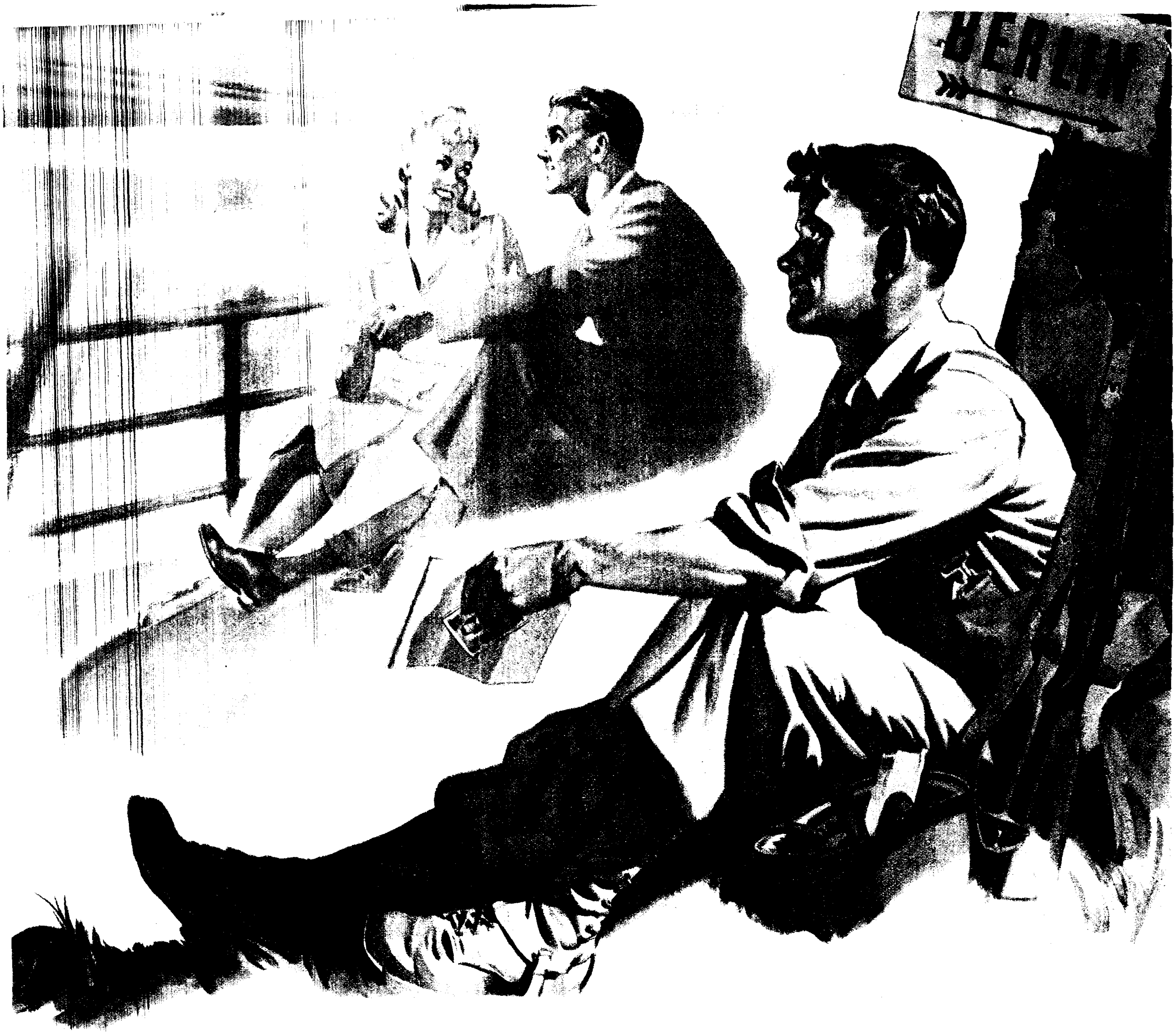
"I think I will repair to my room now. I don't feel quite up to a discussion tonight," Nichols whispered; there was a bluish tinge to his lips which the doctor did not like. "I think I should try to get some sleep—oh, doctor—would you mind hauling me upstairs? Their bloody elevator is out of order again."

KOENIG, who had just begun to feel fine, remonstrated. But after a while he calmed down and, clutching his bottle of Burgundy to his side, he let himself be pulled along. It took the doctor quite some time to get them both to bed—the drunk one and the sick one. There he was now, alone, in the middle of the night.

There was nothing waiting for him in his room but loneliness and boredom. "If I don't get a telegram soon, the war will be over before they call me," he muttered to himself, as he went down the corridor along the row of doors toward his own inhospitable, incurably empty room. A phonograph was playing hoarsely in the monkey cage where Tilli was entertaining the young flier with his first-degree burns.

Otto Kauders was lying on Tilli's lumpy studio couch that served her as a bed. He had taken off his blouse, and his shirt was open at the neck. On the wall across from the couch, a series of photos was pinned up in a row, for artistic effect. They all showed the same almost nude girl in different poses.

"Whose photos are those?" Otto asked,



"BUT I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I?"

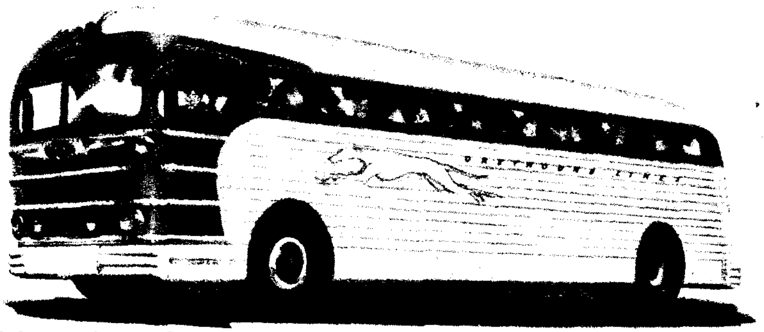
It's the lonesomest feeling in all this world to be out on the ragged edge of the firing line—hounded by 88's, hunted by Mark IV's, haunted by cold and wet. So, in the tense waiting hours between battles, a fellow gets to dreaming about home and the ones he loves—warm and wistful dreams that grow and multiply until they fill the whole earth.

Somewhere in the dreams of every fighting man are the trips he intends to make, one day, in the land he's fighting for—and, usually, ***one very special trip with the girl who waited!*** Greyhound's post-war plans are based on making those trips everything that a man has pictured in his day-dreams . . . restful, convenient, scenically beautiful, and so low in cost that they will fit even the slender purse of a homecoming buck private.

Today, one tremendous job comes first with Greyhound—furnishing vital transportation for U. S. manpower on the home front, so that our fighters in far lands will get the tools of war they need, on time and plenty of 'em. Then, when the war's won, look to Greyhound for a new standard of highway travel, new luxury surpassing all that has gone before. ***It's coming, sure as Victory!***

Putting all you can into War Bonds?

Then tighten your belt and ***buy one more!*** No investment is so safe, so sure to speed Victory. And have you given blood to the Red Cross? ***It's a glorious feeling to know you will save a fighter's life!***



GREYHOUND

Are you 'in-the-know' on Herman...Whelan...Lyman?

WOODROW WILSON IS THE first two-thirds of "Woody" Herman's name. At the age of 12, he was a genius on the clarinet; today, breaking theatre records with his great band is no novelty to Woody. He says: "You'll go a long way before you'll find a cigarette as mild as Regent!"

"BEGIN EARLY" IS ARLEEN'S recipe for Hollywood hopefuls. She did; barely through with high school, she "starlet-ed" in 5 big pictures and is now on Broadway in "The Dough Girls." Whelan recipe for extra value is Regent. She says: "Regent with its King Size, is over 20% longer . . . means extra value!"

SUAVE SMILING ABE LYMAN has been a radio favorite for 22 years; has helped to fame a list of people that sounds like a "Who's Who" of the entertainment world. He says: "That Regent crushproof box is right in the groove! Practically a personal cigarette case! And in *my* book, Regent's better-tasting!"

REGENT CIGARETTES

KING SIZE

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder! Multiple Blending, an *exclusive* Regent process, is the reason. It makes Regents really mild, always so gentle to your throat. Next time, try Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make REGENT

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

after staring at them with half-closed eyes, his mouth slackly open.

"Don't ask silly questions, Schnucki," Tilli said. "Whose pictures would I hang up in my room?"

"Yours?"

"Naturally mine, stupid!"

"Pretty," he said. "When were they taken?"

"What do you mean, when were they taken? When were they taken! Six weeks ago, that's when they were taken."

Otto thought the photos didn't look like Tilli now; maybe she had looked like that a few years back. He dropped the subject and jumped to another theme.

"That actress," he said, "that star I met in the lobby—that Lisa Dorn—"

"Yes. What about her?"

"She's damned pretty."

"I know lots of girls who are prettier and don't make the money she makes. Did you see her dress? I wonder who paid for it."

"Young, too," said Otto, pursuing his own trend of thought. "She looks even younger in life than on the screen."

"Come off her; listen—would you like me to play some forbidden records for you?"

"Why not?" Otto said. She made eyes at me, that actress, he thought. I bet she's no saint. They all go for us fliers. You have to brush girls off all the time. Trouble is you can't go after a classy woman like that actress inside three days. It takes more time, lots of fuss, I'll bet, lots of chichi. Tilli is a good sort. No chichi about Tilli. If you have only three days, you've got to take what you can get and not lose time chasing butterflies.

"Listen to that," said Tilli, who had fiddled around with her records. A husky voice filled the small room with a heavy, knowing sensuality that made fun of itself.

Falling in love again,
What am I to do—

"Say, what's that?" Otto asked, with prickling nerves.

"That's Marlene—"

"That's not Marlene," said Otto. He whistled a few bars of the soldier song that swept the country:

In front of the barracks, in front of the gate
Under the lantern we once had a date.
When the war is over we'll meet again,
Make love again and kiss again,
Under the lantern, Lilli Marlene.

"Not that Marlene. This here is Marlene Dietrich, stupid. It's a forbidden record. I've had it for a long time—it's a bit scratchy, but nice. Like it?"

"Who's Marlene Dietrich?" he asked.

"Don't tell me you never heard of her?"

"Not that I remember," he said.

TILLI stopped the phonograph abruptly and stood there for a moment, her back turned to the boy, her shoulders hunchel up. They were all so much younger than she, all these boys who blew into town and grabbed a bit of fun and landed on her studio couch half drunk and went off again. Like this one—he hadn't even heard of Marlene Dietrich.

She put the record away and went over to the boy. She was wearing a Japanese kimono, real silk, and her bedroom slippers with the marabou trim, and she felt rather seductive.

"What's that noise in the wall?" Kauders asked, as she bent over him.

"That's the W. C. It's right next door. Very handy in the middle of the night."

"Don't be so damned unromantic," he said.

"Oh, come on. I'm just joking. Here I am breaking my neck being romantic for you, and the Herr Oberleutnant still complains. You should be here when the elevator *isn't* out of order. It always goes click-click in this wall and tsss-tsss in the other—click-click—tsss-tsss—"

She went into a little dance, snapping her fingers and rippling her hips for his benefit. He stretched out his arms and said lazily: "Come here. Let's have a kiss. Really, I like you, Tilli. Do you like me?"

"Why would I take you to my room if I didn't like you, Schnucki?"

"No. I want you to say it. Come on, say it."

"All right—do you want it in writing, too? I like you. Is that better?"

"No," said the boy. He wanted something, he did not know what. He stayed restless and dissatisfied under her kiss.

"Say: I love you!" he demanded, as she left his lips and straightened her hair. "Come on! Say: I love you. Why don't you say it?"

"People don't say such things. It sounds silly. I couldn't say it to save my life." Her face had become stubborn and sullen. He pulled her to his side and took her in his left arm. The right one with the bandaged hand hung over the edge of the couch.

OTTO closed his eyes for a moment and immediately he cut through the threadwork of the tracers, and there was the jolt, and the blue flames and the air draft blew them into the pit, and it got hot in the crate, and there was that awful moment when his foot got stuck and he was done for, and then he began falling—

"Don't go to sleep on me, Schnucki," he heard Tilli say and was relieved that she had got him out of it.

It repeated itself again and again; the tracers, the burst, the jolt, the blue flames, and his foot got stuck; it was like a film that rolled off incessantly the moment he let himself go and he couldn't stop it. The effect of the drug, too, had begun to wear off and he could feel the blue jitters coming on.

"Come, have a drink," Tilli said, expert as a nurse. "It's my own special. Strictly dynamite."

He drank the powerful, nasty-tasting synthetic stuff and felt better.

"Maybe it isn't so terrible that I lost her," he said, deep in thought. "I felt terrible about it when it happened. I could have cried, honestly. But maybe they'll give me one of their new Me. 109s. That would be something! Millner took one up the other day and he was simply crazy about her. And that's not all. A fellow who came over from Linz the other day told us that they are preparing for a big surprise—a *real* surprise. I can't talk about it, but I have a good idea what it will be."

Speculations about secret weapons, new supermethods and miracle planes were the daily bread of all air bases. Like children, they waited for the great magician who had pulled so many rabbits from his hat to pull out a few more and win the war by some spectacular, entirely unexpected trick. They saw the might of the Allied air raids increasing, the strain on themselves getting harder and harder; flying a plane now was not the hilarious fun it had been for those early heroes who had gone over to London once or twice a week and had been cuddled and pampered like precious race horses in the comfortable, long periods of rest in between. Now they had to go up every night, stay up for hours, fight never-ending waves of bombers. Invariably there were not quite enough of themselves and too many of the others, and the Tommies and Yankees always got through. . . .

"How long do you think this war is going to last?" Tilli asked, interrupting his fantasies.

"That's all you civilians ask! How long is it going to last?" he exclaimed, disturbed. "It'll last until we have beaten the others to pulp, that's how long it will last. If you ask me, I hope it won't be over too soon. I like war," Otto said with innocent conviction. "I don't even want to think of the end of the war. War is good. It's a man's life; I like it. Peace is like stagnant water. It stinks. It's rotten. Peace," he said, and suddenly his voice began to waver. "I can't see what a fellow like me will do after the war. Go back to school? That's a bad joke! Well, what? Become a taxicab driver? That's what flying in peacetime amounts to. No, thanks, not for me."

"That's true. You boys are getting the best of everything," Tilli said. She had been trying all the time to find an opening for what she wanted to ask him. "Nice uniforms, good food. Plenty of meat and butter, and coffee and everything. Is it true that they give you real coffee?"

"Yes, and we need it, too. You have no idea what a cup of real coffee and a cigarette will do when you come down—like I came down, for instance."

"Could you get some for me?"

"Get what? Coffee? You must be crazy. I'll give you fifty marks. How's that?"

"I need coffee," Tilli said, stubbornly steering her course. "Listen, Schnucki," she said and turned the sex faucet wide open. "I will tell you how it is. I need shoes and I can't get shoes, not for fifty marks and not for a thousand. I don't want money from you. I like you, I'm crazy about you, Schnucki; keep your money. I wouldn't take money from a sweet boy like you. But I think I could get shoes for half a pound of coffee. Adolf says his father knows a party who might barter a pair of shoes for coffee. Adolf is one of the little pageboys downstairs and his father had a small shoe-repair shop; he had to close up on account of the Total Mobilization, and now little Adolf has to support the whole family. And Adolf says if I'd give him ten marks and get some real coffee for that party, there is a good chance of me getting the shoes. Look here, Schnucki, you told me yourself that you shot eleven planes down and that you might get the Knight's Cross. Well, if they can give you the Knight's Cross, why couldn't they give you half a pound of coffee? Maybe the doctor could prescribe it for you, since you got these burns."

Otto had hardly listened; his thoughts had taken a hazy promenade.

"I'll bet you if I made a play for that Lisa Dorn, she wouldn't hold out long," he said, his eyes dreamily fastened on Tilli's photos on the wall.

"Yes, and if I wasn't a fool, I would have spent the evening with a good friend of mine, a very high man in the party—a Gauleiter—and he would have got me a pair of new shoes like that!" Tilli shouted, getting very sore.

The flier laughed. He wanted her now; she was angry and he liked her angry. He wanted to pin her arms down and wrestle with her and feel very strong and masterful and do with her anything he wanted.

"Come, come," he said. "I was only joking. I like you—sure, I'll get you coffee. I'll get you shoes—anything you want. Don't let's talk so much—turn down the light—take off that silly kimono. Why are we wasting so much time?" He opened his arms, closed his eyes and moved over on the narrow couch to make space for her. Dammit, and there it was again. The tracers, the burst, the jolt, the blue flames; he was burning, he wanted to jump and couldn't.

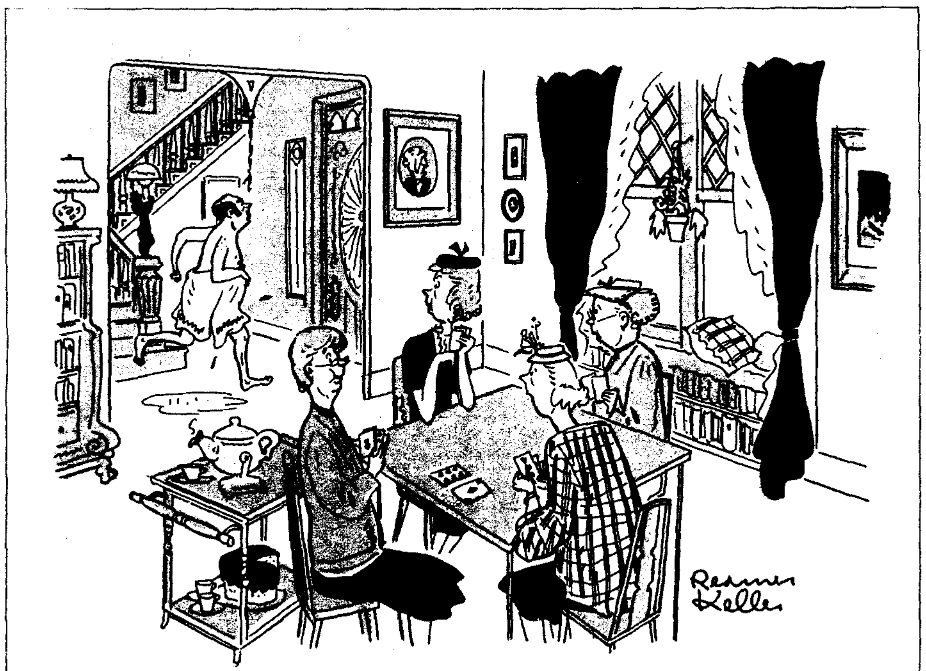
Suddenly his nerves went all to pieces. It was an awful feeling. He felt like crying and he didn't want to cry. He felt like trembling and he didn't want to tremble. He felt like dying and he didn't want to die. He heard Tilli rustle in the corner, and then the phonograph began once more to play the old forbidden record. But neither the drug nor the coarse temptations of sex could overcome the deadly exhaustion any longer. He bailed out and began to fall and to fall and to fall . . .

Look at our hero, Tilli thought grimly, as she scrutinized the singed, slackening face of the young flier. Passed out. His mouth hung open and he breathed stertorously. She picked up her kimono, wrapped herself in it and, lying down at the exhausted boy's side, she switched off the light.

NUMBER 69, too, harbored an exhausted sleeper. Martin Richter had talked to Lisa until he had been overcome by a sleep as deep and dark as a well; sleeping, he had slipped down a bit in the easy chair near the window, his long legs sprawling, his hands limp but restless as the paws of a dreaming dog. There was now a fresh bandage on his shoulder and, as he shivered from time to time, Lisa had thrown a rug over him. But he had fought with it and torn it away in his sleep, because, dreaming, he was caught in coils of barbed wire and had to get away and save Annemarie.

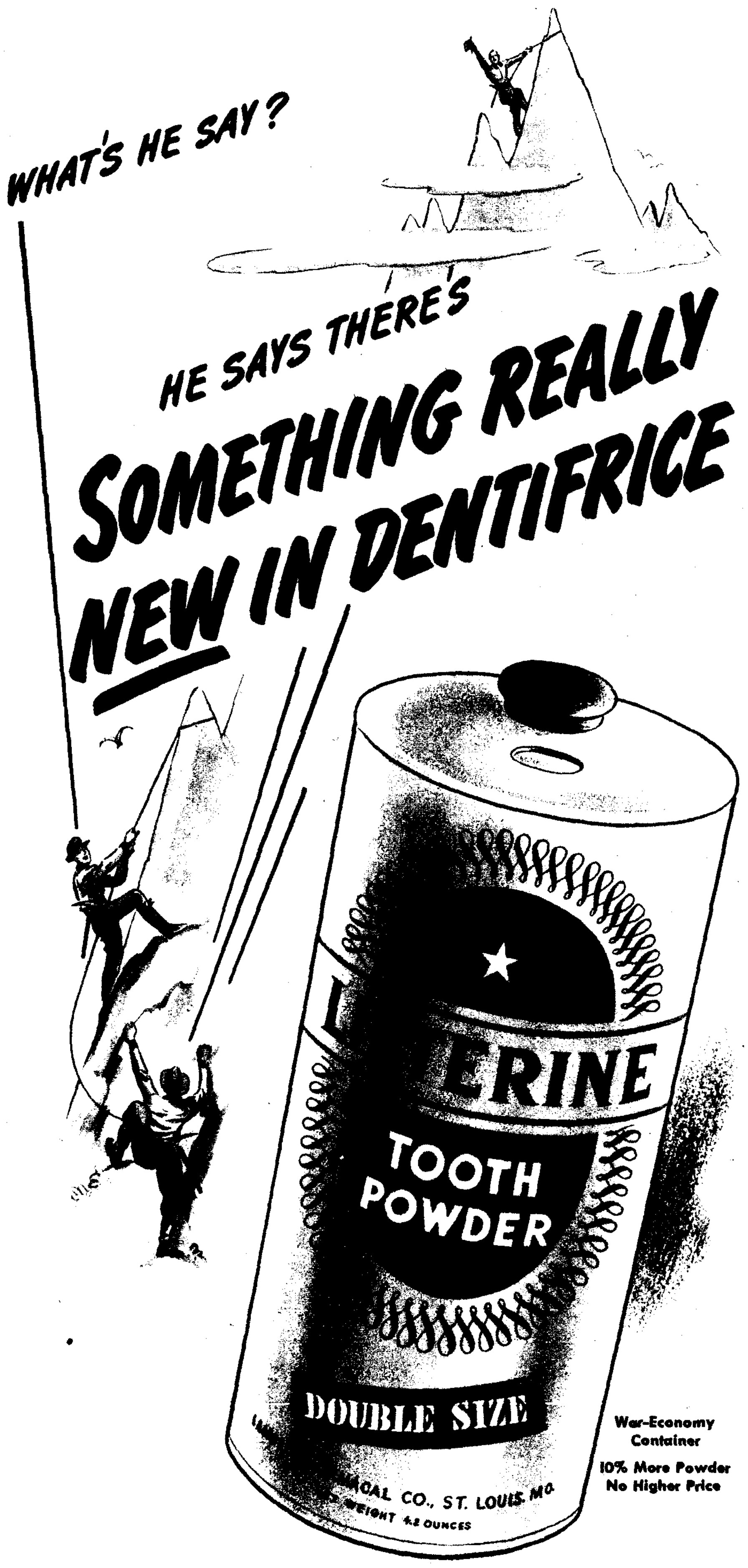
Lisa pulled up another chair and with her elbows on her knees, her chin resting on her knuckles, she watched over his sleep while she was thinking. As it was the first time in her life that she thought independently and for herself, it was hard work. Her untrained mind had trouble sorting out the lies from the truth, the right from the wrong. Hardly five hours had passed since this rebellious, burning, demanding stranger had broken into her room, but it seemed like a lifetime, and yesterday had been a thousand years ago.

It was ten minutes to two when she



"Poor Jenks! The minute he steps in the tub the doorbell always rings"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



Powder in a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like a paste when you brush, yet gives you powder's money-saving economy. **NEW "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING ACTION** really gets down to work on dull, lack-luster tooth surfaces . . . helps bring out the flashing natural brilliance of enamel. And what a taste thrill in that **NEW WINTER-MINT FLAVOR!**

"Your young men shall see Visions"

—*Joel 2:28*

THE sky today is a place of fiery combat, laced with the blazing paths of tracer bullets and blossoming with anti-aircraft bursts.

But it will not always be so.

Both to the gallant men who fight there now and to the coming generation that worships them, the air is a great, new frontier, filled not alone with present adventure but with limitless future promise.

For just as air combat of the last war opened the way for transcontinental air commerce, so shall today's battles free the world from the limitations of land- and sea-borne travel.

Every spot in the world is today within sixty hours' air time of any other; who is ready now to predict that these sixty hours will not soon be cut to fifty, to forty, to thirty and even less?

The young men of our time see the vision of rich and lovely far-away places brought virtually to our very doors.

They scent again the kind of romance and adventure that brought about the opening of our own Great West, extended now to include all the pleasurable and exciting things to be found the whole world over.

They see their own lives, and those of their children, made finer and fuller by man's growing mastery over time and distance; that is what they fight for now.

In the new realm which they shall inherit, Goodyear is already playing its part as a wartime manufacturer of airships, airplanes, and aviation essentials.

It is going beyond that in the constant development of things that will live beyond wartime needs to make the air safer and more readily usable in peace.

Goodyear, too, has caught the vision of the finer world that can be opened through the air, and it is working not only to make that world militarily secure, but to insure that it shall be fully developed in the best interests of all free men.

• • •

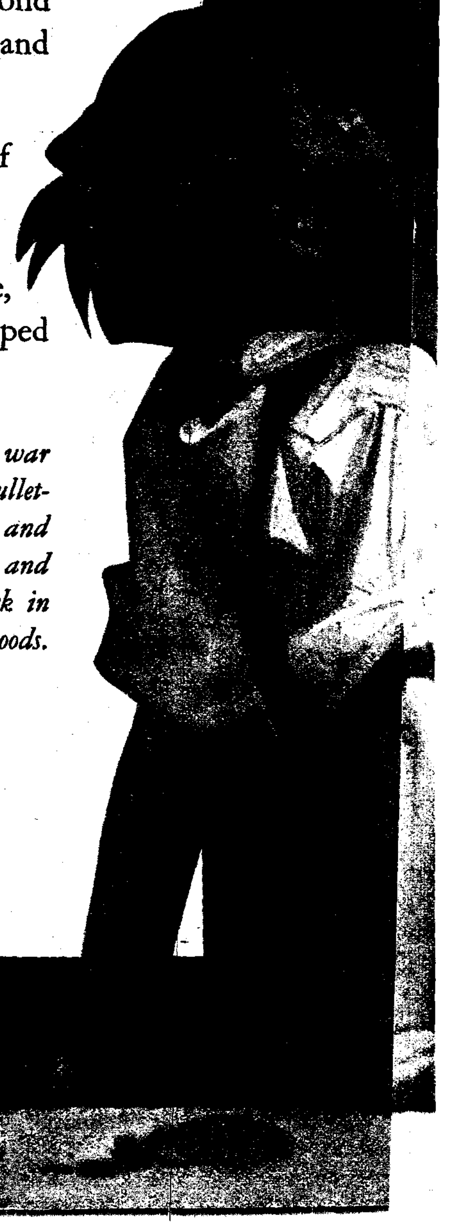
INCLUDED IN GOODYEAR'S PART *in the war effort is the making of plane parts, life rafts, bullet-puncture-sealing fuel tanks, wheels, brakes, tires and other essentials as well as complete Navy planes and airships. This is in addition to Goodyear's work in the manufacture of tires and other needed war goods.*

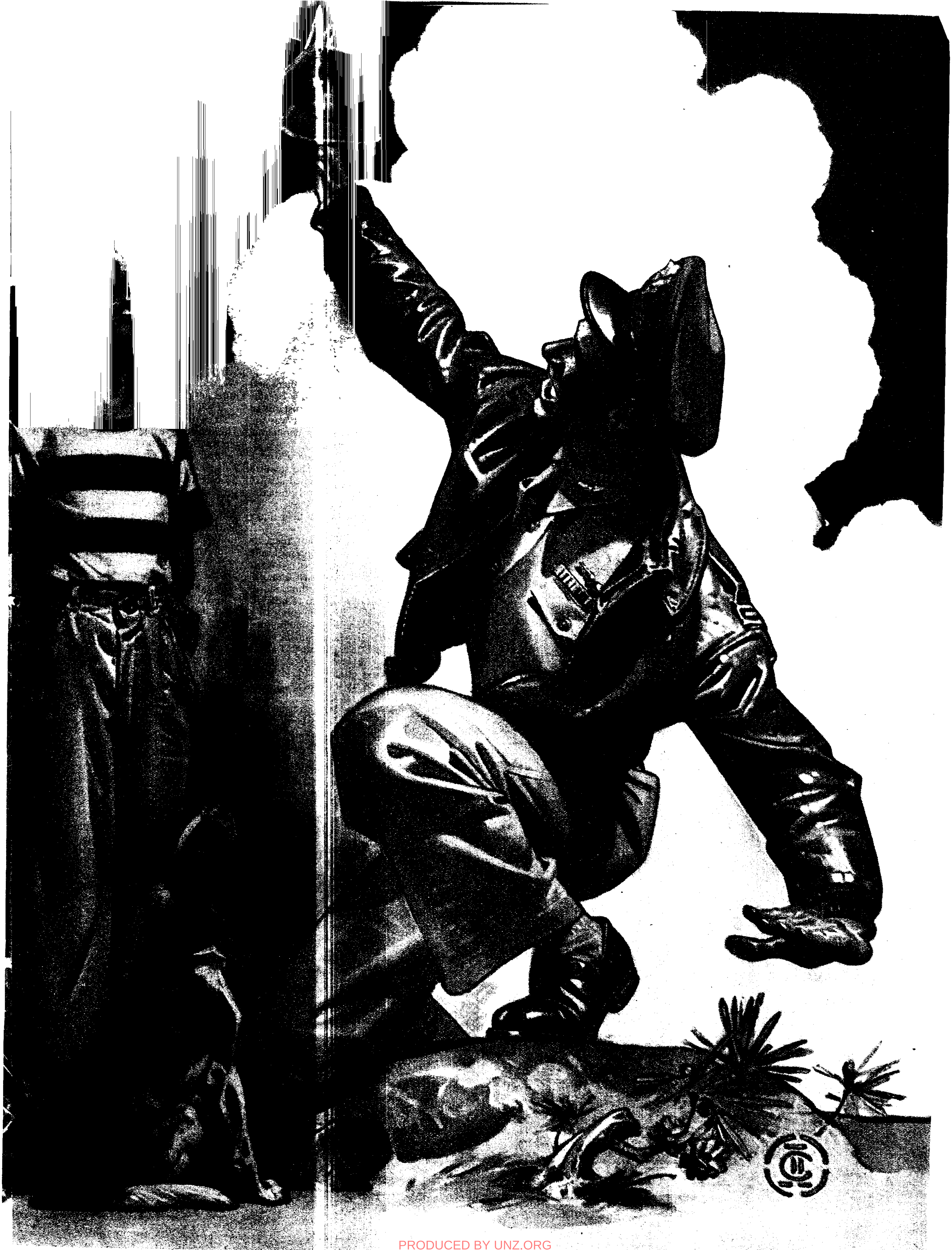
Back the attack with WAR BONDS

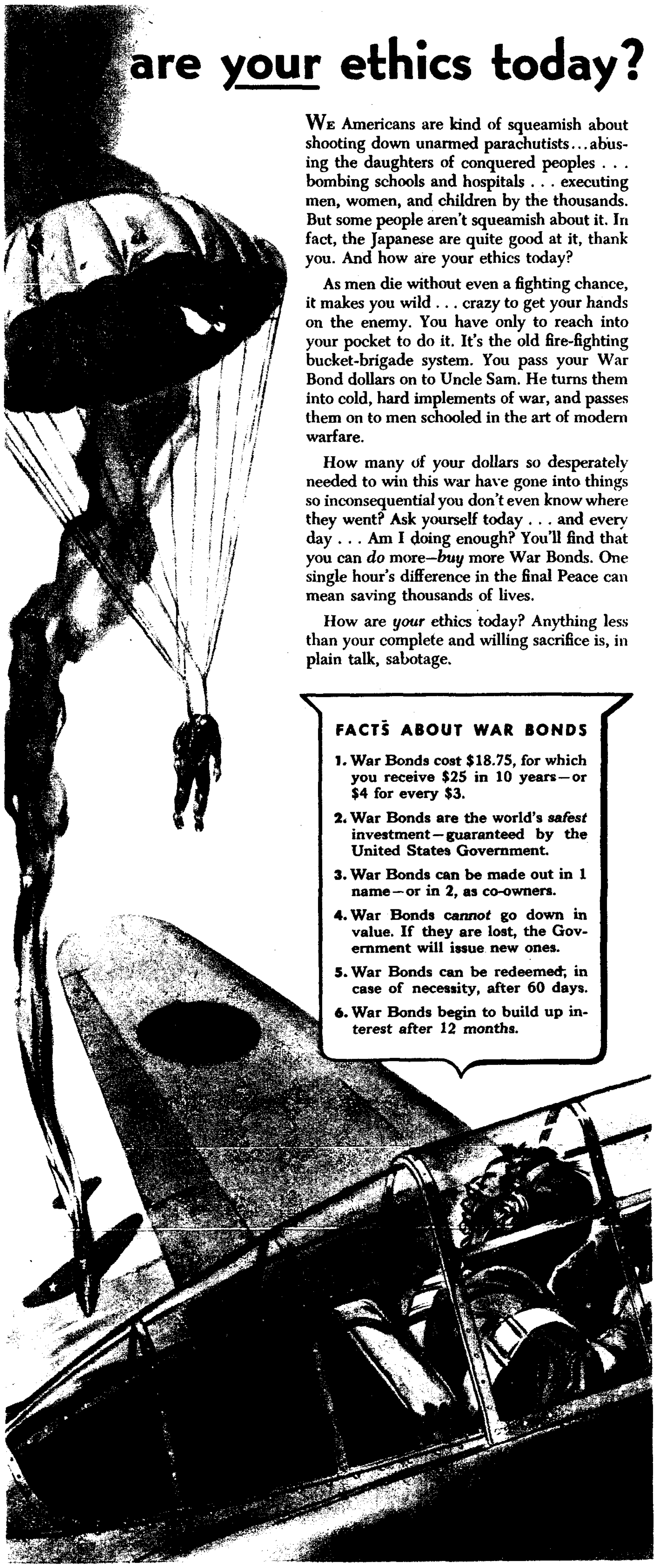
GOOD YEAR

GOODYEAR

AIRCRAFT







are your ethics today?

We Americans are kind of squeamish about shooting down unarmed parachutists...abusing the daughters of conquered peoples . . . bombing schools and hospitals . . . executing men, women, and children by the thousands. But some people aren't squeamish about it. In fact, the Japanese are quite good at it, thank you. And how are your ethics today?

As men die without even a fighting chance, it makes you wild . . . crazy to get your hands on the enemy. You have only to reach into your pocket to do it. It's the old fire-fighting bucket-brigade system. You pass your War Bond dollars on to Uncle Sam. He turns them into cold, hard implements of war, and passes them on to men schooled in the art of modern warfare.

How many of your dollars so desperately needed to win this war have gone into things so inconsequential you don't even know where they went? Ask yourself today . . . and every day . . . Am I doing enough? You'll find that you can *do* more—*buy* more War Bonds. One single hour's difference in the final Peace can mean saving thousands of lives.

How are *your* ethics today? Anything less than your complete and willing sacrifice is, in plain talk, sabotage.

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. **War Bonds cost $18.75, for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.**
2. **War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.**
3. **War Bonds can be made out in 1 name—or in 2, as co-owners.**
4. **War Bonds *cannot* go down in value. If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.**
5. **War Bonds can be redeemed, in case of necessity, after 60 days.**
6. **War Bonds begin to build up interest after 12 months.**

BACK THE ATTACK! BUY BONDS...AND KEEP ON BUYING

Published in co-operation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by—

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Newark, N. J.; San Francisco; Toronto, Ont.

heard familiar steps coming down the corridor and stopping in front of the door. All her senses were sharpened, so that she even heard the general's heavy breathing as he inserted the key in the keyhole. The bolt was shot. There was nothing now between Martin and his discovery but this little bolt.

The danger woke up every instinct in Lisa and made her alert as a hunted animal. She pressed her hand tight over Martin's mouth before he could make a sound. With a start he woke up at the click of the key, and his eyes, his crouch, his fists were those of a killer. They had stopped breathing, both of them. Then the key retreated and there came a gentle, polite knock at the door.

"Who is it? Is it you, Arnim?" Lisa asked, as if anyone but the general had a key to her room.

"May I come in for a moment?" the Victor of Kharkov whispered outside. It sounded so meek that Lisa regained her balance.

"It's very late, dear, and I'm so tired," she said in her sweetest voice to the door.

A THROAT was cleared out there and there was some more heavy breathing. "Please, open the door. I must talk to you. Now," said the general. It was not a lover's plea but a military command, and Lisa obeyed automatically.

Martin had vanished without a sound, she did not know where to. She steadied her breath, went over and opened a small slit of the door, but the general pushed it open and entered.

"You weren't asleep? I saw light under your door," he said.

Lisa's first reaction was not fear but anger. Suddenly she found it preposterous that the general had a key to her room and could enter whenever it pleased him, day or night. As if I were something stored away in an old trunk, for him to take out and put back at will. Does he think I belong to him? I belong to no one but myself, she thought. It was one of the many amazing, newborn thoughts of this amazing night.

"I was working on my part. Portia," she said, pointing at the book as at an alibi.

The general did not seem to listen. He dropped down in the chair where Martin had just now been asleep, and took out a cigar. "Do you mind?" he asked perfunctorily, and lighted it.

This, again, appeared preposterously possessive to her. Yes, I mind, she thought in full rebellion. She did not know that the general was holding on to this cigar as to a life belt. In a cold panic, Lisa realized that the general would proceed to make love to her as soon as he was through with his cigar—and with Martin as a secret witness. Suddenly this seemed the worst danger of them all, worse than anything that might happen.

She wondered where Martin was hiding, while her heart grew hard and small, like a clenched fist. A little disk of light flitted over the ceiling. It was, she perceived with her sharpened sensibility, the lamp reflected in the mirrored bathroom door, which moved ever so slightly. She went over, closed that door and leaned her back against it.

"I really didn't expect you so late," she said. "I was just about to go to bed. I'm tired."

"I'm sorry. I had to see you now. Had to."

"Why now? It's a funny hour to make a visit."

"I tried to phone you but there was no answer. It's very urgent, very urgent, or I wouldn't break in on you like that, child."

Lisa threw a quick glance at the unplugged telephone. So did the general. She gave a little laugh. "It's a habit—when I memorize," she said. "What happened? Do you have to go back to the front at once?" she added.

The general took a long draft from his cigar and watched the ashes turn white at the tip of it; he was trying to gain time—while time had now become so short and precious.

"No. I don't go back to the front. In fact, I'm not wanted at the front," he said.

"I don't understand—"

"I'm out. I'm *persona non grata.*"

"Oh, my dear heaven!" Lisa said, sincerely startled. "Why? What happened?"

"There are certain questions of a military nature on which I don't agree with the commander in chief."

"Oh!" said Lisa. It was the small staccato cry of a frightened bird. Her image of the world had changed very much during this night. But the Fuehrer was still sacrosanct to her. To disagree with the Fuehrer was blasphemous.

"But you said he was a genius. You said he was charming," she said, groping through the fog.

"I don't wish to discuss with you now what I really think of this Corporal Schickelgruber. There is not enough time. We are flying to Sweden tonight. You must get dressed."

"Flying to Sweden? But, Arnim—"

"Yes. Tonight. Now," the general said. The ashes from his cigar dropped on his lap, but he paid no heed.

"But, Arnim, what is all this? How can I fly to Sweden with you? I have a rehearsal at ten in the morning and a performance tomorrow night."

"Don't be so childish, Lisa," he said with a smile that was much too small for his face. "Have you no sense of proportion? Someone else will play your part tomorrow. It's entirely unimportant."

It was a remark that set Lisa Dorn ablaze. "Unimportant? And what would my audience say if someone else were to play Portia?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Get dressed now, get dressed! I'll arrange to get some sort of car to take us to the Tempelhofer Field. I phoned my pilot to have the plane ready." He saw the expression on her face and tried to be persuasive. "If everything goes well we can have breakfast in Stockholm. You'll like Sweden. It's a beautiful country, beautiful!"

LISA kept on shaking her head; she had almost forgotten the boy hidden in the bathroom. "You sound as if you were drunk, Arnim. You don't want me to break my contract just so you can have breakfast with me in Stockholm? Or is it all a bad joke? Don't you know what discipline is? Do you think only generals have discipline? We of the stage have our discipline, too. Unimportant! Portia, unimportant! Why, it's one of the most important parts there is; it's not something any little understudy can play. I'm sorry, Arnim, but you'll have to go now. I must have my rest or I'll make a mess of the part tomorrow."

During the two hours since Stetten had left him, the general had made a complete departure from every law and tradition a long chain of ancestors had bred into him. Honest, proud, stiff-necked, one-track-minded men, every one of them, without any imagination but the peculiar one that thinks up battles. Until tonight, Arnim von Dahnwitz had been such an honest, proud, stiff-necked, one-track-minded man himself. Toe the line. Abide by the laws of the caste. Live and die according to the hidebound rules of Prussian nobility, that sparse, hardy product of the sandy fields, the sour meadows, the harsh northeastern winds, the gray, cloudy skies, the underprivileged land that was the soil from which they had sprung.

Only under the impact of the final and irrevocable decision of this night had the general rebelled. Dammit, I'm no bloody

Japanese and I don't have to commit hara-kiri. Kill myself—why? To please the pack? To make way for Hitler's smart boys? Honor? What has my honor to do with these criminals? I don't want to kill myself; I want to live. Disgraceful, ignominious, dishonorable? No—only rational. Simple common sense. I want to live and see the day when that whole baggage of *Piefkes* will be done away with, and I'll be vindicated.

Steaming with sweat, swearing, suffering, fighting himself into retreat inch by inch, the general had reached his extraordinary decision. It had catapulted him into Lisa's room, for if they wanted to flee to Sweden, there was no time to lose. But not for a second in all this mortal struggle had it occurred to the general that Lisa could make difficulties. It left him helpless, and the cold sweat began to pour out of his pores again. He got up and moved toward the bathroom door.

"What do you want?" Lisa asked, pressing herself against the door; she was suddenly made of steel and iron, hard to the core, not even frightened any longer.

"A glass of water. I don't feel quite well. This dentist and his damned novocain," the general said with laborious composure.

"Wait—I'll get it for you," she said.

SHE went into the bathroom, closing the door behind her and struggling for breath. It was dark in there, and she couldn't see Martin, but she felt in every vibrating nerve that he was there. If the general came after her now, everything was lost. She groped for the faucet and let the cool water run over her wrists. Then, in the deep, thick darkness a hand came and pressed down on hers, reassuring, calming, deeply dear and familiar. She stood for a second motionless, in the center of a rainbow; then the bathroom door opened and a trickle of light filtered in.

"What are you doing in there so long?" the general asked.

"I'm letting the water run cold," she said calmly; with the glass in her hand she pressed against him, pushing him gently back into her room.

"Thanks," he said, after he had emptied the glass.

She sat down quickly because now her legs seemed to be without bones.

"Look here, child," the general said. He heard the clock tick and felt the time running away like sand and he tried to be patient. "I don't seem to have expressed myself clearly. I don't want to sound melodramatic, but the climate here isn't healthy for me. The Gestapo are an impatient crowd, a most impatient crowd, and they have very few inhibitions. As matters stand, there's no other way open but to fly to Sweden tonight. I have good friends in Sweden. We could live on some charming country estate and bide our time. There are nice lakes for swimming and fishing, and I could teach you horseback riding; good shooting, too."

"You sound like a travel advertisement for Sweden," Lisa said dryly. "But I don't see what I've got to do with it. If you feel like taking a vacation from the war and leave your post in the midst of the fray, that's your business. I can't understand it, but it's your business. As for me, I couldn't dream of going with you. I'm not your private property," she said, getting more and more agitated. "I'm not a parcel you can ship around at your pleasure; I have my own life. I'm an actress; I want to act. I want to be on the stage and play my parts. That's where I belong. Why should I go to Sweden? I couldn't understand a word of their language. I would be nobody. I know how it would be. I would sit with your fish-eyed Swedish friends and let them snub me while you go hunting. I see no reason in the world why I should go into exile with you."

Because I need you; because you can't leave me when I'm down. Because I love you, was what the general felt; but being entirely incapable of expressing such things, he drew himself up and said rather stiffly: "You misunderstand me completely, Lisa. I don't ask you to run away with me like a gypsy. I don't invite you to go on a week-end trip with me. I'm asking you to be my wife."

After playing this trump, the general stood straight and erect, his hands at the crimson stripes of his trousers.

Lisa did not know whether to laugh or cry. It was so hopelessly outmoded, a bad scene from a very old, very poor play. Poor Arnim, stupid Victor of Kharkov, haven't you noticed that times have changed?

"Thank you, Arnim! That's very sweet of you, and—and I appreciate it. Believe me, I do. But I don't want to get married," she said with as much politeness as she could muster. She saw herself walking down an avenue with Dahnwitz, and he was old and rheumatic, a retired general hobbling on a cane, and she wasn't a day older than she was now, but dressed in a horrid black alpaca dress and wearing a nightmare of a hat—the dress and the hat the general's dead wife had worn in that photo he always carried around with him—and the path was covered with yellow autumn leaves and lost in fog. "No—I don't want to get married," she repeated gently. "I'm too young—and too greedy."

Suddenly the general had had enough of this and his Mongolian temper broke over the dams of his Prussian self-control. "You'll go with me," he said under his breath. "You'll go with me whether you like it or not. You'll do what I tell you. You're a child and you don't understand what is at stake. If you don't go with me, I can't go, either. It makes it impossible. I can't leave you behind. Impossible!" He took her shoulders in his hands and began to shake her. "Don't make me angry. Don't make me impatient," he said, still holding on to himself. "I've made my decision, and it wasn't an easy decision to make, not easy. I'm ready to give up everything, but I won't give you up. I want to live and I want to live with you, do you hear me?"

HE LET go of her shoulders and squeezed her between his arms, but it was not an embrace. He linked his right hand around his left wrist behind her back and pressed her to him in a cold fury, increasing the pressure until he hurt her, until his wrist turned white, until his muscles began to tremble with the strain, and Lisa felt as if she were caught in the coils of a python.

"I can't go away and leave you here," he muttered, between his clenched teeth, but before he knew it, he had thrown off the bridle and was shouting and screaming. "You don't know what will happen to you. You don't know what is in store for Germany. This war is lost. It's going to end more horribly than anything in all history. It will make the blood bath of the French Revolution look like a puny drizzle. Everyone against everyone. The Party against the people, the army against the SS, the Gestapo against the army, the workers against the soldiers, the South against the North, brother against brother, and the whole world against Germany! Rivers of blood, rivers! Barricades in the streets—they will build their barricades from the bodies of killed people. You don't know slaughter, but I do. I've seen its face. I know what's coming. Not a stone left of the cities—not a safe corner for you to hide. You do what I tell you! You go away with me tonight. I can't go without you. If I go and leave you behind, they'll take it out on you. Don't you understand? Are you too stupid to see what's at stake for me? And for you, too, yes, for you, too? Do I have to beat you up to make you understand?"

He let go of her abruptly, his chest

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GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED . . . . FOUNDED IN CANADA 111 YEARS AGO working like a blacksmith's bellows, sweat streaming down his temples. He paced up and down the room twice and then he came back to her and began pounding her shoulders with both his fists.

Lisa was impressed. She was also disgusted. He had frightened her and hurt her physically, and a hysterical general was a disillusioning sight. And that boy behind the door had heard every word of it, she thought. She was ashamed for the general in some queer way; she had lost all respect for him during his outburst; nothing was left but some faint pity.

"I think you have a bit of a fever; that's what's the matter with you," she said. It sounded flat and much too sober after the apocalyptic storm of Dahnwitz's prophecies. "You can't go around making defeatist speeches like that. Maybe you're a bit overworked. And that whole idea of going to Sweden sounds insane. Why don't you take a leave and go to Elgede and rest for a few weeks? Let the High Command take care of your war for a change."

THE general tried hard to regain his countenance after the outbreak. Such rages always left him limp, with a bad taste and a feeling of having been beaten. "Come, sit down with me, child," he said, civilly. "Let's talk sensibly. It's getting late." He threw an anxious glance through his monocle at his ticking wrist watch, lifted Lisa up and placed her on his lap as if she were really only a child. She struggled, but he was too strong, and she gave in.

"I refuse to go on covering the bloody, costly blunders this crazy corporal is making, this gambler, this *Piefke* and his men, this adventurer, this cursed dilettante!" he told her. "I have enough of it, enough, enough, I have it up to here. I'm a soldier, I'm not a butcher's apprentice. I'm in disgrace now. But there will be a time when they'll need men like me, as truly as my name is Dahnwitz. That's why I want to go to Sweden. I have friends, through whom I can keep a hand in the game, and prepare for the day when the country will call me back. It will take an iron hand to prevent chaos and revolution, an iron hand; reorganize the army, drive out these punch-drunk *Partei Bonzen;* get the country back to our old ideals of discipline and obedience. That's when Germany will have a place for me again."

He thought that he had said everything that was to be said. Lisa remained silent and the minutes ticked swiftly, irretrievably by. Lisa was fighting her way through a tangle of bewildering thoughts. Her world had come crashing down on her and she was trying to make order out of the debris. The strange thing about it was that Martin Richter and General von Dahnwitz, both, seemed to have no doubt that the war was lost, the state was rotten and that Germany was going down; both wanted to be there to help the country. Both were persecuted because they had given up their allegiance to the Fuehrer and his men. The difference was that Martin Richter and his friends were only a few, and what they wanted was freedom. But the general and his caste hoped to sweep the whole army with them when it came to the final showdown, and the only solution they knew was the old one: Power. Iron discipline. Blind obedience. Keep the army intact for the next war and the next one . . .

"Don't you ever get tired of war?" Lisa asked, when she came to the end of her thoughts. It was an unexpected question and the general groped for an answer.

"Very tired. Unspeakably tired sometimes, child. But man is a fighting animal. There will be wars as long as there will be men. All we can do, then, is to breed and train the best soldiers in the world, keep a strong army and believe in God."

Lisa struggled faintly in his arms; the smell of cigars on his breath irritated her. Up to now, she had thought it a manly smell. She was only beginning to grow up and become a woman.

"I've said all I had to say. What is your answer now that you know everything?" Dahnwitz asked, almost humbly.

"You know it even before asking. You can't run away. You wouldn't be the man you are if you could. You aren't meant to have breakfast in Sweden while Germany is at war. We need you here; it's your war. The Fuehrer won't drop a man like you because of a disagreement. You'll be back at the front in a week."

"What a bright little girl you are!" he said grimly. "You think it's like your theater. First, there is a row, and after a little while, you shake hands, and everything is forgotten."

"Generals have been dismissed and called back again, you know."

"I didn't think you noticed," Dahnwitz said. He had lost and this was his last battle. He was stone-sober now, very tired, very sad, but calm and at ease. No breakfast in Stockholm for Arnim von Dahnwitz. No, it doesn't do for a Prussian officer to use common sense. We aren't made for it. We've got to leave that to the Jews, and the Americans, he thought.

"You must go now," Lisa said. "I can't keep my eyes open much longer." She was still on his lap, her warmth still seeping through his tunic into his chest.

"Can't I stay with you a little while?" he whispered into her ear. He was a humble old man again. One more time, something demanded in him; one last time.

"No. No!" she answered in a panic. "Not now. Not tonight. I'm tired. And your toothache—we're not in a romantic mood, are we—?"

"As you command," he said with great correctness. He put his arms around her small weightless person and pressed the air from her lungs in a desperate hard embrace before he let go of her.

"Good night, my love. Sleep well!"

He put her down on the floor and straightened his tunic. She looked at him, faintly worried.

"You won't do anything silly, Arnim?"

"No; I'm an old hand at this game. Don't worry about me."

"And what have you decided? You won't go to Sweden?"

"No, I don't think so. You've changed my mind for me. It wouldn't make sense to go there without you. Please, do me the favor to forget it. It was just a mood. Maybe I had a little too much champagne on top of the novocain. Good night. Good night, my dear."

He marched to the door so rigidly that Lisa felt sorry for him. "Do you want to take me out for lunch tomorrow?" she asked to make up for having treated him badly.

"Tomorrow? For lunch?"

"Around one o'clock. After my rehearsal."

"Yes. Of course. That would be charming."

"Good night, my little tin soldier," said Lisa.

It was a name she had given him in the beginning of their affair, and forgotten. She was so happy to get rid of him at last that she could afford to be generous. When the general reached the door, something strange took place. He took the monocle from his eye. Lisa had never seen him without it. Its removal made him much older and took all his arrogance away. He had taken it off because it had been blurred by something, and now he wiped it thoroughly with his handkerchief before he clamped it into his eye socket again. Lisa did not know that she had seen the Victor of Kharkov cry.

"Au revoir," he said and marched back to the Luger that was waiting for him on the table in his room.

Lisa looked after him until he had disappeared down the stairway. The guard was still there, a young fellow who seemed to have started a little flirtation with the sleepy chambermaid at the night desk near the stairs. Lisa closed the door softly and locked it with the bolt. Martin had come out from the bathroom and pulled back the blackout curtains.

THE first glimmer of dawn came up over the city. Beyond the bombed houses on the other side of the street, the sky began to dilute in a thin lemon-colored gleam. Martin stepped out on the little balcony, warily, like an animal stepping out into a clearing in the woods at dawn, and studied the situation. When he turned his face toward her, she could see from his expression that the Gestapo had its men down at the main entrance, too.

"I am lots of trouble to you," he said.

"I know," said Lisa.

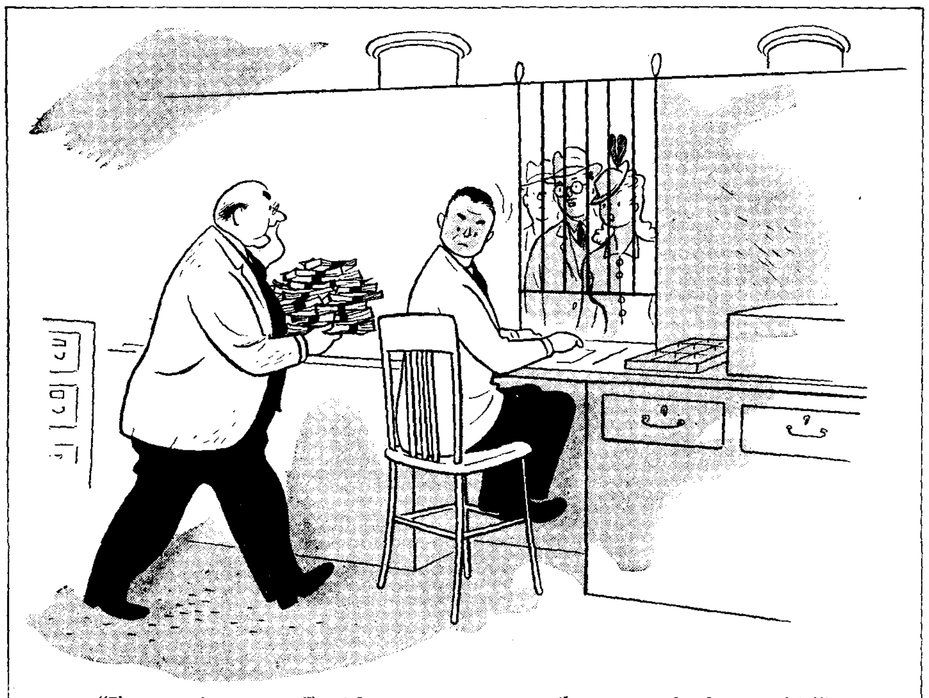
"You could have given me away, but you didn't."

"No. I didn't."

She was still standing at the door, and he was standing over there, at the opposite wall, near the window. She had known him a hundred years. She had never known anyone but him.

He lifted his arms, and she rushed toward him, as if the room were on fire.

(To be continued next week)



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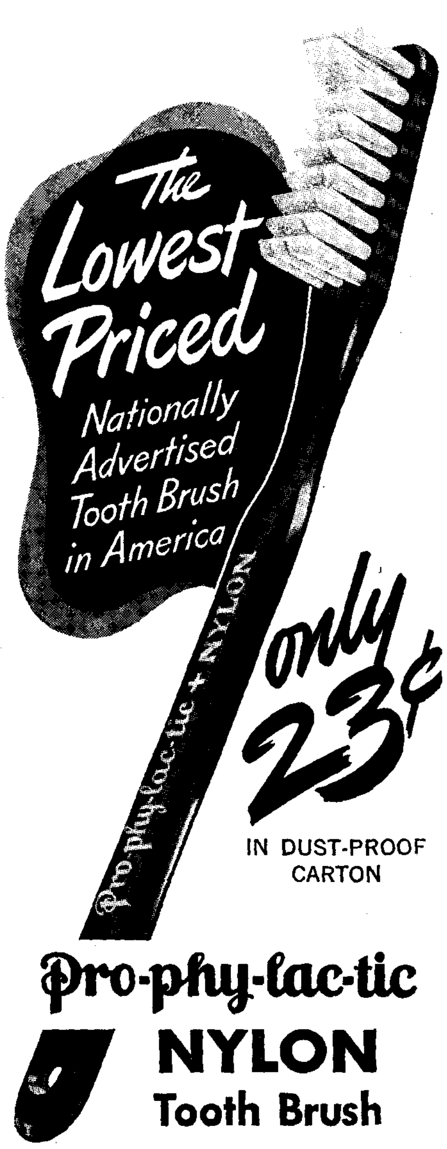

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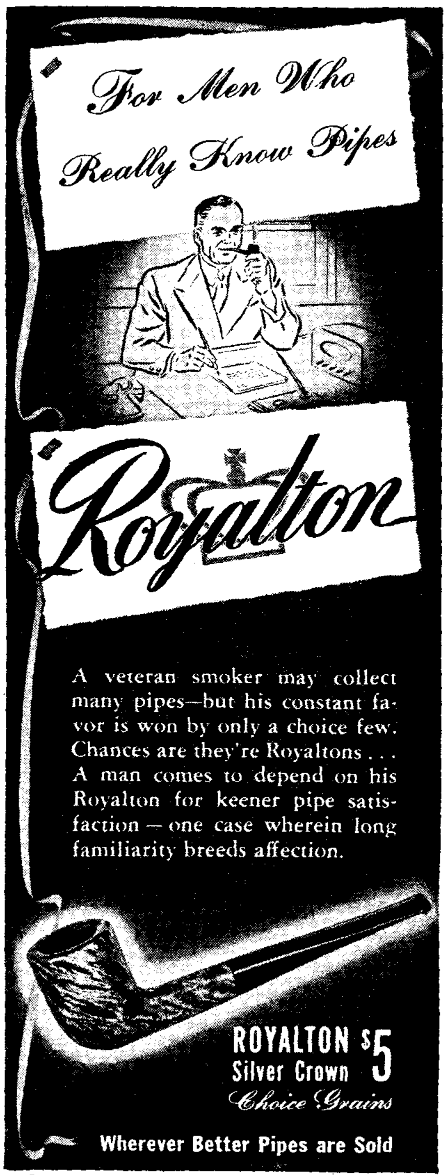

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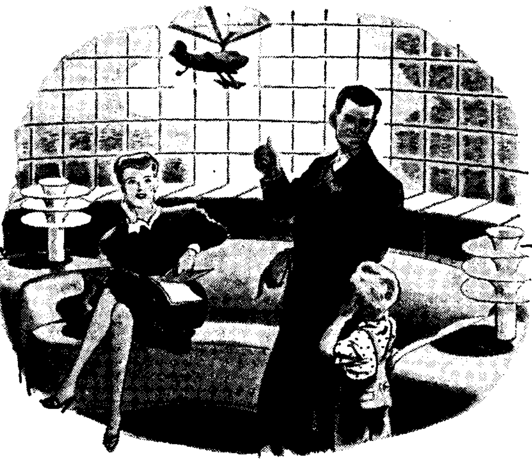

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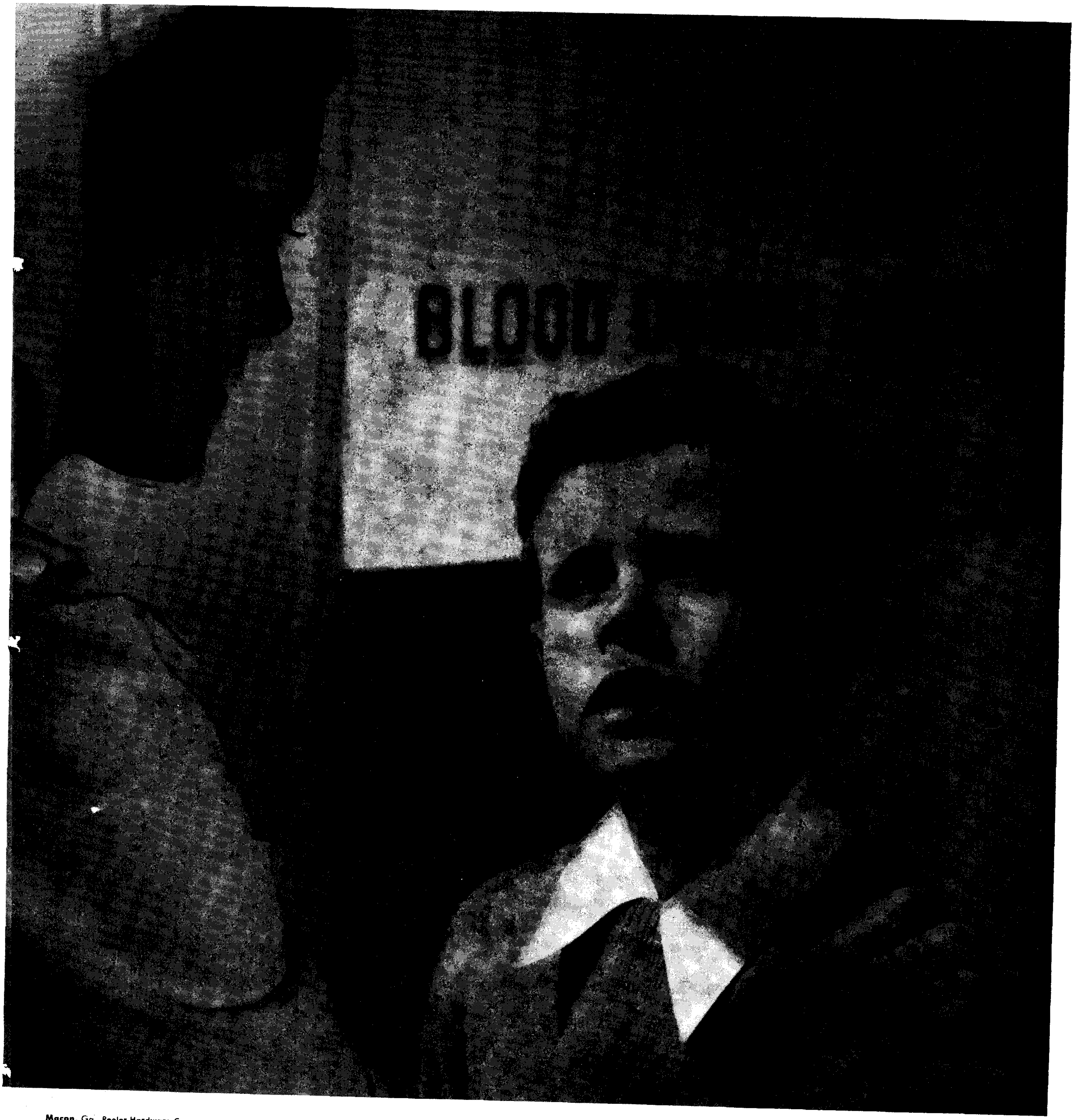

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Lifeboat

Continued from page 17

"Look, Mrs. Higgins—" the nurse said, and stopped.

Everyone, even Kovac and Smith, knew now what was the matter with the baby; everyone but Mrs. Higgins.

"My God!" Kovac said. He sat down and began to row again.

"Look," Smith said, in a low voice, "Another customer." In spite of the momentousness of saving another person he had spoken low, as though fearful of disturbing someone. The other men went to the side of the boat where two hands clung without motion to the gunwale. Garrett and Rittenhouse, stronger now, pulled the man over the side. He came in quite limp, not unlike a sea animal of some sort in soaking, dark blue clothes, and lay prone on the planking. They turned him over and saw that his eyes were open and perceptive.

"A Jerry," Garrett said.

"Throw the bastard back," Kovac said.

"Don't be silly," Rittenhouse said. "Why, we have him as a prisoner here."

"A guy can't help what he's born," Gus Smith said

"All of you certainly feel awful nice toward this guy considering what he's just done to you," Kovac said.

"This man was acting under orders," Mrs. Porter said. "We were an enemy ship. He—"

"The baby, too?" Kovac said.

"The baby shouldn't have been aboard," Mrs. Porter said.

"How many babies have you got?" Kovac said.

"Now, look here," Rittenhouse said. "We can't be—"

"They shouldn't have shelled the lifeboats, though," Smith said. "This guy is dressed like an officer, too. We—"

"Are you the captain?" Rittenhouse said to the German. The man, sitting up now, stared back at him.

"I talk some German," Mrs. Porter said. She spoke to the man in German and he answered her. She turned to the others and said: "He says he's just a crew member and he's grateful to us for saving his life and sorry that he had to sink our ship."

"Ask him why he shelled our lifeboats," Smith said.

MRS. PORTER talked to the German again. "He says they were the captain's orders."

"You talk German good, don't you?" Kovac said.

"I also speak French, Italian, Spanish and Russian," Mrs. Porter said. "What does that make me?"

"I wouldn't know," Kovac said. "Only down in the forecastle they're always asking how the subs know where we're going to be."

"Sure," Smith said. "The U-boat surfaces and the captain of it says: 'You're ten minutes late,' or 'You're two degrees off your course.' Stuff like that."

"What's that got to do with me?" Mrs. Porter said.

"All I know," Kovac said, "is that when I got into the lifeboat you were alone in it and all dressed like you were going some place."

"I remained much calmer than anyone else," Mrs. Porter said. "It's one of the qualities that has made me a success in my profession."

"I know what's made you a success in your profession, all right," Kovac said.

"Now, look," Rittenhouse said. "This is getting no one any place fast. We have injured people aboard and—"

"The main thing," Kovac said, still rowing, "is that this boat is too small for me and that Kraut."

"Look," Garrett said, "the man is a prisoner of war. If we treat him as he has treated us, why, the whole war is pointless."

"The baby," said Mrs. Higgins in a flat tone of voice, "is dead."

In the equally flat silence her words induced, Alice Mackenzie moved toward her and took the baby from her arms. Snarling almost inaudibly and still without haste, Mrs. Higgins walked over to the German and raked his face with her nails. Garrett and Rittenhouse held her and said something useless and even silly. She began to cry and collapsed at their feet.

"Take the oars a minute," Kovac said to Garrett. He rose and walked over to the German. Everyone waited almost expectantly for some sort of violence. The German raised one arm defensively, but his face showed little emotion of any sort. Instead of hitting the man, Kovac began to frisk him. Apparently satisfied, he sat down, in a way almost shamefaced as he realized now that the others had more than half expected violence from him. "What's he got on him?" Rittenhouse said.

"Only a watch "

THE fog was gone by evening and they could see the sun sinking into the gray water.

Over Kovac's protests they had elected Rittenhouse their leader. It was Mrs. Porter's idea first, but virtually all of the others, except Kovac, had the curious respect for Rittenhouse which most Americans have for a highly successful businessman. And those that didn't know who Rittenhouse was were prepared to accept Mrs. Porter's word for it; after all, wasn't she an internationally known reporter?

"I presume," Rittenhouse said, "that must be pretty much due west. In the morning we'll rig the sail and get going."

"Where?" Kovac said. "The compass is shot to hell, and no one knows what our course was when we was hit."

"It was sou'east by sou'," Gus said. "I was at the wheel when it happened."

"Good," Mr. Rittenhouse said, "very good, indeed. In the morning—"

Alice Mackenzie interrupted them. "Look," she said, "we'll have to get rid of that dead baby Mrs. Porter's asleep now and there won't be a better time. You've got some light and you won't have any hysterics to complicate matters "

"Not me," Smith said. "I don't want to do no burying at sea."

"It's a necessity," the nurse said. "Obviously—"

"That's right," Rittenhouse said, as if agreeing to some profundity just made clear to him He moved away and spoke to Garrett and they went over together to where Mrs. Higgins, asleep, again held her baby. From the bow of the boat, to which he had been isolated as much by accident as design, the German watched, unmoving and apparently unmoved, when the bundle was ready and almost all of them had gathered by the port gunwale.

"Does anyone know the service for burial at sea?" Rittenhouse said. When no one answered him, he said: "I guess any prayer—"

The Negro began, almost absently: "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. . . . He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul—"

The spectacle of an American Negro saying such words of faith and hope was too much for Kovac. To Kovac it was like a man blessing someone who had struck him. He swore under his breath, but no one else and hardly he himself knew why he did so.

"Surely, goodness and mercy," Joe went

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on, "will follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Kovac turned away, shaking his head. He had almost forgotten about the baby, did not even identify the splash.

WHEN Mrs. Higgins awoke it was dark, but a low moon gave them enough light to see and identify the others in the boat. All but Alice Mackenzie avoided Mrs. Higgins now that she was awake, but out of the corners of their eyes they could see the nurse talking to her and from the character of the nod of Mrs. Higgins' head, they assumed, hopefully and gratefully, that she was reconciled to what had happened. Then, her voice quite normal, she spoke past them to the German in the bow: "You killed him, didn't you? They tried to kill him in Coventry even before he was born, and now you've finished the job." She got up again and lurched toward the man, but Garrett and Rittenhouse held her.

"Let her go if she wants to get at him," Kovac said. But his voice lacked its former passion and he kept on slowly plying the oars. As gently as they could, they eased her back into her place, and the nurse, as a kind of second thought, said that they ought to tie Mrs. Higgins there.

"Why?" Kovac said. "So she can't get at that Kraut?"

"No," the nurse said. "Not for that—for her own sake." The last two words, no one heard but herself.

Mrs. Porter said: "She needs to be tied up. She has no control of herself."

"You got good control, ain't you?" Kovac said. "Superspecial control. No babies, no troubles, no nothing, huh?"

No one answered him, and the other men reluctantly tied Mrs. Higgins, who stared upward at the moon, and did not seem to know what they were doing.

They all slept much better than they had hoped to, Kovac, Garrett and Rittenhouse each taking a three-hour watch. It was not until morning, after most of them had been awake some minutes, that Garrett noticed the rope that trailed tautly over the gunwale and then noticed Mrs. Higgins was not in the boat.

Even before they looked and saw that there was nothing else to be done except cut the rope with its terrible burden, Kovac had begun to argue with Rittenhouse about whose watch it had happened on. "It could have happened any time," Garrett said. "The moon was down about ten o'clock."

"All I know," Kovac said, "is it couldn't have happened on mine."

"Oh, you're a very righteous soul," Mrs. Porter said.

"I think we could eat a few biscuits this morning," Stanley Garrett said, with an assumed and almost insane cheerfulness. This capacity to cover tragedy with relative trivialities would increase in all of them.

Alice Mackenzie looked up from where she was bandaging Gus Smith's leg and said: "You'd better make a thorough check of what we have and then form some sort of committee to ration it."

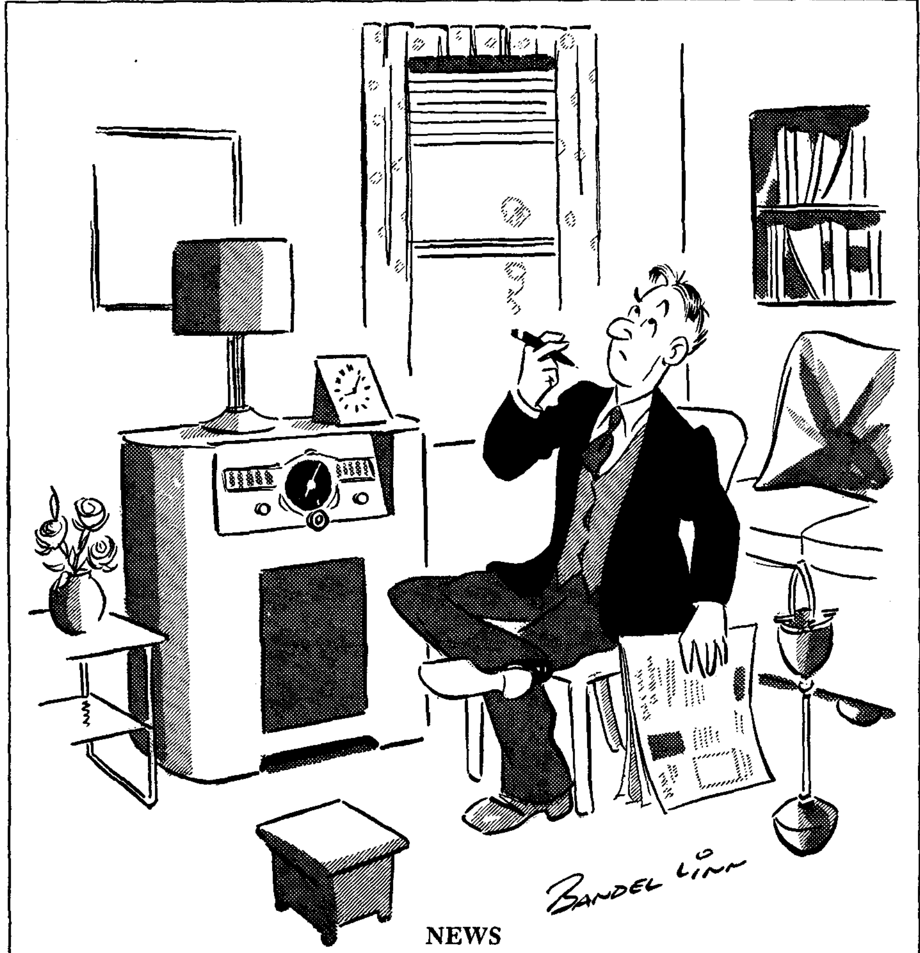
"I've done so, already," Rittenhouse said, "and we're not too badly off. The water breaker needed a little taping up but that's been taken care of, and—"

"You just ain't going to be able to eat some of them biscuits," Joe said. "They're bad now from water and they ain't going to improve."

"About the course," Rittenhouse said.

WHILE they were talking, the German pulled a small watch-shaped object out of his pocket and looked at it furtively, cupping one hand around it as though to shield it from the sun.

Gus Smith kept saying: "It's 115, east-southeast. The first mate gave it to me



NEWS

"... and I would like to say a few words to you about the duration of the war. In my opinion, the war will last until the spring of next year unless we run into an unexpected obstacle, in which case it might last until the fall of '45 or even the late summer of '47. It could end in another two months. I hardly think this is likely, although I'm not saying it isn't a possibility. High Army officials believe it will end about July of next year, but some of them qualify that with the statement that it is merely guesswork. Others seem to think that this is a ten-year war, and point out that . . ."

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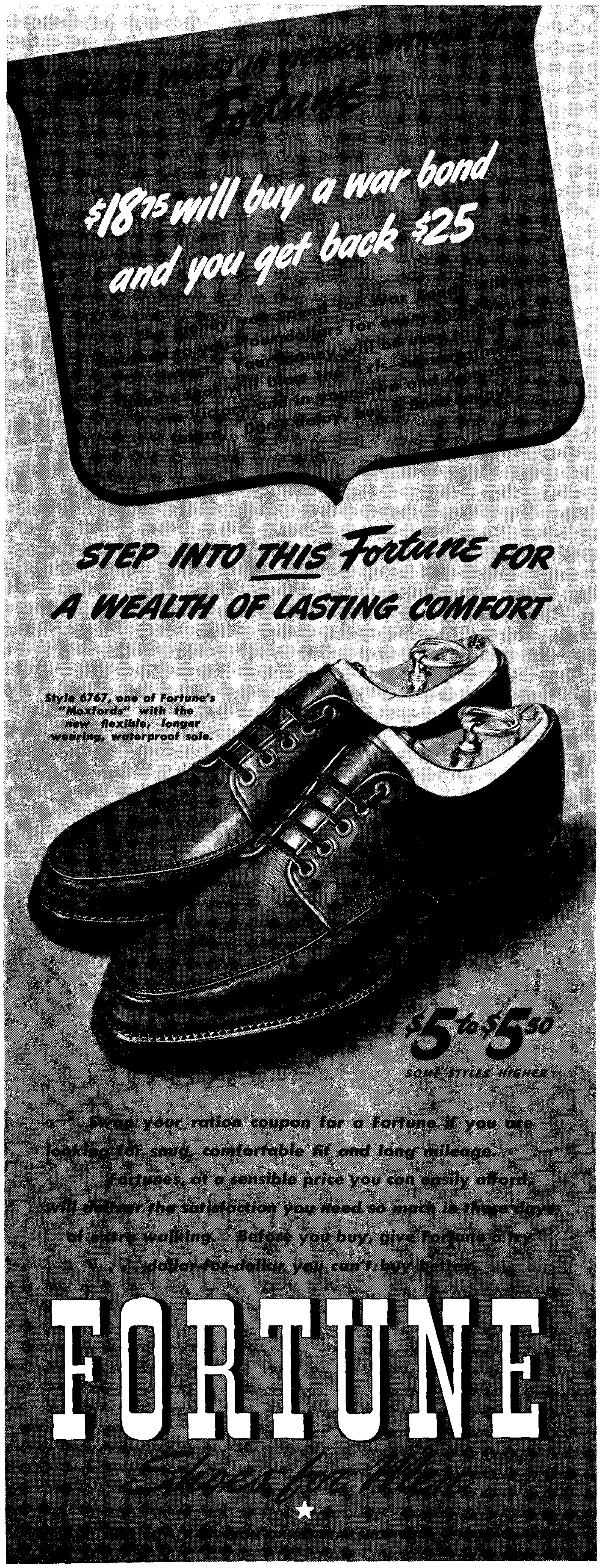
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less than an hour before it happened. To hit Bermuda on the nose.

"All right," Kovac said, "which way is east-southeast? That's the sixty-four-dollar question instead of something hard like what is Winston Churchill's first name."

"Over there," Gus said. From his reclining position he gestured quite accurately.

"Nein," the German said rather promptly.

"What does he know?" Kovac said.

Mrs. Porter spoke to the German again in his own tongue. As he replied to her he pointed almost due east, "He says east-southeast is in that direction," Mrs. Porter said.

"How does he know?" Kovac insisted.

"The man is just as anxious to reach land as we are," Mrs. Porter said.

"There is something to that," Rittenhouse said.

"Also," Kovac said, "he ought to know if any of his pals are around."

"No," Stanley Garrett said, "I'm sure the fellow is right."

Rittenhouse, as leader, turned almost hopefully to Garrett and said: "Okay, Sparks, you're the navigator."

THE wind freshened toward morning and as the boat heeled over, two things happened. Mrs. Porter's typewriter slid along the thwart on which she had placed it, struck the gunwale and turned over once on its way into the sea. Barely awake, Mrs. Porter stared almost incredulously at where the portable had been. Kovac said: "Now they'll not only have to postpone the invasion, but they'll have to wait until you get a new typewriter." But no one paid much attention to what Kovac had said or to Mrs. Porter's unpleasant reply. The same wind which had caused the typewriter to be lost had thrown Gus Smith against the side of the boat and the tone of his screech told all of them just how bad the sailor's leg was.

Alice Mackenzie, looking not particularly tidy, even in her nurse's uniform, knelt quickly alongside the man. Most of the others gathered behind her, and when she parted the slit in the leg of the dungaree pants which they had made the first day in the boat, they could see the way the leg was.

"Now, ain't that nice?" Smith said. He had raised himself on his elbows and could see the way the leg had come up under the bandages. "Well, what do you think, Alice?" he said.

"I don't know," the girl said. "I really don't know."

"Like a leg of lamb?" Smith said.

The German had come out of his isolation in the bow and was standing on the edge of the group. "Why don't you get the hell out of here?" Kovac said to him. The German kept looking at the bad leg.

"Tell him," Kovac said to Mrs. Porter, "to get forward there before I throw him overboard. I suppose you're missing your camera, huh?"

Whether Mrs. Porter was going to ignore Kovac no one could say, for the German began to speak to her himself. They conversed for fully two minutes in German and finally Gus said, "What goes with the guy?"

Mrs. Porter looked at him with what was her normal expression for inferiors and which irritated Kovac. But finally and with surprising gentleness she said: "Gus—he seems to have gangrene."

"But I knew that," Alice Mackenzie said. "I just didn't want—"

"Gangrene?" Gus Smith said.

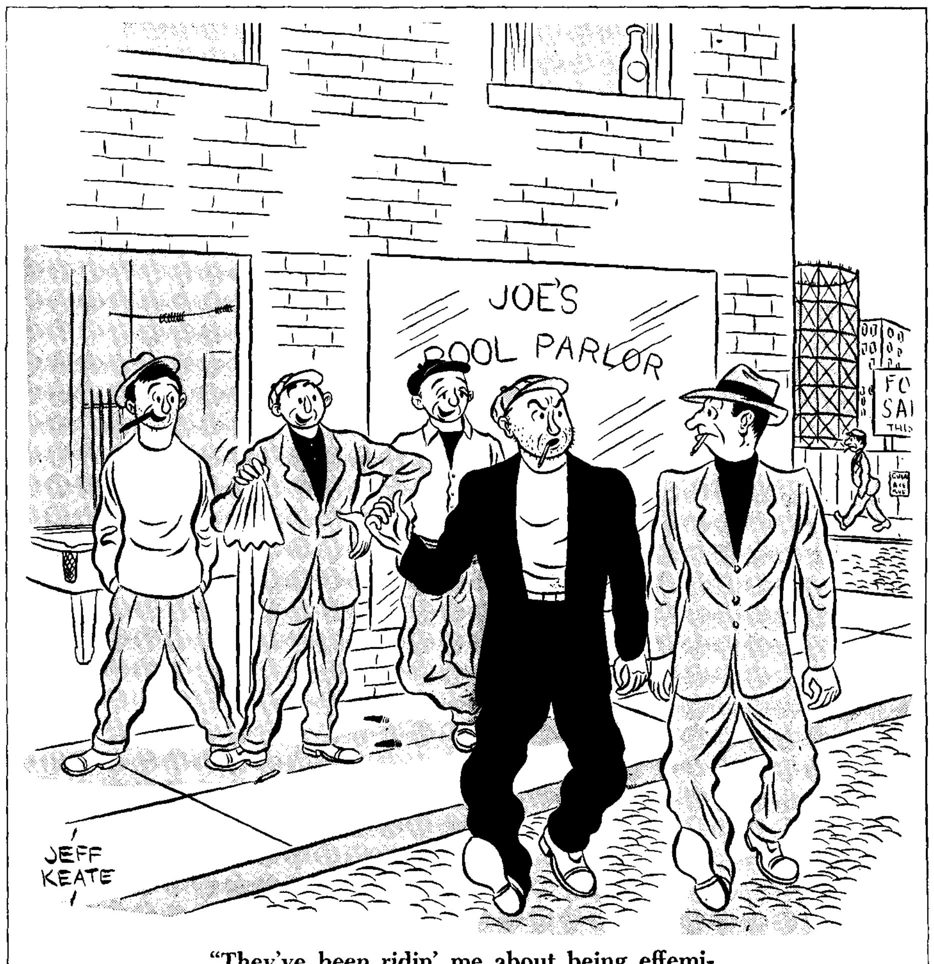
"Yes," Mrs. Porter said, "he says your leg should be amputated if you want to live."

"My God, it's impossible!" Alice Mackenzie said.

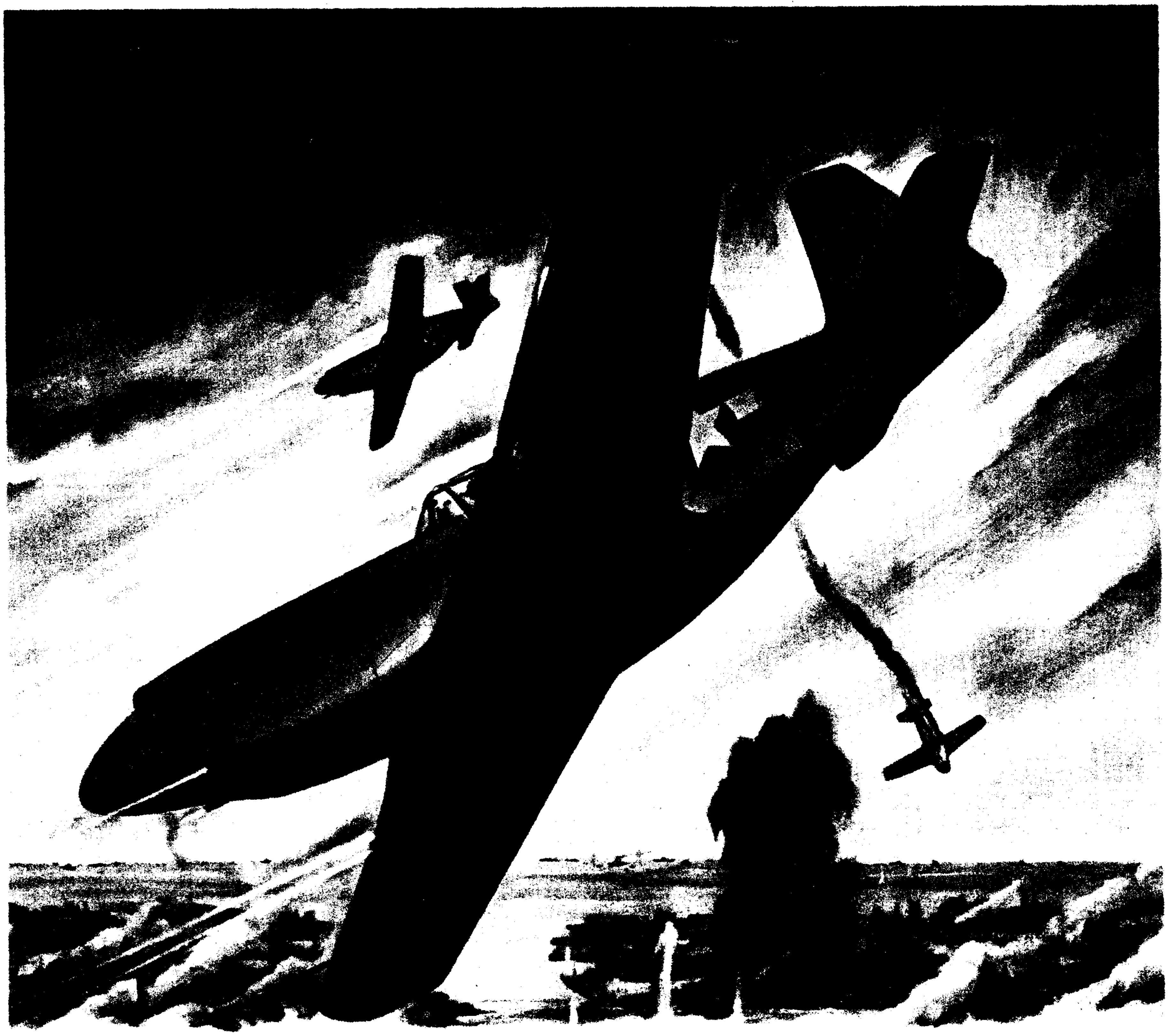
In the little silence that followed as the nurse broke off her own speech, the German spoke again to Mrs. Porter. Turning to the others, Mrs. Porter said, "This man says he was a surgeon in civil life and he would be willing to attempt the operation."

In the little silence which occurred again, Kovac said: "What else is the guy? Maybe he'll start selling us a few railroad bonds the next thing we know."

Then all began talking, but Gus Smith lying on the boards, said loudest of all, "No dice. One leg is worse than being



COLLIER'S "They've been ridin' me about being effeminate—just 'cause I took a job as a welder!" JEFF KEATE



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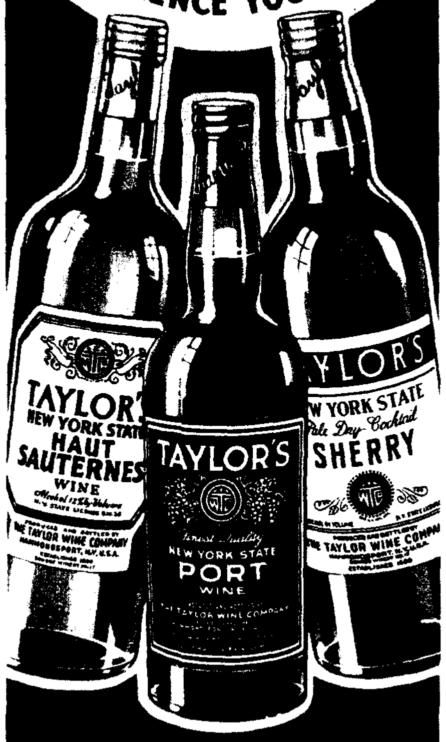

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dead. I got a girl and I ain't going back with one leg."

"You'd rather die?" Mrs. Porter said.

"To give you a plain answer, lady," Smith said, "yes."

"My good man," Rittenhouse began and the nurse started to speak, too, but Kovac spoke over all of them, "Don't be a damn' fool, Gus; you can do practically everything but dance on one leg and you can do that, too."

"Oh, for God's sake."

Then there was a little silence again, and they knew he was going to let it happen.

Moving toward the little medical kit, Alice Mackenzie seemed to start all the others into movement. The German began to roll up his sleeves and spoke again to Mrs. Porter. "If there is no antiseptic he says we might be able to do something with brandy," she told them.

"No cloud without a silver lining," Smith said. Kovac turned away and shook his head.

"There's my flask. It's not much, but it's still full," Mrs. Porter said.

"You don't miss nothing, do you?" Kovac said to her.

IT TOOK a long time. Mrs. Porter was sick and the Negro and Stanley Garrett were sick, and twice all the men had to hold the sailor down. The water became gradually rougher as the German performed his crude surgery, and finally Garrett had to go to take the tiller which they had lashed. When it was over, Smith was unconscious and the color of death, but his breathing was loud like that of a man snoring.

"The flask," Mrs. Porter said. "Where is my flask?" No one answered her.

Trying to watch what was happening as they began to bandage the man, Garrett allowed a wave to come in over the stern and the boat almost broached. Two or three inches of water rushed over the planking and they had to lift the injured man quickly and move him up toward the curve of the bow. Kovac stood up to curse Garrett, but he saw the size of the waves then and he knew that they were in for it.

As the German straightened up he saw in the faces of most of the others that which he had anticipated, a definite softening of their hearts toward himself. He thanked all of them through Mrs. Porter for their assistance and then he told them, still through her, that the operation was just an emergency and that the sailor would not be much benefited if they kept drifting endlessly about. "Who says we're drifting?" Kovac said.

Before anyone could speak, the German addressed the people again. "He says if we change our course we can reach land in two or three days. He says Bermuda is that way," Mrs. Porter said.

This time Stanley Garrett said, "I am not so sure that I agree with him. It really stands to reason that even if he knew the course to Bermuda he wouldn't give it to us."

"Why not?" Rittenhouse said.

"Why, because he would be a prisoner of war there," Garrett said.

"If we land anywhere he will be a prisoner of war," Rittenhouse said.

"Not if we land in a U-boat," Kovac said.

"How asinine!" Mrs. Porter said.

"Oh, sure," Kovac said.

"It is obvious to me," Rittenhouse said, "that the German is the only one of us who knows where we are heading."

"We'll hit quite a bit north of Bermuda if we go the way he wants us to," Stanley Garrett said.

"You have no compass," Mrs. Porter said to the Englishman.

"That's right," Garrett said. "But I've been going to sea for a long time."

"My mind is made up," Rittenhouse said. "We're doing what this man," indicating the German, "says. If he were not friendly to us he could not have performed the operation."

"I don't know," the nurse said, her eyes thoughtful. "He might not have been able to help himself when he saw the need for surgery. Now that it is over he could be reverting to type."

"Now you're just being morbid, my dear," Mrs. Porter said.

Rittenhouse took the tiller and, from that vantage point, presided over what seemed an unending argument as to which the right course was. But he took the one the German gave through Mrs. Porter. The coming of night and the roughness of the waves made him surrender the tiller to Garrett again.

In the dusk Gus Smith came to and began to scream, breaking off now and then to curse all of the others. . . .

When Kovac got up in the middle of the night to take over the watch from Stanley Garrett, he said, "I think that Kraut is trying to do a job on us."

"I think so myself," the Englishman said, "but what are we going to do about it? We decided Rittenhouse would be in charge of things."

"Throw Rittenhouse overboard too," Kovac said.

"No," Garrett said. "That's your cure for everything."

"All right," Kovac said, "what's your cure for it?"

The Englishman hesitated a moment before saying, "I noticed when the German looked at his watch, he shielded it almost overcarefully."

"Meaning what?" Kovac said.

"Why, meaning that it might be a pocket compass and not a watch."

"That," Kovac said, "we could find out easy. I'll go back and take it from the guy."

"I think that might help," Stanley Garrett said, "only try not to be rough, what with the women and Smith on our hands."

"Roughness," Kovac said, "is good." He moved carefully toward the stern, and Garrett heard the sound of a fist on bone. Kovac was back in a moment and holding his big hand under Garrett's chin, "Look, chum," he said.

In the dim light to which his eyes had become accustomed, Garrett saw clearly that Kovac had a small compass. He got little pleasure out of being right, though. The fact that he had been right also proved that the enemy was here present in the boat. The sound of Kovac's fist against a sleeping man's flesh had sickened Garrett slightly, and now it was an added and, curiously, almost unsupportable burden that the enemy was the enemy after all.

"I ought to pick the Kraut up," Kovac said, "and just drop him overboard. We'd all be better off."

"Wait until morning anyhow," Garrett said. "We can talk to the others then."

"Giving that kind a break," Kovac said, "will be the death of us yet."

IN THE morning the German was sullen and frightened.

"Before we do anything about it," Rittenhouse said, "we ought to try to find out why he hid it on us."

"Why do you think he hid it?" Kovac said.

Mrs. Porter spoke in German to the man and then, turning back to the others, said: "He says it was a gift from his wife and he was afraid we'd take it from him."

"He's breaking my heart," Kovac said.

Gus Smith began to moan from the bow, and Garrett in the stern held the tiller with one hand and the end of the sail rope wrapped around the wrist of his other arm. Even Rittenhouse, more anxious to be saved than to be freed, had become irritated by the German. He had to shout to make himself heard above the abruptly stronger wind. "I want the truth about

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DOG MEDICINES

the course," he yelled. His forearm moved as though he held a gavel in his hand. "Tell him his life depends on it."

As Mrs. Porter turned to speak to the German a sudden gust of wind lifted the sail so sharply that Garrett who had been paying more attention to the argument than to the boat, was raised bodily out of the stern and dropped into the water where he clung desperately to the rope as the sail flapped and bellied, jerking him crazily about in the water.

Joe the Negro and Kovac dived for the sail rope, but the nurse had reached it first and was almost pulled overboard by the force of the wind in the sail and the man dragging in the water. Mrs. Porter was thrown forward in a headlong stumble that carried her half the length of the boat. She fell almost at Gus Smith's feet.

RITTENHOUSE fumbled at the tiller but with most of the people in the boat on one side, the little vessel tipped dangerously, and the German grabbed for the steering oar used when the boat was being rowed, and slipping it into the water, managed to bring the boat around facing the wind and emptying the sail.

The others managed to drag Garrett back in the boat. In the sudden fury which shook the little vessel, all but Kovac failed to keep their feet. The German, steering skillfully, yelled to Mrs. Porter and still on the bottom she translated in a half gasp for the others: "He says to put on your life belts."

In the continuing fury of the storm there was a sudden rise in its tempo. Kovac, balancing himself precariously, as if ashamed to lie or sit down like the others, was thrown sideways and struck his head glancingly on the thwart. He lay there unconscious. Water sloshed back and forth in the boat, and the loose sail whipped overhead like some blank, gross and gigantic banner. In the welter of objects flowing at the bottom of the boat, the others struggled to get into their own life belts and to put jackets on Kovac and Smith.

While none of them realized it, they had now resigned themselves to the German's care. In the stern, above them, above even the storm a little, the man sat, alone fully conscious of the change that had occurred, and consciously taking satisfaction from it. The slit of his wide, thin mouth curved in a smile both curious and mechanical. Looking upward from the bow where she was trying to adjust a life belt on Smith, Alice Mackenzie had time to think that the German's mouth, with its peculiar smile, was not unlike that of a shark.

"Come on, everybody bail," the German said in English. None of the others noticed that he had spoken to them in their own tongue.

The boat pitched crazily, and the water breaker fell heavily on the boards. No one but the German and Rittenhouse noticed it, and Rittenhouse was too sick to do anything. The German half started toward the fallen breaker but did not let go of the tiller. It was too late, anyhow. The water was pouring from the broken container into the sea water washing over the boards.

Whether his sudden little shift in position was responsible, or merely some whim of the storm, the angle of the sail to the wind changed and the German was half lifted from his seat. He had not been caught unprepared as had Garrett, though, and managed to remain where he was by clinging desperately to the tiller. The mast, however, broke sharply, the noise like a gunshot in the storm. As it came down, the nurse threw herself across its path, in which Stanley Garrett lay supine on the boards. The gunwale in turn took the full force of the falling mast, but the girl's gesture lost none of its value.

"My God, Alice!" Garrett said. "What in the name of heaven did you do that for?"

"I don't know," she said, half weeping. As in a kind of shame, she put her head against his chest and hid her face.

In the bow, and not without a kind of satisfaction, Gus Smith said: "This is the works for all of us."

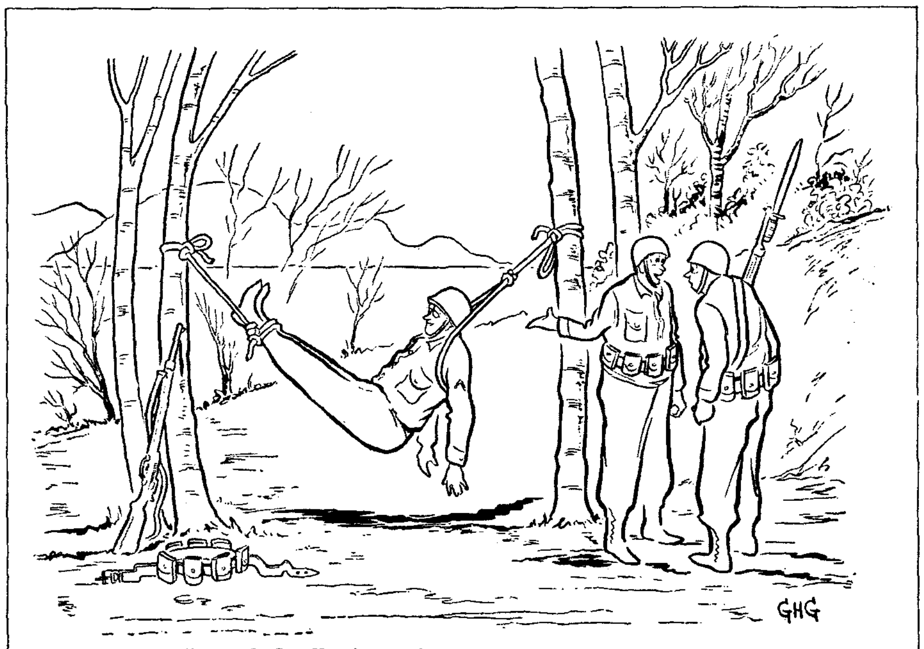
"No," Rittenhouse said hoarsely. "No, he'll save us. He knows just what he is doing."

Staring fixedly at the German in the stern, where the man had now cleared his arm of the sail and was steering with both hands, Gus Smith, in a feeling new to him that was not quite fear, in a mental gesture born of his own new and terrible disability, found that he agreed easily with Rittenhouse.

The storm beat on, and Kovac, whose persistent refusal to trust the man alone might have saved them, rolled unconscious at the bottom of the boat.

THREE days later, on a calm sea, the German's position was even stronger. Of them all, only he, at the oars, seemed unweakened by the lack of water.

Propped high in the bow, Gus Smith could not take his eyes off the clear green sea water that held all of them. The two women lay almost inert in the stern. Rittenhouse and the Negro sat on the stern thwart near the all but useless tiller, and Kovac, from where he half reclined between them and the women, stared sullenly at the German. On his face, too, was



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the expression of a man long used to an implicit reliance on his own great bodily endurance, who now in amazement finds that, as it leaves him, most of his interior characteristics, of which he had been so proud, also leave him. In his own somewhat dazed and incredulous mind, Kovac kept saying over and over: "My God, how does that Kraut keep doing it when I can't even stand up?"

"Well, Willi," Rittenhouse said hoarsely, "how long should this go on?"

"Oh, not long," the German said, "not too long at all. We're getting into the cruising grounds of the mother ship of my flotilla."

"And what happens then?" Mrs. Porter said, croakingly.

"Why, you will all be guests of the German government for the rest of the war," Willi said.

FROM where he lay, Kovac huskily mouthed curses and the German smiled down at him.

From where she lay in the bottom of the boat, Alice Mackenzie could see what Gus Smith was trying to do. She pulled herself tiredly to her feet and started to make her way forward over the thwarts and boards. "No, Gus," she said huskily and almost unintelligibly.

Some of the others turned to see what was the matter. Smith had taken the shoe for which he no longer had any use, and holding on to a lace had let it down over the side and was trying to dip up seawater in it. The nurse reached him and, in spite of her own condition, took the shoe easily from him.

"Only a little," Smith said. His eyes were glazed.

Looking back over his shoulders and with a hint of the curious, mechanical and sharklike smile, the German said, "He has some fever, Alice. I don't think he'll be around much longer."

Again Kovac cursed the German but did not rise.

Raising his head from where he lay amidships, Stanley Garrett, in the hoarse croaking voice peculiar now to all of them, said, "That looks like a rain cloud over there," and dropped his head again.

"Right now," the German said with his odd smile, "all clouds look like rain clouds."

The bastard, Kovac thought. How does he do it? Mrs. Porter stared dazedly and even resentfully at the German. Her admiration for and reliance on him had curiously gone.

There was no rain, but the evening brought a definite coolness in which nearly all of them but the German and Smith slept. In the illusion of strength which the coolness brought to him, Gus Smith pulled himself upright where he stood braced against the gunwale and swaying. "I'm going swimming, Willi," he said.

"Sure, why not, Gus?" the German said, quietly amused.

"See you later."

"Sure, Gus," the German said, with a kind of obscene tenderness.

Quite slowly Gus' rigid body tipped forward, the gunwale serving as a fulcrum. There was very little splash but one hoarse yell which brought Stanley Garrett up to a kneeling position. "It's Gus," Garrett said, with the pathetic stressing of the obvious sometimes seen in the weak or helpless.

"Shh," the German said, "no use waking the others, and no one will miss Gus."

The little ordinary motion of the boat was enough to twist Garrett around and drop him in a seated position in which he needed to get himself rigidly placed to support himself. "Why, damn you," he said to the German. Then he began to weep. His head came down on his arms and he lay like that until the darkness, coming, hid all of them. . . .

It was not until morning that the others knew what had happened. Even to the more sensitive of them, the feeling of horror which Garrett's words about Gus induced in them seemed remote and barely connected with their own tortured consciousness. Rittenhouse, raising his head from his hands, stared almost continuously at the horizon and squinted. "Willi," he said, half gasping, "I think I see a ship."

The German stood up and, his feet still pointed toward the stern as they had been when he had rowed, twisted the upper half of his body to stare ahead of them. As he twisted, the movement of his body loosened something held inside his jacket, and the others stared, at first uncomprehendingly, at where Mrs. Porter's brandy flask, now apparently a quarter filled with water, lay on the planking. Whether the German was aware of what had happened or not, they could not have known. In a voice of calm exultation the German said, "That's it. That's it all right, the *Valkyrie,* our mother ship. I think. I'm sure."

"Where did you get my flask?" Mrs. Porter said.

"Oh, that," the German said. "I appropriated that the day I operated on Gus. I thought I was entitled to a little extra water." He smiled. "It came in handy after the water breaker smashed. And lucky for all of you, too," he went on. "After all, if it had not been for that water and a few emergency vitamin tablets, I could not have been able to carry on and bring us successfully here." Seeing and savoring their stricken and terrible faces, he went on: "After all, the foresight of my race is well known and remarkable. We—"

It was just then and with a kind of animal scream, that Alice Mackenzie threw herself at the man. He saw her coming and raised his foot to stave her off. It was then and from the side that the Negro hit him across the back of the neck and with the under edge of his open palm, in an adaptation of the rabbit punch. Rittenhouse was only a little before Kovac as the whole hoarsely screaming group lunged with their own pathetic violence at the German. The man went over backward, and Garrett, lurching to his feet, stamped on the masklike face. The knife with which the German had operated fell to the boards and Mrs. Porter got it before anyone else saw it. Kovac had seized the German's head and was twisting it sideways in a fury as the man struggled. Rittenhouse had balled his hands up into fists, but was slapping with his fists as though they were his open hands. Then, quite suddenly, there was blood on all of them, and Mrs. Porter opened her hand and the knife fell down.

"Make it quick," Rittenhouse said. "Get him overboard before those others find him here."

WEAKLY, the four men managed to roll the German over the side, and weakly from the stern Alice Mackenzie waved a shirt. The ship had seen them, however, and was bearing down on them. All of them stood there, their sudden fear of losing their liberty, a thing they had never thought much of before, overcoming briefly their weakness.

"I don't want to go into a concentration camp," Mrs. Porter said and began to weep.

"I hope those bastards didn't see us roll the Kraut overboard," Kovac said; "they might start looking around for the body."

They stood there, more fearful than any of them had ever been—even, when days before, it had seemed that each of them must surely die. They stood like that, crouched or braced upright.

It was Alice Mackenzie who first collapsed and began to cry; then one after another they gave way to joy, as each saw the banked stars on the flag at the vessel's stern.

THE END

A Rare Do

Continued from page 28

of the home she was going to. She would soon see for herself, though, what it was like, so she did the talking and he laughed at her jokes and they had a good time celebrating being married.

But after lunch he became businesslike. "Now get into your veld togs."

"What do we go in? Where's the wagon?"

"Wagon!" His roar made her jump.

"Well, whatever you call it, if it has another name."

"My good girl, you walk on your two good dancing feet."

"Walk?" Her voice broke in an outraged screech.

"That's the only way anyone goes through the Loangwa Valley."

"How far is it?"

"Oh, two, three hundred miles. We'll take it easy."

"Three . . . hundred . . . miles?" She could not believe he was serious.

"Cheer up. We do it just one step at a time." He made the mistake of laughing.

Nothing but a flood of angry tears would have relieved Gladys at that moment, but she gritted her teeth and kept her eyes dry. "What else is there I don't know?"

Albert grinned ruefully. "Well, to be frank, I fancy there's a bit. You're a New Chum, and New Chums as a rule don't know much."

"Is there anything you could think of telling me?" Her blue eyes snapped.

"Let's take a look at your clothes. Shoes're important, too."

Of course nothing she had would do. She was equipped to drive out to the estate in her new chiffon dress, white shoes, and a leghorn hat. She had white gloves, too. So Albert took her shopping and she said nothing about what he chose except that it fitted or it didn't. What else is there to say about khaki shirts and pants and *veldschoen* and a sun helmet that feels like a dishpan on the head?

"Why didn't you tell me before we were married?" was the only question she asked during the next hour.

"You'd have run out, wouldn't you?" The laughter in his eyes made her so angry she did not answer, for the truth might have been "yes."

SO SHE was going to live three hundred miles from a railroad. Or was she? She lifted her chin defiantly. There are some prices too high to pay for any husband, and self-protection is everyone's first business. Any man who would walk his bride three hundred miles to her new home was either a brute or crazy. Albert looked kind, so perhaps he *was* crazy. A fine trap she had run into, with no way out that she wanted to take, either. She was not one to run out on a job, and a fine to-do it would be to leave her husband on the church steps and she with neither job nor money to go south. Well, perhaps it would not be so bad.

"Ready?" Albert had been watching her while the desperate thoughts chased through her mind.

"Righto!" A smile was the best way to meet uncertainty, so she whipped up a smile.

"Packameesa!" At Albert's order the boys hoisted the sixty-pound loads to their shoulders and strung out on the trail toward the valley.

"Why don't you use a wagon?" Gladys asked indignantly as she tried to adjust her stride to Albert's. "Others do." She nodded toward an eighteen-ox span lumbering into town.

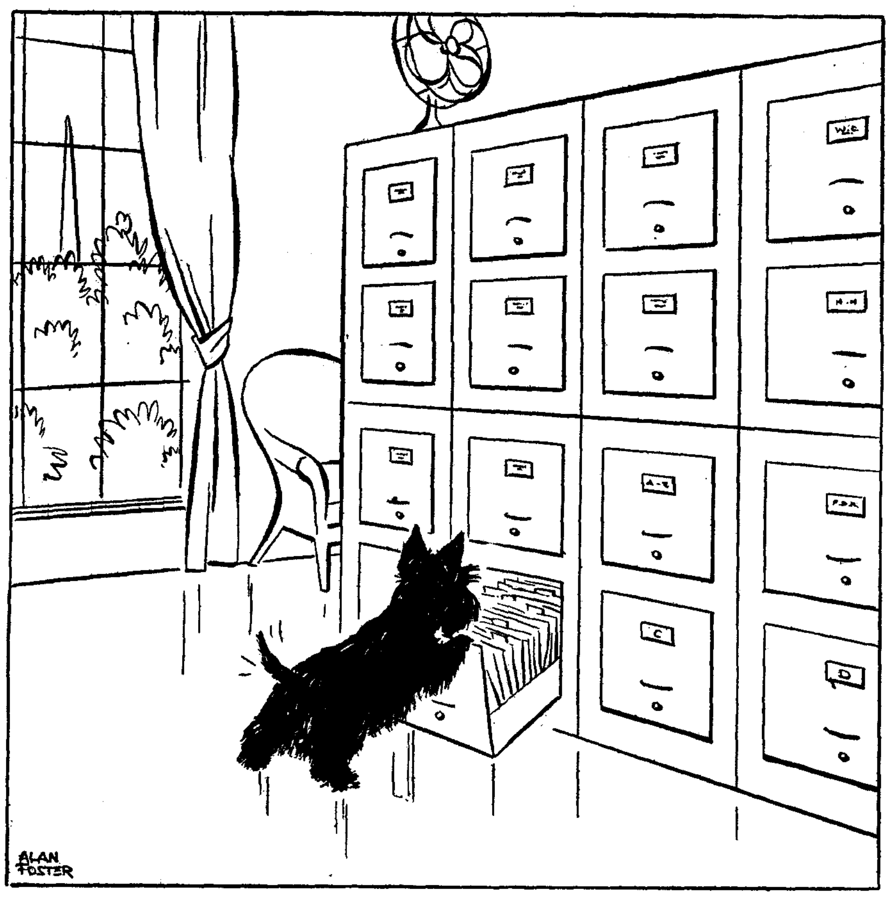
"There's tsetse flies in the valley. I can't kill off a span of oxen to come in."

"Um. I've heard about those." This was proof of his madness. "They give you sleeping sickness, don't they?"

"Don't fret. Only one man has died from going through the valley. It's only the stock they're likely to kill."

"That's a comfort!" she said airily and,

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**



"Let me think now—did I file that under D for dog or B for biscuit?"

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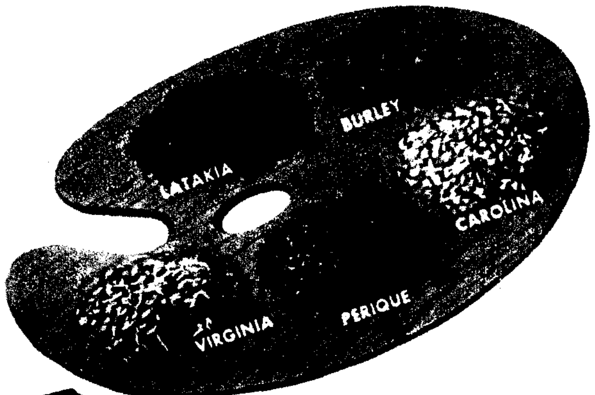

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for all she could tell from his expression, the stupid man might be taking her words at their face value.

That first short day was only a three hours' walk and they spent the night in a resthouse. But the next day they were up at sunrise and by nightfall Gladys had blisters on her heels, her nose was sunburned, she was covered with dust and too tired to say what she thought, which was plenty, when her bath was brought by a boy with a pock-marked face and filed teeth and wearing a couple of yards of calico. Though he gave her the creeps, it seemed to be his job to be her lady's maid. They slept in no house, either, but in a tent on army cots and she woke up stiffer than when she went to sleep.

The third day her blisters broke and she limped and learned that in all the world there could be no spot as hot and breathlessly dry as that valley. No one need die to go to hell, she decided, they could just go to the Loangwa Valley, for a wedding trip in particular.

There was even one noon when they walked through the midday silence with less than an hour's stop for lunch. From eleven until four, even the birds seemed to have sense enough not to move, but Albert went on just the same, doggedly plodding the trail at an even gait which he could hold for hours. He did not think to explain that they were covering a long stretch between water holes.

Gladys fell behind to rest, put new plasters on her heels and let some water trickle down her dry throat. Each pore in her skin felt like a gaping parched mouth. Even tears were salt. She dashed one away that trickled down her nose. Damn the man! He should not see her cry.

She toiled after them, and when they stopped at four in the afternoon she was sure it was not out of consideration for her. The boys pitched her tent quickly and she escaped into it to bathe and rest.

"Tea?" Albert was at the tent flap with a steaming cup in his hand, and an ill-concealed twinkle in his eye. But the poor idiot meant well, she supposed, so she restrained her impulse to throw the tea in his face and drank it gratefully.

"Why do we stop so early?" she asked.

"There's a water hole near here and I saw a bit of lion spoor today, so I thought we'd better get settled while we have plenty of light."

"Lions!" she wailed. "You mean those beasts in zoos?"

He nodded. "Hadn't you heard they come from Africa?"

"Albert Jenkinson, I give up." She shook her head in despair. "Did it never enter your head that no woman in her senses would want to live in this country?"

"Plenty do, and they all walked in," he told her. "I thought you were a good sport. Can't you take it?"

SHE did not like the curl to his mouth. "I'm a good trouper and I'll take anything I've said I'll take," she stormed. "But this little jaunt was not in our contract. Down in Jo'burg it was nothing but fine fat acres and a civilized pub and me with my own nice house . . . and then you bring me to this."

Albert scratched his head. "Now look, Gladys, I didn't think you'd mind a bit of a walk, and talking about three hundred miles is worse than doing it. It's like I told you. Pretty country. You'll see."

Gladys sniffed in unbelief. She put her feet in the foot tub.

"Now have a good rest." He patted her aching head with a heavy hand. "I'll go see if I can find some meat. If you want, we can stay here a day so you can rest and I'll do some hunting."

"And leave me alone?" She stopped him.

"I just thought you'd like a rest," he said in a there's-no-pleasing-the-woman voice

"Get along with you now. I don't want to hear any more." She kicked up the water, so the tears plopping into it would not show. "I've heard enough for one day."

Had someone come along at that moment with a wagon, headed for Lusaka, Gladys would have climbed aboard if the driver had horns, but there would be no such luck as meeting a wagon on that beastly trail.

"This afternoon I got a kudu!" Albert greeted her later when she joined him by the campfire. The idiot sounded pleased with himself.

"Is that a witch doctor or an itch?" Now he wasn't even talking English.

To her surprise, when the antelope was cooked, she ate some of it and had to admit it was good, but then she was hungry and so sleepy she hardly knew what she was doing. She stumbled to the tent and was asleep before she had her shoes off, so heavily asleep she did not waken when Albert undressed her and rolled her into her blankets.

"We'll be out of the valley by tomorrow noon," he tried to cheer her over their early morning tea.

"Out of the valley into the what?" she snapped, so he left her in disgust to hurry the boys with their loading and when again they made a four-o'clock camp he sounded pleased. "We did twenty miles. You're learning to walk!"

She tossed her head. "I learned that before I was two."

THAT night Gladys stirred restlessly when the full moon lighted her tent before midnight, and when a full-throated roar bounced from hill to hill and rumbled through camp, her eyes snapped open so fast they should have clicked. Another roar answered the first one and each roar was thrown back by the hills and became two and each inspired another roar. She put out her hand to waken Albert, but his cot was empty. She was alone.

As she held her breath to still the sound of her breathing, a twig snapped, leaves rustled somewhere behind her tent. Her throat contracted and she could not call out, she could not move. She thought of huge, tawny shapes lurking in the bush behind her tent; of huge teeth and foul breath and hooked claws. She thought until her brain froze and she was no longer a person but fear itself. Toward morning, when the first false dawn dimmed the moonlight, she slept and did not know when Albert came back to their tent.

At breakfast Albert did not notice that she was as limp as an empty flour bag or suspect that under her tan she was as white. "A rare do the lions made last night!" His voice sounded happy.

A rare do! Gladys left the idiotic statement hanging in mid-air as it deserved. A rare do! And she lying alone dying by inches, of fright.

At their noon stop as she hungrily gnawed half a chicken, she had her mind made up. "It's hard to think of going back through this valley, Albert, but I'll be going when I find a way and someone to take me. I'll never live in Rhodesia."

"You'll what?" Albert's chin dropped slowly and he looked at her as though she were a form of life he had never encountered before. "You weren't *scared* last night, were you? Why, when lions roar like that, they're not dangerous, they're just having fun. It's a fine sound."

"Fun?" She threw her chicken square in his face. "You're a fool, Albert Jenkinson, and it's lucky for you you are, or I'd shoot you with your own gun."

The first flush of anger faded from his face before he carefully brushed the chicken from his chest and shoulders. "Now I never thought you'd do a thing like that," he said mildly. "But if you do it again, I'll spank you."

She was ready to throw her tea at him too, if the amusement she saw in his eyes went any further, but he checked it.

"Perhaps I should have told you about the walk-in, Gladys," he said slowly. "Though to my mind it never does much good to fret over what may happen. Meet things as they come, I say. Maybe women are different. I wouldn't know. You've hit your stride and you're making your twenty miles a day with no pain. What's eating you?"

"Lions and poisonous flies and a boy like a bad dream to bring my bath and ants in my tea and dust and thirst and a score of such, if you must have it said for you. Does that sound like the paradise you told me about?"

"Come now, let's sit under this tree and get it straight. What did I tell you?"

"That you have a nice pub in pretty country and . . ."

"Well, I have," he interrupted.

". . . and a farm and oh, it sounded like some of those places in the Cape."

HE THREW back his head and laughed. "Dreaming, eh? Then don't blame me. What you imagined came right out of your own head, Gladys Jenkinson, and you know it. Did I ever tell you I have a fancy mansion and a horse and pair?"

"Little enough you told me!" she flared.

"But you came anyhow, and no words of mine would have made you see it as it is. Pretty country I called it then and I call it now. What you make of it is your business. What I own, I made out of country as wild as this." He waved toward the bush and tall grass all about them. "It's not half bad to my way of thinking. That was my story to begin with and I stick to it. I promised you no Buckingham Palace," he chuckled, "nor will you find one. But . . . oh, there's no sense in talking. It's my best and that's that. Come now. We aren't there yet."

"Half a mo', Albert." Gladys stopped him. "You've had your say, now I'll have mine. I'm looking for no Buckingham Palace and I'm ready to do my share in your pub or on your farm, but get this straight. You took it for granted that I'd not mind a 'bit of a walk,' as you call it, through this valley. You think it's funny that I'm scared when lions roar outside my tent all night. There's a deal too much taking for granted on your part, and I've been thoroughly put upon. But once we reach this 'pretty country' of yours I'll be the judge of whether it's fit for a woman or no. I'll be put upon no more, my man. It's turn and turn about and a square deal, or I go back where I came from. There'll be no more taking for granted on your part, and don't you forget it. Now let's go."

She got to her feet briskly, for at last she wanted to be on her way. The sooner they reached M'Poshi the sooner, somehow, she could find a way out.

That settled, the miles scarcely mattered, nor the sun, nor the soft breeze that met them when they left the valley, nor the gentle country rolling into the blue, nor finally the sight of a real roof back from the road, nor meeting the mistress of that house and sleeping in a real bed and eating at a real table.

"A real pretty place you have here," Gladys said politely and though it was true, it mattered not at all for it belonged to a life she would never live.

"You're going to a right pretty place yourself," Mrs. Blake told her.

"I doubt I can stay long," Gladys replied blandly. "I have a weak heart and this altitude will be bad for it. I can feel it already."

At last Albert began to worry in earnest. "You really mean you have a bad heart?" he asked anxiously as they walked back to their trail.

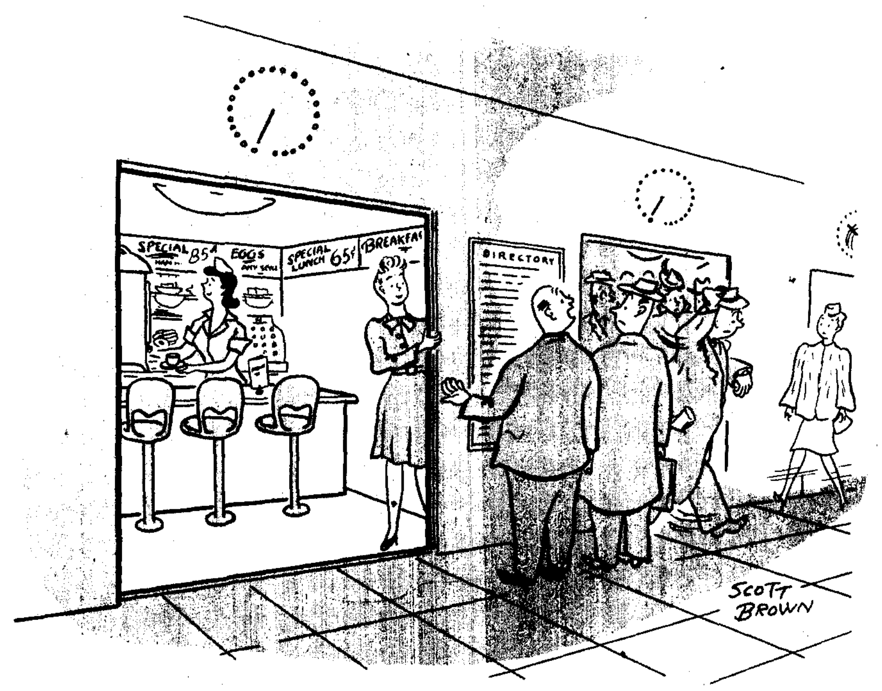
Gladys sniffed. "There's naught wrong with my heart that going back to Lusaka won't fix, my good man."

"You can't walk out on a man like that, Gladys!" he protested in his slow way. "That's not fair!"

"Not fair indeed! You'll fair me no fairs, Albert." She flounced ahead of him. "Lions and elephants, and whatnot on my doorstep. Not fair indeed! That poor woman didn't even have decent rugs on her floor, nothing but the skins of wild beasts. And I didn't overlook that lion skin on the wall."

"I've heard her say she likes it here." Setting his jaw, Albert kept his temper and Gladys magnanimously dropped the question, because it was settled. In fact, she could even enjoy this last stretch and laugh and joke again. The walking was easy, almost like dancing, the country parklike, the sky blue, the air had life to it and she no longer felt trapped. If she could get through the valley once, she could certainly do it a second time, with Lusaka at the end of the trek.

TWO days later it was like a miracle, after the past three weeks, to see a town set out as neatly as though it were in England. Albert took her arm. "See? There's my hotel at the other end." Proudly, he pointed down the wide road



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Blended Scotch Whisky
TWELVE YEARS OLD
JOHN DEWAR & SONS Ltd.
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd.
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Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

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COMMAND DEWAR'S . . . AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
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THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Schenley IMPORT

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CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER
NEW YORK

E means "Ever At It." Sticking at the job, and doing it well, every hour of every working day—that's what he's doing to keep on wearing that "E". He, and thousands like him! And there are others behind him—others keeping transportation going, keeping food supplies moving, doing the thousand and one necessary jobs that keep a nation's heart-beat strong.

He, and millions of Americans are keeping "ever at it," producing the things that mean Victory. To them, Canada Dry—"the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—a frequent guest and an old family friend, says: keep up the good work!

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Just keep asking for it. There's no substitute for "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

CANADA DRY *"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"*

lined with bougainvillea-clad white houses and with flamboyant trees tossing the red bombs of their blossoms to the sky.

"It's right pretty," Gladys conceded. She was not going to let Albert know that the sight of those cozy houses made her want to cry.

"We can live there, if you want," he went on. "Perhaps the farm is too rough for a woman."

"Now, Albert, let's not talk about it any more." She led the way down the street. "You made a mistake and I made a mistake. No hard feelings, but enough is enough. I'll tell everyone I have a bad heart and that will fix it for you." She was as determined as a terrier.

"A right pretty place you have here," she complimented him on the red brick building, the veranda behind the vines, the gleaming bar and dining room, but her voice was a mere polite echo of the words she had said to Mrs. Blake.

What can a man do with a woman like that? Watching her, Albert tried to figure out what went on under her blond hair. He couldn't tie her up, and he wasn't the beating kind. "One man's meat is another man's poison." He dropped the words philosophically to the floor, then ordered the luggage disposed of, sent the boys to the compound and called for tea.

"Now you'll want to be seeing our room." He blushed as he said the words. How did a man manage with a wife who was going to leave him? A room and a bed seemed different from a tent and a cot.

The room was in a separate white cottage to the side of the main building, and Gladys held her breath when Albert opened the door on beds of native mahogany and frothy curtains and a flowered rug, not skins, on the floor.

"Why, that's like the rug we saw in that shop window in Jo'burg!" Gladys exclaimed.

"It's the same," Albert said. "You seemed to like it."

"Why . . ." Gladys felt her neck redden. "There are other things we saw. That bureau set." She picked up the pieces. "How did they get here?"

Albert chuckled. "On a boy's head, my girl, as everything gets in, like I've told you."

"This is a right pretty room you've fixed up, Albert." To be fair, she had to give the devil his due.

"I'll tell the boy to bring your bath and you give yourself a bit of a rest." Cannily, Albert pressed his advantage and hurried away.

Gladys sat in her tin tub, soaking in every detail of the pretty room and thinking of the thought for her comfort it implied. Funny man! So here she was, and a sight better off than she ever thought she would be when she walked through that beast of a valley. It wasn't half bad, as the tongue-tied man said, nor was he, for all his stupid ways. So now what?

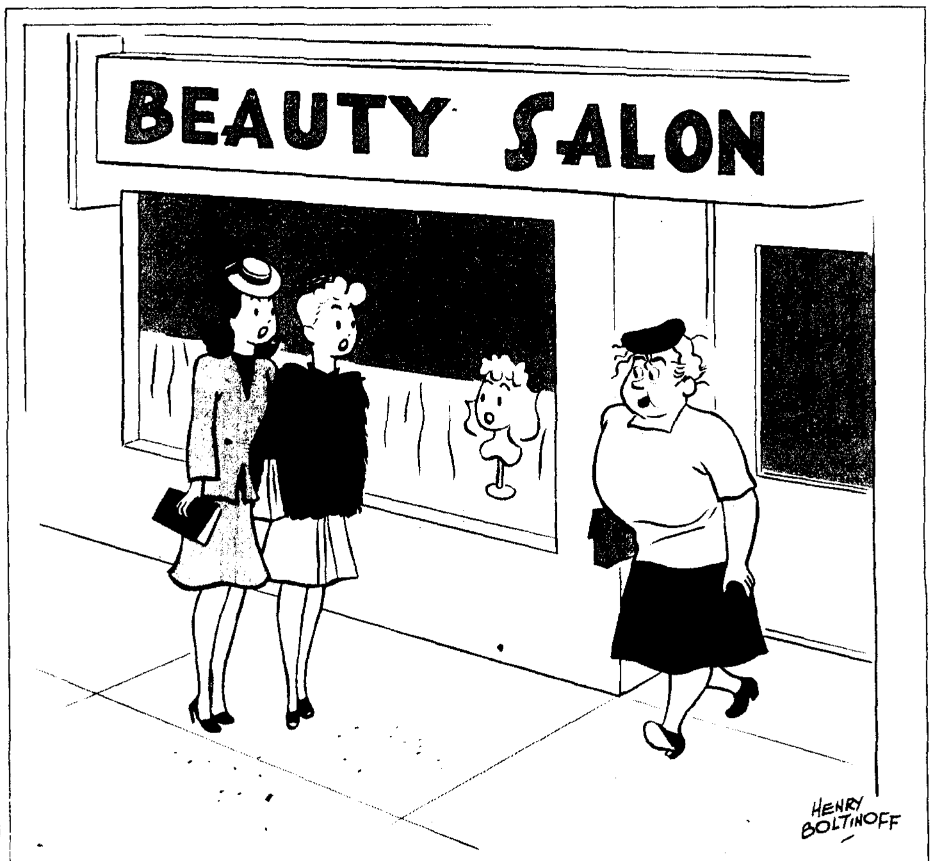
She smiled like the cat wiping its paws after eating the canary. If it were the last thing she ever did she'd pay him off for that "bit of a walk." He could just sit on pins and needles for a time wondering if she would stay or not. She laughed. A rare bit of fun it would be to tease him while she made him more dependent on her every day, and proud of her, too, or she didn't know herself. Why, she could run the pub with one hand tied behind her and when she came down to it, she could be very fond of that matter-of-fact husband of hers. She had his measure by what he had made of the place. Not half bad, indeed! It was a bit of all right, though it would be a long day before she said so. Now their honeymoon could really begin. Briskly, she put on her best white dress and a will-I-won't-I smile with which to meet him.

"I ALWAYS thought you would do." It was their first wedding anniversary before Albert thought it safe to say those words to Gladys.

"You did, did you?" She flounced toward the kitchen with a waggish twitch to her hips to see that it was in order for the night. "Don't be so sure of yourself, you stupid man. When there's a mail truck on this godforsaken route, I'll be on it, never fear."

Albert's silence was unruffled and he finished his beer in peace. What a rare do a woman could make! Any time she wanted to go, he would take her out, but he had sense enough not to say so. If it took the rest of their lives, he could wait until she admitted he was right about the place. And meantime, she was as likely a wife as a man could want. Why argue?

THE END



COLLIER'S "Relax, ladies, I only work here!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

The Gopher Dog

Continued from page 15

be thinking about feeding another dog, but if you're set on letting him go I'll take him off your hands."

"He's a valuable dog, Jud, and with my business the way it is I just couldn't afford to outright give him away."

"Tell you what. I got a genuwine silmulated diamont I ordered out of a magazine I'll give you for him."

Rule shook his head, and after a long time he said, "I couldn't do that but tell you what I will do. I'll swap Bertie for that old chewed-up dabbler of yours. And them three fish."

Jud's first impulse was to say no; but finally he said, "Never thought I'd be studying about giving up my dabbler, but —let's go see your dog hunt."

"You can take my word for it that he's a good dog," Rule said.

"Ain't taking nobody's word about no bird dog," Jud said.

Rule hesitated. "Well, there's a patch of woods down back of my house. Don't guess it'd hurt to lock up a little while."

They locked the store and went to the woods and released Fred and Bertie. Bertie was fast, and he looked good hunting. Before fifteen minutes had passed, he found a covey of birds and pointed them stanchly.

"Be durn' if he didn't beat Fred to them birds," Jud said in amazement.

"You satisfied?" Rule asked.

"Nearly 'bout," Jud admitted. "Let 'em hunt about another hour and I'll be plumb sure."

"I cain't do that!" Rule protested. "I've closed up my place of business. I got to go on back. You seen him hunt. Don't aim to rush you, Jud, but you'll have to decide right now. You want him or not?"

"If you put it that way," Jud said, "I guess I'll have to take him."

THAT first covey was one of the few that Jud ever saw Bertie point. The next morning he postponed sharpening his wife's ax, and he and Fred and Bertie hit for the dewy woods in the wagon.

"Now, you Bertie, let's see if you can hang it on your daddy again today," Jud said. The dogs swung away and disappeared. After a while, when Bertie didn't return, Jud went looking for him. When he found him, only Bertie's posterior showed. The rest of him was down in the hole of one of the land tortoises locally called gophers, and he was digging and whining excitedly.

"You git from there," Jud shouted, outraged. Bertie gave no sign that he heard. Jud picked up a lightwood knot and sent it whistling at Bertie. He yipped and backed out, wagged his tail, and started hunting again.

"Any young dog would be liable to do that," Jud told himself, but without conviction.

Before long Bertie pointed, to Jud's relief. Fred came up and backed dutifully. But it was not a covey of quail, it was a big tortoise—gopher—squatting in the grass with its head half pulled into its shell. Fred gave Bertie a look of disgust and went on hunting. Jud gave Bertie a licking.

The licking didn't do any good at all. Bertie found another tortoise hole and started digging.

Finally Jud was convinced. I just be durned if I ain't let that Golden Rule Linkins git my prize dabbler in swap for a pea-headed gopher dog! he thought, and jumped up and down in rage. Bertie would point a covey of birds if they got in his way, but they were secondary game to him. Once he got so far down into a gopher hole he couldn't get out, and Jud had to go to the nearest Negro shack and borrow a shovel and dig him out.

He realized now what Rule had done. He had gone to a patch of woods he knew thoroughly, steered Bertie to a covey of birds, and immediately afterward ended the hunt. There had been no gophers in that patch of woods because Bertie had cleared them out long ago.

For the next day or two Jud was not fit company for even the gophers Bertie brought in. His face stayed purple in anger, and his children hid from him under the bed and his wife kept a stick of stovewood handy and watched him closely.

Jud would have shot Bertie the first day, only that would have made the deal a total loss. "Anybody would pull a trick like that is crooked as a blacksnake," Jud shouted. "On top of that, he's probably been snickering around about swapping me a gopher dog and everybody knows about it and now I won't be able to sell him to nobody else!"

JUD sat on his front step with his chin in his hands for two days, thinking, rising only to eat some corn bread and sirup and sowbelly, or to go to bed. On the third day he sent the two small children down to hitch up the mule and wagon, and he got ready to go to town.

When he walked into the Golden Rule Grocery, Linkins smiled amiably and spoke friendlylike, but watched Jud carefully, at the same time whittling a stick with what seemed to be a very sharp knife.

Jud smiled pleasantly and said, "Hope everything's going to suit you, Rule. Yep, I shore do. I want to buy a sack o' tobacco and a can of coffee."

Rule regarded him suspiciously. He did not turn his back to Jud but reached up over his head and felt for the goods, and then tossed them on the counter, staying out of Jud's reach.

"Rule," Jud said finally, "I've sure had me a good time the last few days. That Bertie, he's some dog. A gopher dog."

"Gopher dog? He never fooled with gophers when I had him," Rule said.

"Oh, I know he just took it up. I know you wouldn't 'a' swapped me no gopher dog on purpose. I ain't mad about it. That old dabbler was really about chewed to pieces anyway."

"I been doing all right with it," Rule said complacently.

"I really got the best of the deal, in some ways," Jud chuckled. "I swear, that Bertie dog just tickles me to death. When he gits to fooling with an old gopher, sometimes I laugh until I'm fit to bust."

Rule looked relieved. He folded his knife and quit whittling. "I'm shore glad you feel that way about it."

Jud looked reminiscent and chuckled again. "When he gits to digging and barking, I just nearly die. He's been a whole heap of pleasure to me, old Bertie has."

"I never knowed you had no such-all sense of humor as that."

Jud said suddenly, "Oh, I was about to fergit. The other day Bertie found a tremenjous gopher, and I got to thinking back to recollect a bigger gopher, and then it came to me suddenlike. You know what would shore-enough build up your business? *A gopher contest!* You could offer out a twenty-five-dollar prize for the biggest gopher brung in."

"Twenty-five dollars for a gopher?"

"I got it all thought out. Build a big pen outa chicken wire out there in the back, and everybody comes right through the store to chunk in their gopher. Why, they'll be coming in and out all day long, to look er to turn in. You can make them that's passing through go down the right-handed aisle and them coming out t'other aisle, so as not be bumping into one an-

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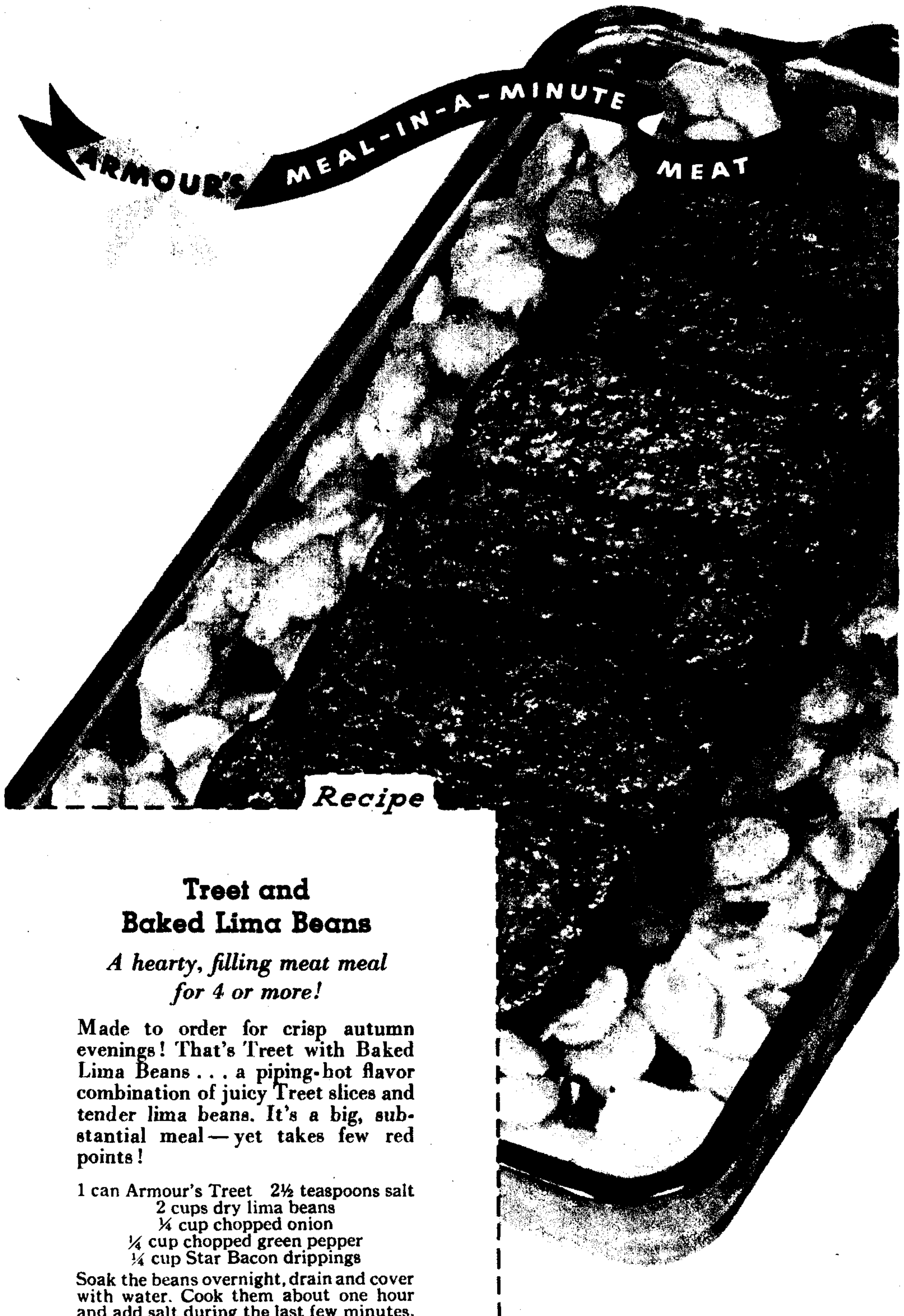
Tasty and Nutritious TREET is ALL Meat



Treet and Baked Lima Beans

A hearty, filling meat meal for 4 or more!

Made to order for crisp autumn evenings! That's Treet with Baked Lima Beans . . . a piping-hot flavor combination of juicy Treet slices and tender lima beans. It's a big, substantial meal—yet takes few red points!

1 can Armour's Treet 2½ teaspoons salt
2 cups dry lima beans
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup Star Bacon drippings

Soak the beans overnight, drain and cover with water. Cook them about one hour and add salt during the last few minutes. Drain off water and add all remaining ingredients *except* Treet. Place in baking dish with 1½ to 2 cups of water. Cover and bake until very tender (about 1½ to 2 hours). Uncover during last 30 minutes and top with Treet slices.

Watch the smiles when you bring in this meat feast . . . it's just one of many ways to serve Treet, Armour's ready-to-eat meat. Remember, Treet is a rich blend of ham and pork shoulder meat, both high-vitamin meats!

So much Treet goes to our fighting men, your dealer may be out of it. You can get it again in a few days, so keep asking!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Have you tried **VITALOX?**

Armour's New Meat-flavor Discovery spreads meat flavor further in stews, gravies, sauces, soups . . . without a ration stamp!

Armour's Treet
Armour's Treet

Square tin or round—it's the same delicious TREET!

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for

Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausages, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products.

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other and interfering with folks buying things at the counters."

For a moment Rule's eyes grew bright as he visualized the crowds streaming in and out. "But twenty-five dollars for the biggest gopher!" he said.

"Well, tell you what," Jud said hesitantly. "Me and Bertie's going to take a stab at it ourselves, and if I can quit laughing long enough to pick up the gophers he gits aholt of, me and him's bound to find the biggest 'un. Then, since you was the one let me in on Bertie, we'll split the prize money and it'll only cost you twelve and a half."

"Well, now you talking!" Rule said. He thought for a while. "Yes, sir, Jud, that sounds like just the kind of premotion scheme my business needs. They'll come piling in here with their gophers and then they'll buy a bunch of stuff just to git on the good side of me so I'll give 'em the prize. And them as ain't gopher hunters will come to look at what's been brung in, and argue about seeing one bigger when they was a boy, and then they set there on the counter and talk and before long *they'll* remember something they need in the grocery line. Jud, be durned if you ain't turnt out to be a real friend."

"Here's the kind of fellow I am, Rule," Jud said solemnly, "when somebody does something for me, I aim to try to do just as much fer him. Er more, if possible."

"Well, to tell the gospel truth, I didn't expect you to be so crazy as all that about Bertie."

"Rule, I never before had no feeling in my heart like the one I got for old Bertie, and may the good Lord strike me dead if that ain't so." . . .

Within twenty-four hours after the announcement of the big contest, the gophers began coming in. And every day they increased in number and size. Negroes brought them in crokersacks. Little boys brought them in toy wagons. Farmers brought them in the backs of the wagons, carefully bedded down in fruit crates half filled with straw. Two men in the woods spied a big gopher at the same time and had a fight over it and while they were fighting, the gopher got away.

Jud had been right about the popularity of the contest. The Golden Rule Grocery was now a busy place, and while of course most of the traffic was toward the gopher pen, many people did buy things. Meantime the population of the pen grew, until it was crawling two-deep in rusty old land tortoises. With three days still to go before the end of the contest, the pen had to be enlarged.

Jud looked the candidates over and thought: "Some pretty nice ones there. Me and Bertie had better git started."

The man next to him said, "Yon's the biggest 'un, that'n with the twinkle in his eye."

Another said, "Naw. That mottled 'un will outweigh him a pound."

"Wait until me and that gopher dog git to work," Jud muttered, "and then they'll see the biggest 'un."

BERTIE was more than willing to do his part toward winning the contest. Fred went along too, simply because Jud had never found any way to keep him at home when he went to the woods. Fred pointed soon after they got into the woods, but to his surprise Jud walked right on past him to where Bertie was digging. Fred kept holding the point, watching out of the corner of his eye for Jud to come back. But now even Jud was digging, and a shower of dirt pattered on the leaves all around. Fred lay down. Finally when Jud didn't come he sprang into the birds and flushed them, then prepared to spring away from the lightwood knot that was sure to fly. But Jud had not noticed, even though the birds had flown right over him. Jud let out a whoop and dragged something out of the hole.

Fred approached curiously and saw that the thing causing Jud such satisfaction and Bertie such excitement was the grandfather of all gophers. Fred sat down in disgust.

Golden Rule Linkins had begun to get a little worried, because some of the gopher candidates looked as if they might be hard to beat, so he was pleased when Jud came in and allowed his entry to crawl majestically from the crokersack. Rule whistled.

"That," Rule said, "is the nicest 'un I've seen in forty years of woods rambling!"

The word of Jud Lee's gopher got around fast, and people shoved their way through the store to see. There were many ejaculations of amazement. Archibaldus Foord, a turpentine man, who was an authority on gophers, studied Jud's gopher from one side and then another, and they all waited for him to have his say. Finally he spat and said slowly, "Jud, he's shore a fine 'un!"

ON TUESDAY there was a little ceremony, and Jud was given the twenty-five-dollar first prize. It was quite a triumph, and Jud's friends felt that it was a proper answer to some who had often said that he never would amount to anything.

Afterward, when things had quieted down a little, Rule said, "Jud, I just don't believe there was no premotion scheme like this in the history of the county! I believe I got folks coming back to trade regular. To tell the truth it's remade my business. I'm shore in your debt."

"Wasn't nothing much," Jud said.

"By the way," Rule said, "what we gonna do with all them gophers?"

Jud held up a finger and smiled wisely. "I been saving the best for last. We ain't through premoting. What we gonna do now is paint every one them gophers on the back with "Golden Rule Grocery."

Rule leaned forward expectantly. "And then what?"

"Then we gonna turn 'em a-loose right here in town. Everywhere they go they'll be reminding people to trade at your store."

Rule caught his breath. "Crawling billboards!"

"Reckon that's about it."

"Listen, you run git that sign painter, and start sobering him up enough to go to work."

Jud started out the door, and then stopped. "While I'm gone you could start washing them gophers up some."

"Washing them up?"

"You ought to know they got to be clean to paint on 'em."

"That's the grocery business for you," Rule said. "Cain't never tell what you'll have to do next. Washing gophers!"

When the painter was sober enough to walk he came down and surveyed the task. After looking at the sea of gophers he said, "It would take three days to paint them gophers freehand. We better cut us a stencil and go to work."

By midnight the job was done. On the back of every gopher was plainly painted *Golden Rule Grocery*.

"Jud," Rule said wearily, "we've done a day's work we won't never fergit."

"I expect that's about right," Jud agreed.

They pulled up the stakes of the pen and the gophers skidded and tumbled to the ground. They began to crawl around and disappear off into the darkness.

"Well, I better be gitting home," Jud said. "I'll come in tomorrow and see how you making out." . . .

The next afternoon when Jud sent Little Sister down to hitch up the mule and wagon, Fred saw the wagon being hitched, and sneaked off into the woods so Jud couldn't catch him and shut him up. A mile or so down the road he would suddenly appear behind the wagon. "You needn't sneak off—I see you," Jud said. "Come to think of it, I'll take my old streak o' rust and kill a mess of birds on the way home."

He went into the house and got his gun, and then he called Bertie from under the house. "You're going too," he spat. He put him into the body of the wagon and tied him with haywire, and then wiped his hands on his overalls distastefully.

When Jud arrived in town, he found Golden Rule Linkins in a state of wild nervous excitement. "Jud, our advertising scheme has done backfired on us!"

"It has?"

"Certain people has been seeing them gophers around town and has had a lot to say about it. They—" The phone rang. When Rule picked up the receiver, Jud could hear a woman's voice:

"Mr. Linkins, your turtle is in my living room under the *sofa!*"

"Ain't no turtle, ma'am. Just a harmless gopher. And he ain't mine."

"Well, he's got your name on him, and if you don't come get him *right now* I'll never buy another thing from you and I may not do it anyhow."

Rule hung up, and turned to Jud, wild-eyed. "You see? That's how it's been going all day. Them gophers has taken over the town, and people's looking at it the wrong way. I went out and tried to round them up, but I couldn't find none. Then just time I git back, the phone goes to ringing to beat all hell," he cried. "Watch the store for me a minute. I got to run down to Mrs. Maud's house. If anybody calls up, tell 'em I'll be there tireckly."

He rushed out. Jud opened a can of sardines and sat on the counter and began eating them. A large gopher on the sidewalk, head up inquiringly, moved leisurely past the store front. The phone rang, and when Jud finally decided to answer it an angry voice shouted:

"Rule Linkins, this is Rob McVey, and in case you've forgot it I'm your best customer, and I thought I'd tell you I don't see the joke in having two of your gophers on my front terrace and you better come get 'em right now."

"I ain't interested," Jud said, and hung up.

The phone rang again. This time a nearly hysterical woman.

"I ain't interested," Jud said, and hung up.

That kept up until Rule came back in, panting feverishly. Jud was on his fourth can of sardines.

"Anybody call?" he demanded.

"Not a soul," Jud said. "Mighty quiet little place you got here."

The phone rang. Rule sprang to it, said he would be there at once, and headed for the door. Here he collided with a man in approximately the same high emotional state he himself was in.

Mel Wottle, the policeman, could hardly speak. "You—you—Linkins! I got the mayor and the city clerk and everybody else in the city hall trying to find an ordinance to arrest you under. Your dang gophers are all over town, falling in the reservoir, scaring women, gitting squashed by cars in the street! I never seen such goings-on!" Tears of anger rolled down his cheek. "You listen to me. Git busy and round up them gophers, or I'll—I'll—" His voice failed.

"But they's hundreds of 'em! How'm I gonna find 'em?"

"That's your worry!"

Jud coughed gently. "Rule, I don't want to butt in, but I got a little idea might be of some help. *I* know how you could find them gophers."

"How, for the Lord's sake?"

Jud nodded toward his wagon outside, where Bertie tugged impatiently at his wire. "Him."

Rule gasped in relief. "Jud, you've saved my life! Just loan me Bertie for a couple of hours!"

"Don't believe I could exactly *loan* him to you, Rule. He's a fine gopher dog, and for all I know you might slip off to the woods and git him hunting birds and ruin him for gopher hunting. It'll just about kill me to let old Bertie go, but seeing the tight fix you're in, I'll swap him back to you."

RULE turned slowly and faced him, and for the first time a glimmer of suspicion came into his eyes. As he thought about it more, the glimmer increased in intensity until it became a glare. *"Now* I begin to see! *Now*—" He started for his pocketknife, then noticed that Jud had started whittling. "Jud Lee, I'll—"

The phone rang. Rule leaped to it and talked briefly. Then he turned to Jud, wiped his forehead, and said, "How much?"

"Well, I guess that other twelve dollars and a half prize money ought to be about right," Jud said reasonably, and then as Rule stepped to the cash register he added, "and of course that old chewed-up dabbler I let you use."

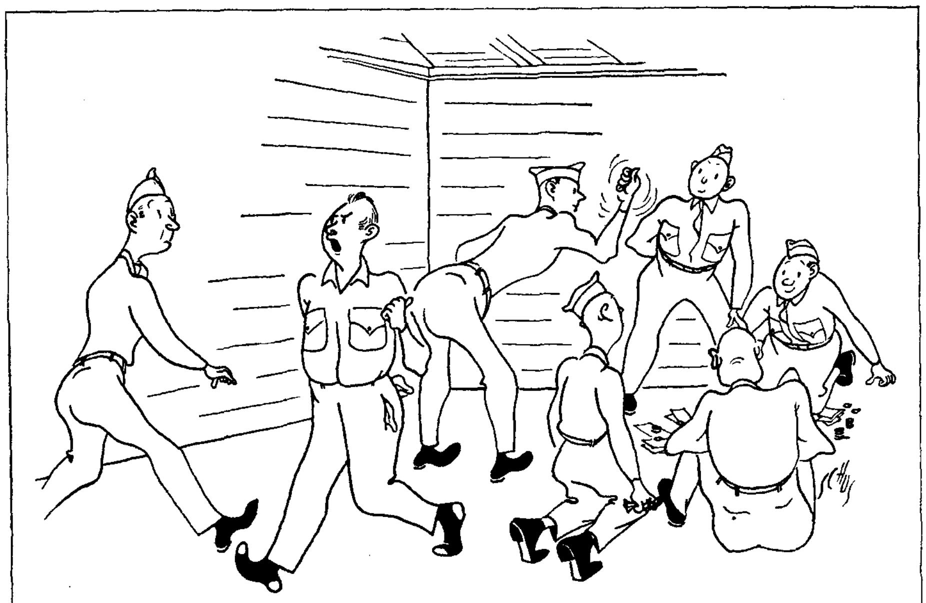
With the dabbler hooked on the side of the wagon, and Fred out ranging for birds, Jud felt a lot better as they started through the woods that led home. He whistled pleasantly. Not far over to the left, Fred suddenly whirled and pointed. Jud stopped the mule and got down with his gun.

"Steady, now," he cautioned Fred, "and watch where the birds fall at."

He walked in front of the dog. No birds got up. Instead, a large gopher crawled unhurriedly out of the bush. On its back was painted *Golden Rule Grocery.* Jud swore and turned toward the dog.

But Fred had left, and now had begun to hunt the field near by, moving with a curious air of satisfaction.

THE END



"I got there 'the fustest with the mostest'"

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IF YOU'RE a perfectionist . . . Nuyens are the liqueurs for you. In a word . . . their flavor, aroma and body are *perfect.*

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Under war-time restrictions the supply of Nuyens Liqueurs is limited. So please be patient, if your merchant doesn't always have a full stock on hand.

NUYENS *Liqueurs*

Creme de Menthe 60 proof
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appearance depends upon
the care you give your
HAIR
Loose dandruff disappears
with daily applications of
JERIS
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that's all you need
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The name Mojud on stockings tells a meaningful story of extra quality yarn . . . of skill in knitting . . . and of infinite care in testing, examining, finishing. That's why, to millions of women, Mojud means the utmost in long-lasting loveliness. *At better stores everywhere.*

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MOJUD
the dependable
HOSIERY

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The Japs Tried to Drive Us Crazy

Continued from page 19

were open unless you gaped them wide enough to hurt.

I gaped my eyes and made them hurt. I wanted to be sure they would see what could be seen. There were curious birds scattered through the area where we were. They welcomed the night with yelping little barks. Some were close at hand and some were quite far off. They sounded like puppy dogs, but not exactly; more like men imitating puppy dogs. The barking started up suddenly about two or three feet from the edge of my foxhole. I lay taut and tried to figure out whether it was a bird or a Jap signaling that he had found my hole and needed help.

The barking stopped and after a while I fell asleep. I woke up with my brain shaking and my face paining from a blow. I lifted my knife. "You were snoring," the man in the hole with me whispered.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I can't help it when I lie on my back."

"Don't talk," my companion whispered. "The Japs are all around here."

Bedding Down in Muck

I lay still, listening. I could hear the rain. Some of the men had spread shelter halves across their foxholes, and the rain made hasty little sounds on the canvas. We had been too tired to do that. The water was several inches deep in our foxhole. I was using my jungle pack as a pillow, but in a little while the water crept up above it and got into my ears. I took off my poncho and wadded it up and placed it under my head. But the rain kept falling and after another while I took off my helmet and rested my head on that to keep the water out of my ears. I lay that way until dawn with the warm, sticky, yellow water puddling and swirling across my chest and up to my chin.

There were jingling and tinkling sounds. It took me a long time to figure out what they were. Some of the men had built trip wires around their foxholes with empty ration tins. The rain clinked and tinkled against the cans, but cartridges clinked and tinkled like that, too, and a man carrying two knives—as we all did—would set up a clinking and tinkling, too. The wind sighed in and out of the gaped-open cans like mute breath. Occasionally, there would be a swift, furtive rustling in the treetops. That could be a flying fox, a bat or a Jap sniper moving to get a better bead. Along the ground there were the sounds of crawling and slithering.

Once the crawling came very close. It passed right across the head of my foxhole and knocked crumbs of mud down against my face. After the crawling passed, it stopped and returned and I knew that my foxhole had been spotted and was being looked into. A gout of sweat spouted out of the palm of my hand where it clutched my knife. Then a warm, damp breath came down from the top of my foxhole and blew across my face.

After that, the crawling began again and passed on off. I think it was one of those doglike lizards that live in the jungle and it had been hunting rats. Because, right after it had gone, a bush rat ran across my face in a direction opposite to the crawling. The rat was as large as a rabbit. I guess it didn't like water and ran across my face because that's all there was of me that was out of water.

I dozed off several times during the night. Most of the times, I was punched awake for snoring, but twice shooting awakened me and several times there was screaming. The screaming was prolonged and animal-like and dug scratchingly into the ears.

Time does not pass on a night like this. It inches through the mind like a black snake. When the dawn came, I stood up in the foxhole. Muddy water dripped off me and there were streaks and clumps of thick mud all over me. I stood a moment looking down at myself dismally and then saw in the foxhole next to mine a Lieutenant Mitchell of Army Intelligence standing looking at himself dismally.

He shook his head wryly. "Well," he said, "I asked for it.. I wanted to get out of Washington at any cost."

I took up a handful of wet leaves and tried to rub some mud off my tunic. "What's so tough about Washington?" I asked.

"People are always intruding on you there," he said. "They drive you crazy, intruding, intruding, always intruding."

I had to laugh. "We seem to have intruders here, too," I said.

"Yes," he said, "but here at least you are allowed to shoot them."

I went to find out what the shooting and screaming had been about. We had been under orders not to shoot and not to leave our foxholes under any provocation. The doctors were working over knife wounds. Some bodies were being taken from under shelter halves. The shelter halves spread over foxholes to keep the rain out had become burial shrouds. When the Japs found one, they fell on it and pinned down the man under it and stabbed him through it. It was like butchering an animal in a bag. There were no Japs dead or wounded in our area, but there was blood where Japs had lain.

It rained all that day without stopping. The men again fought a will-o'-the-wisp enemy who was never seen and who, when charged, was not there—except for a few dead. At nightfall, it was still raining. The orders went out to use no shelter halves and the men dug into the mud and lay there in holes that were open to the rain and to the night and to the Japs.

The Japs came into the holes they found that night. During that first week in July, there was no moon on New Georgia. There was just black sky and black rain dropping through black air and black trees into black earth. A hole in the ground looked like a blacker blackness, but the Japs searched them out and lunged blindly into them, and the Americans there struck out at whatever struck them.

After the second night, the Japs no longer went into the holes after our men. The only explanation I can give is their losses must have been too great. Japs are not a match for Americans in a knife fight. The tactics of their veterans are about on a par with those of our men in basic training.

A Knife Designed for Use

But it's the knives we give our men that count, too. They all have machetes and what the men of the last war called trench knives. The trench knife is the best in a close-up fight. It's short and you don't need much leverage on it. When you clasp it, your hands are sheathed by a brass-knucks arrangement that is even better than brass knucks because each knuck has a little spur on it that can tear skin and break a bone by itself. That way, when a man forgets tactics (as he is likely to do in the heat of a moment) and just cuts loose, however and wherever he lands he has a chance to make his point.

The Japs seem to like knife-fighting as little as we do and we have an unconquerable repugnance for it. Knife-fighting doesn't seem to be something Americans are able to get used to. The more they have to do it, the more hysterical becomes their repugnance for it. The men acquire real affection for the rifles that save their lives, but I have known many men whose lives were saved by their knives and they

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1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
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Eliminates major part of nicotine and tars—by official laboratory test
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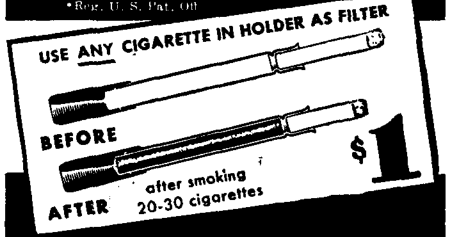
USE ANY CIGARETTE IN HOLDER AS FILTER
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AT ALL GOOD STORES L & H Stern, Inc., B'klyn, N Y

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. **Only 35c.**

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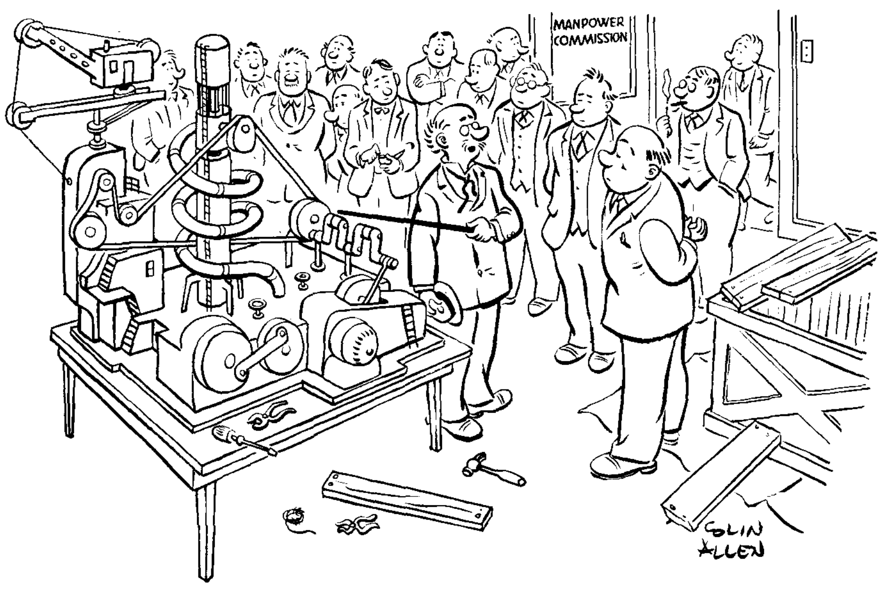
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP



"With one man operating it, it will do the work of ten. In times of unemployment, just put it in reverse, and it will take ten men to do the work of one"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

felt the same about knife-fighting as everybody else. The knife remained snakelike to them and, from little things, from the hysterical way in which they fight, from the way they do not kill wounded men they have stabbed but just run wildly from them like men running from a conscience, I think the Japs feel the same.

When the Japs gave up coming into the holes after us, they tried to get us to come out of the holes after them. They'd put out a Jap as bait. He would walk around our area with noisy stealth. When an American went after him, there would be Japs waiting to stab the American in the back. If our men did not bite the bait but stayed put as ordered, the Japs would stage mock knife fights among themselves. They'd flop around on the ground and thrash and scream in English: "Tom, for God sakes!" or Joe or Pete or George. "He's murdering me!" Ordinarily it is easy to tell when it's a Jap speaking English. But screams have no accent and the Tom in the outfit or the Joe or the Pete would wonder frantically.

Or, he couldn't lie still. After that, he didn't have much chance. Even if he killed the Japs there and stayed alive, still he didn't have much chance. For, once a man got out of his hole, he did not have a friend left on earth. Whatever he said to get back into the hole, who would dare believe him? Americans whispering into foxholes found silence coming up at them, and at the bottom of the silence, knives waited. It will never be known how many Americans were killed or wounded by other Americans, but there were some. There certainly were some.

The Japs went to great pains to make us believe the whole thing, night and day, was Americans fighting Americans. By day, they synchronized their mortars and machine guns with ours in the hope we would believe the men they hit had been hit by us. In the night fighting, they took away their dead and wounded. Knives must have fallen in the struggles at night. Bandages must have been torn, morphine surettes broken off, packs and helmets ripped off. But when dawn came, none of these was found. The Japs took everything with them. But they couldn't take their spilled blood away and in the morning we found that—an area of blood where a body had lain, a stagger of blood leading off into the jungles, a tree trunk stained where a bloody back had leaned against it.

This fantastic rear-guard action kept up for fifteen days and fifteen nights. It got to seem like a horror play. In the night, there would be those moments that stabbed at the nerves—moments of screaming and thrashing, a packet of Chinese firecrackers erupting suddenly in the air, bursting and bobbing idiotically there, and hours whose separate minutes of uncertainty and conjecture and doubt and doubting belief tickled and pricked at the nerves. The men slept in patches and bits and in the daylight rose, fatigued, to advance.

Fatigue itself will burst men's brains, and in the day of New Georgia, fatigue mounted steadily and became steadily more and more enormous. Will-o'-the-wisp fighting accounted for part of it, but the jungle and its mud accounted for most of it.

Toward the end, men became too tired to make their minds work. Thoughts would come into their minds as aimlessly as the wind and drift away again like wind before they could utter them. Sometimes they were thoughts that had to be uttered, but they couldn't think of the words for them. A man would want a light for a cigarette. He forgot how to say it and he'd stand dumbly with a cold cigarette in his mouth trying to think of language. The officers and noncoms had to give orders and had to cheer up and firm up their men with words. They would talk in a slow, rambling way, with no edges to their words. They fought their fatigue with the tired, helpless patience of men trying to walk when their backs are broken.

But the advance continued.

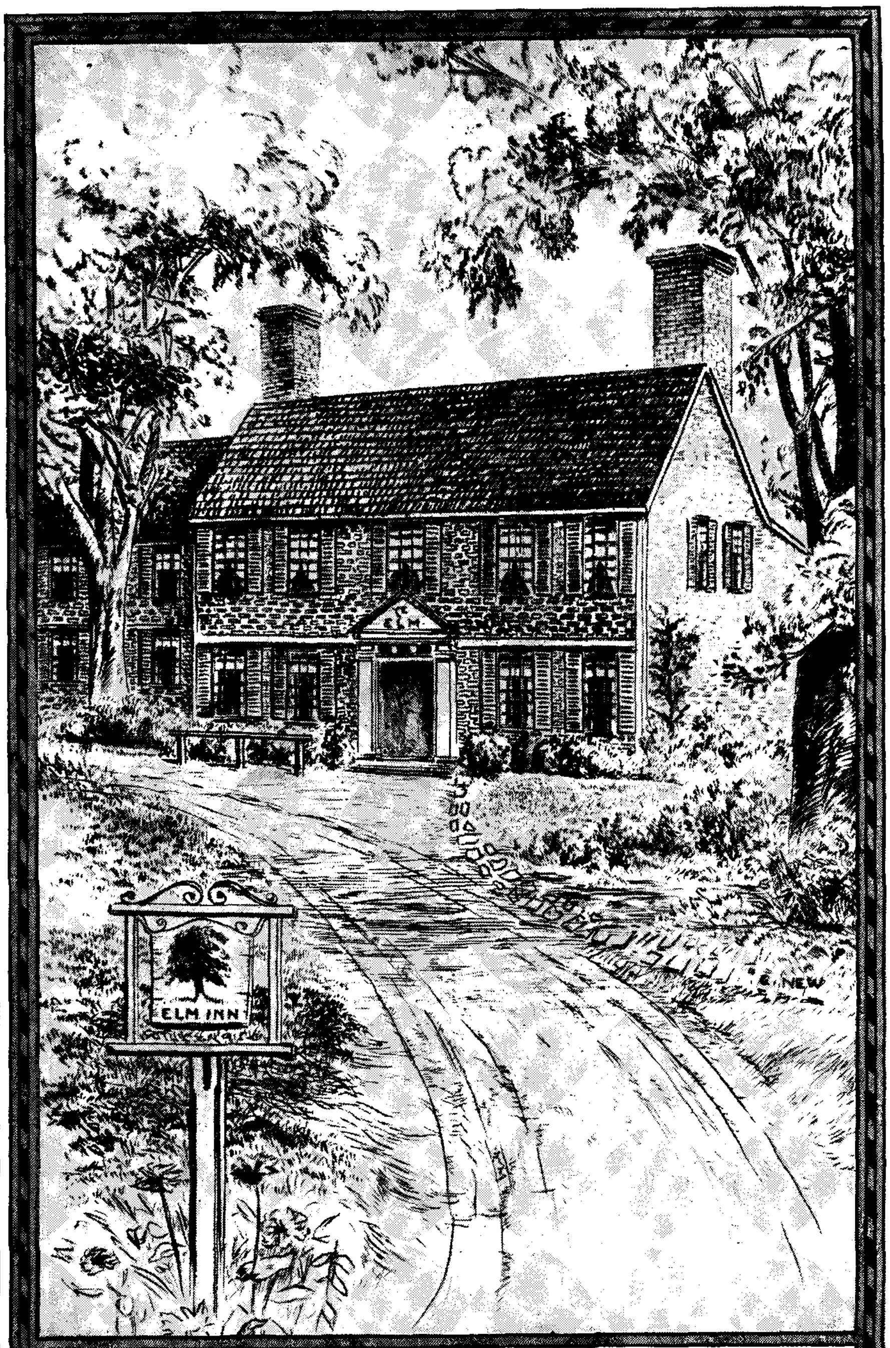
Rear-Guard Strategy?

From a military point of view, there was no orthodox sense to all this. The objective of a rear guard is to slow the enemy and kill as many of him as possible before he reaches the point where you have to stand and fight. Jap rear guards would have killed a lot more Americans if, instead of knifing into the foxholes they found, they had thrown grenades into them. They would have had a lot more time for killing if they had not wasted so much time retrieving their dead and wounded and cleaning up the evidence after each fight.

But they did not often throw grenades and, they did waste time cleaning up the evidence, and the only reason those of us who were there can give is that they realized they could not kill enough of us to make a difference and tried instead with handfuls of unhappy and hysterical men to spread the contagion of "anxiety neurosis" among us and make it epidemic.

Did they succeed? Well, we took the airport. The hardest fighting began only when the rear-guard action was over. The Japs who stayed to defend the airport are now dead and it was the men they tried to drive crazy who killed them.

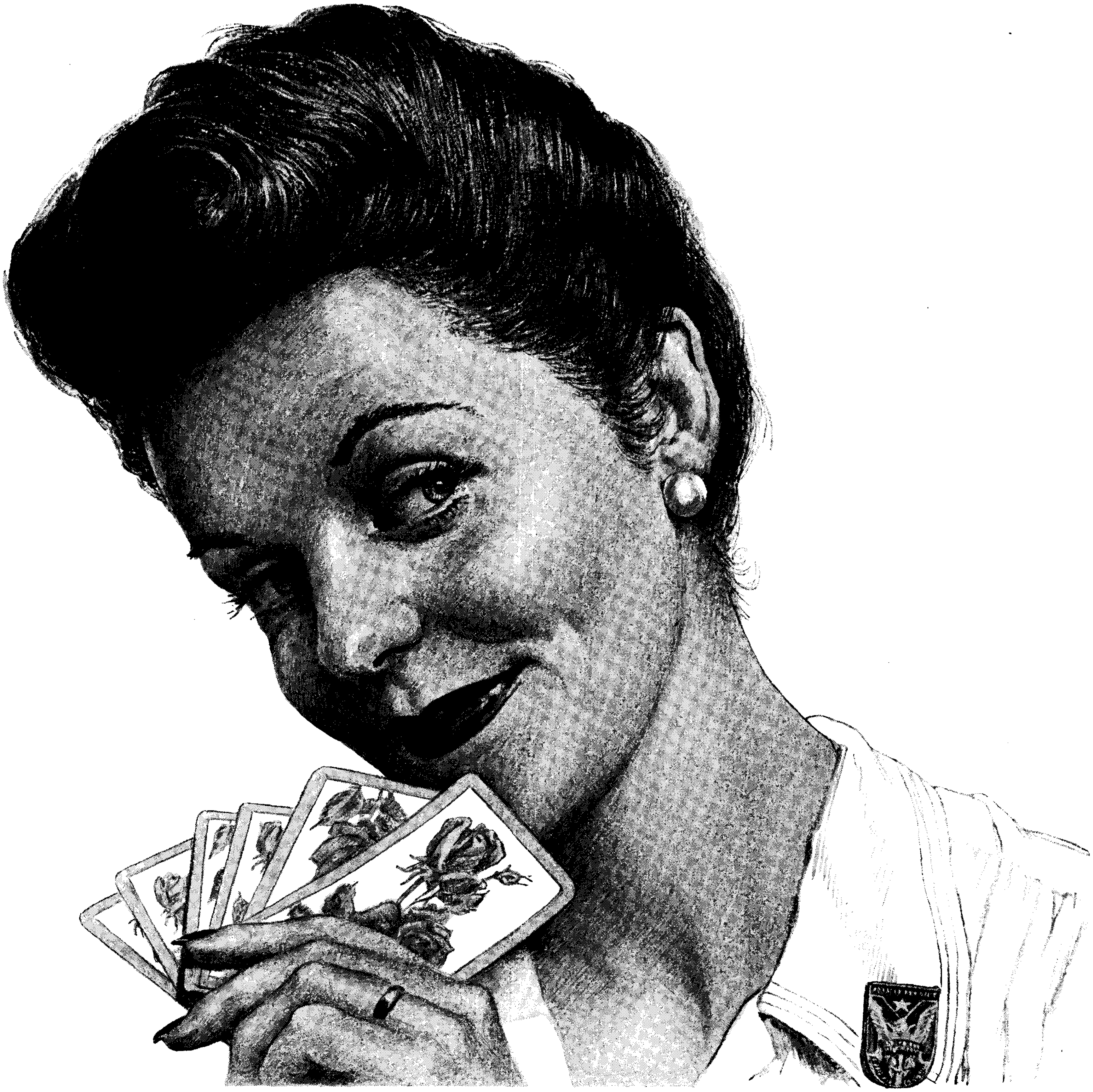
THE END



An Early American Inn mellowed with age old memories of good food—drink and hospitality, and today the art of fine brewing offers more enjoyment for those who relish a truly fine beer.

Enjoy Life with Miller
HIGH LIFE BEER

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



Mrs. Stevens had a shipyard in her ears!

The chatter of drills . . . the clatter of steel . . . a thousand assorted, nerve-scraping noises! Mrs. Stevens took them all home in her head when the shift at the yard was over.

But they're gone now. Gone because she's learned how a little relaxation can make today's weariness disappear . . . can help store up strength for tomorrow's wartime task, whatever it may be.

Right now, all she's thinking is: *Can they make their bid? Should I discard or trump? Where in the world is that king of clubs?*

Millions of Americans are now staying home after work—enjoying inexpensive recreation with their families and neighbors—conserving gas and rubber—saving more money for war bonds—and finding it fun!

Are you among the *four-out-of-every-five* Americans who have discovered the pleasures of card playing? Please don't buy more packs than you need! Make sure no one—in service or on the home front—is deprived of this source of relaxation.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

★ ★ ★ MAKERS OF *BICYCLE* AND *CONGRESS* PLAYING CARDS ★ ★ ★

Looking Backward to the Future

Continued from page 13

of industrial pacemaking, the American public has seen that little is impossible when manufacture puts its mind to the problem. You have forgotten, in anticipation of the world of tomorrow, that, even when uninterrupted by war, the miracles of American industry were never produced overnight.

The current "We can dream, can't we?" campaign does not originate with the manufacturer. It is the brain child of clever writers. The manufacturer and the designer (the men who will be held responsible if anything goes wrong in making your automatic-combination this-and-that) have been silent. They are too busy trying to keep one jump ahead of contracts. When they speak, their words are considered.

Back to the Old Model

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of General Motors, said, "Much imagination is being expended by many people on what the so-called postwar car should look like, of what it should consist, and all about it. If this continues, the public will become more and more convinced that, as soon as peace is re-established, a revolutionary type of motorcar will appear on the streets. . . . The probabilities at this writing appear to indicate that our immediate postwar car will be the 1942 car with such modifications and improvements as can be made without important engineering development or changes in tools."

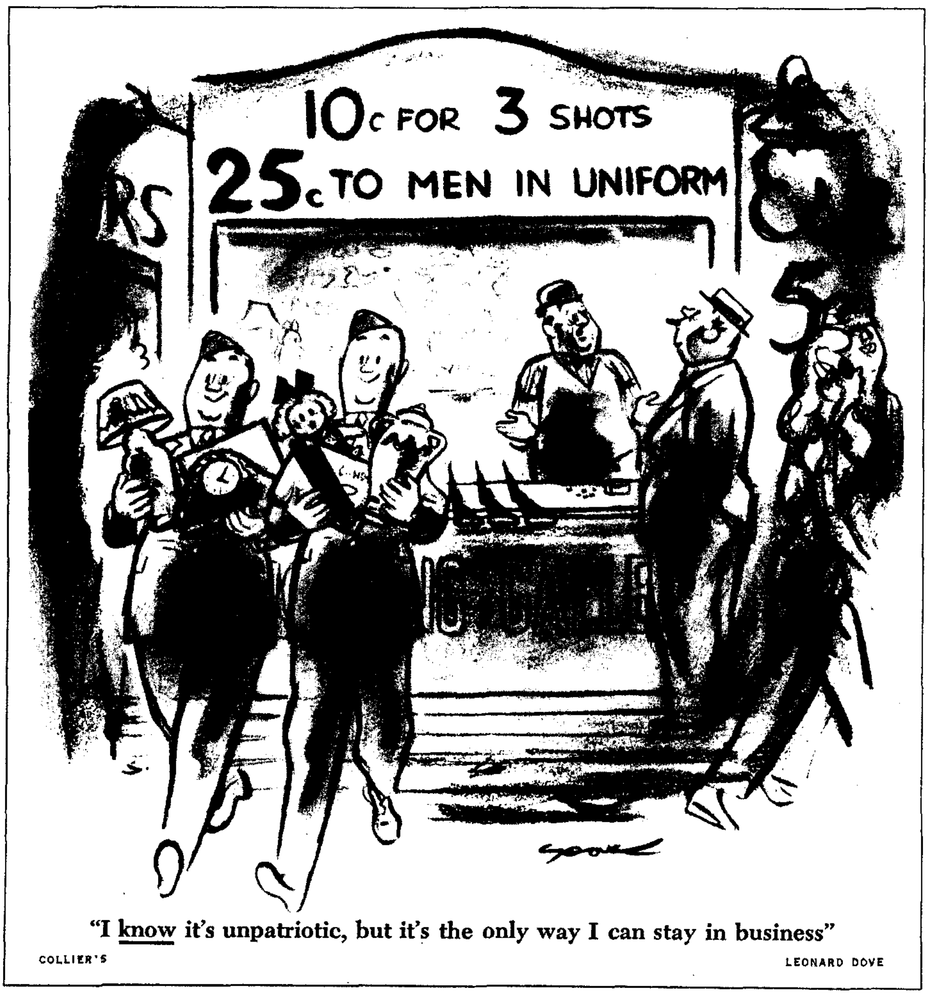
He is supported by S. M. Schweller, chief engineer of the Frigidaire Division of General Motors, who believes that most of the "postwar products" which are monopolizing public interest today are "some-day" products and possibilities, and will certainly not appear the day the peace trumpet sounds—or the day after.

One of the men best qualified to speak about the much-touted infant housing industry is Howard P. Vermilya, Director of the Technical Division of the Federal Housing Administration. He believes that "dramatization of the products of research laboratories stimulates dreams of the different world that lies ahead, and conjures up visions of magic houses to be pulled out of the hat at the end of the war. Progress in housing will be made after the war, but we should not be carried away by the prospect of the novel and spectacular, nor should we permit public hope to soar to impractical heights."

On the other hand, it is equally bad to squelch people's hopes entirely, no matter how impracticable they are. Suppose, for instance, that you have saved your money expressly to buy a snappy new, all-plastic refrigerator complete with quick-freeze unit, ice-cream mixer, and automatic-opening door. What you see when you go to your dealer soon after the war ends is a good 1942 refrigerator with only moderate changes in design. If you decide to wait for the radical new model, you may actually delay its coming.

After all, manufacturers will base the volume of immediate postwar output on the number of resumption models sold. Your delay to purchase may contribute to a general buying lag which, in its extreme, might result in the slowing down of certain industries. The existence of a pent-up demand for all products immediately after the war is doubted by many businessmen. Others believe that no matter what product is offered, it will be snapped up. But if this pent-up demand is not generating, it will be up to the manufacturer to make his 1942 model as attractive as possible, so that it will sell and the next one can be engineered.

To expect an entirely new product in record time is only normal for anyone with confidence in American industrial genius. What will be considered "record time" is a matter of opinion. According to Paul G. Hoffman, president of Studebaker Corporation and chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, the only method known to business of attaining improved design is by evolution rather than by revolution. This process can be accelerated—as it will be—but it cannot be replaced.


10c FOR 3 SHOTS
25c TO MEN IN UNIFORM

"I *know* it's unpatriotic, but it's the only way I can stay in business"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

The type of design that is being discussed today assumes that American manufacture can skip over four or five years of gradual development and still produce a mechanically perfect, inexpensive, highly desirable product.

"Normal evolution" applies to industrial design and styling, as well as to scientific development. Let me cite the case history of a refrigerator which I "styled" some years back. The manufacturer was not looking for spectacular developments. He had a good refrigerator, but it had never competed with the big sellers. No basic changes in the freezing mechanism were necessary.

My job was to house that unit in an efficient cabinet and to add convenience features and style—no electric eyes, no raspberry-sherbet attachments, no elliptical ice trays. I started with nearly one hundred drawings of workable, glamorized refrigerators and a dozen full-size dummy models. This took four months, although the designer's work overlaps the engineering research in the last two months. Company officials selected the Refrigerator of Next Year from the collection, and it went into the product-engineering stage.

In this period, detailed drawings had to be made of every part before the toolmakers began to work. In the meantime, a handmade working model was polished off and tested by the sales staff. Dies, molds and jigs were completed in four months.

Finally, after a full year of concentrated effort by the engineers of a leading corporation (with no wars, no conversion, no major mechanical revisions), the refrigerator was ready to be manufactured and sold.

In the second year, in order to remove a few joints and add new handles and hardware, six months more were consumed in refining the product.

Now, take a ship. To design and install interiors in the first of America's completely fireproof passenger ships took twenty months and approximately 3,500 man-hours in my organization alone. The hull, the motive power, the manufacture of all fittings, the installation of the interiors were the jobs of others.

Laying the Foundations

A streamlined train was twelve months from drafting board to steel rails; my office used 5,000 man-hours for the complete interior design and exterior styling. Foundries, railroad engineers and advertising men were finding plenty to do at the same time on the same project. An office machine which I redesigned took about two years out of my life and the lives of the company's men.

Another expert voices his opinion of the time required to produce a new product after the war. "There will be a little bottleneck in the progress line, once the war frees us, but, generally speaking, the flow of invention will be slow but sure, as in the past. What the car of the future will look like and be like will be determined by the same old trial-and-error methods that mechanics and designers have used in the past." So says Charles F. Kettering, vice-president of General Motors in charge of research.

A second calamity, if overoptimism continues to gather force, is the public's loss of confidence in manufacturing ingenuity. Don't underestimate this inventiveness either. Why, you may ask, hasn't such-and-such company turned out a do-all superproduct by now? Why, it's nearly

Oh me, oh my,
Oh MA!

How long ago *did this happen to you? Youngster or oldster, the price of too much of a good thing is likely to be stomach distress, a sour, sickish feeling, simple diarrhea. Be gentle with such upsets . . . take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL!

●

NEVER UPSET
AN UPSET STOMACH!

Don't pile more trouble on a troubled stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

Take soothing Pepto-Bismol!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today! If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Three sizes at your druggist's — or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Makers of Unguentine*

*Norwich

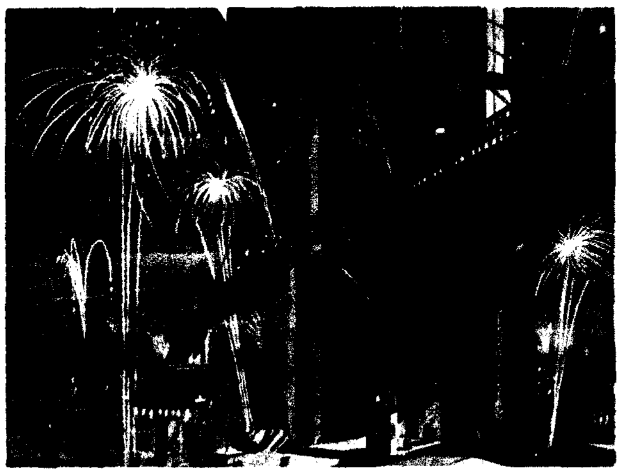
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

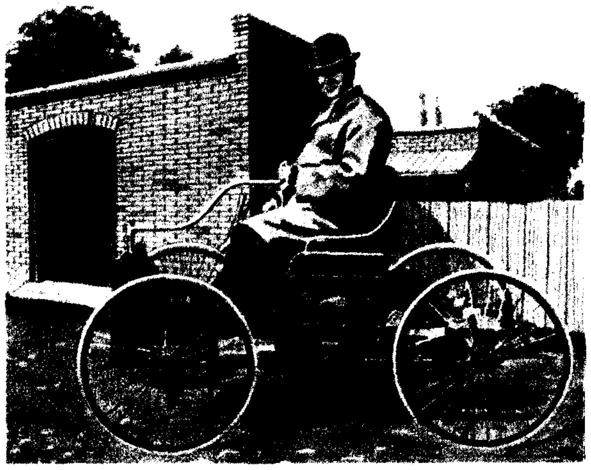
This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

Who wouldn't like to

Important dates in American Progress...



1883—Opening of Brooklyn Bridge. Designed by Roebling, this was not only the greatest engineering achievement of its day but an artistic triumph as well. The opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, May 24, gave impetus to better bridges and highway transportation everywhere.



1896—First Ford Car. Henry Ford in the first Ford car-forerunner of more than 30,000,000 Ford-built cars an trucks that have taken their place on the highways c the world in the past forty-seven years. From this begir ning has sprung the present Ford world-wide enterpris

be in these shoes?...

BABY SHOES . . . tiny feet taking their first uncertain steps . . . toward the future.

What can America say to the small sturdy-legged wearer of those bits of wrinkled leather?

"Watch your step—troubles ahead!" or "Go forward with confidence—this country encourages ambition; every citizen has opportunity to reach the full stature of his ability!"

What would you tell your youngster? The question answers itself.

We have come a long way in this country, yet almost everything lies ahead of us. Better ways of doing things, deeper understanding of our neighbor's problems, fuller respect for our freedom and a greater appreciation of the fruits of that freedom which have given us the world's highest standard of living. Tomorrow, life can be broadened and enriched so that all can enjoy the endless wealth of free men working in free industry.

The future holds for every individual a heritage of greater comfort, greater enjoyment and greater security through the lessons we have all learned during wartime.

Although all Ford resources are now devoted to production for Victory, our engineers and our research men are looking toward the day when we can return to the job we like best—building better low-cost transportation.

In producing weapons our men have found better, quicker ways of doing things. They have speeded the war effort by millions of work days and saved the nation millions of dollars.

We know a lot more about lighter metals and plastics and welding and sound proofing than when we last built a car for you. And our peacetime products will reflect this knowledge. We shall build a better car after the war because of what we've learned.

But building a better car is not very important alongside the job of helping build a better world.

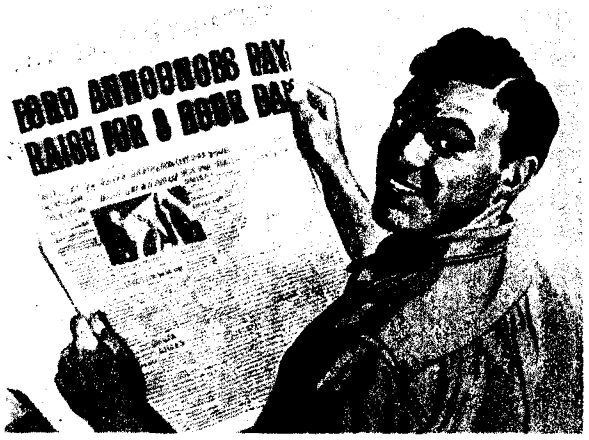
All Ford planning for the future is based on giving work to the largest possible number of people at the highest possible wages under the best of working conditions.

Ford is doing its part to make certain that your dreams for your baby will come true in the brighter, better tomorrow that awaits this nation and all free peoples.

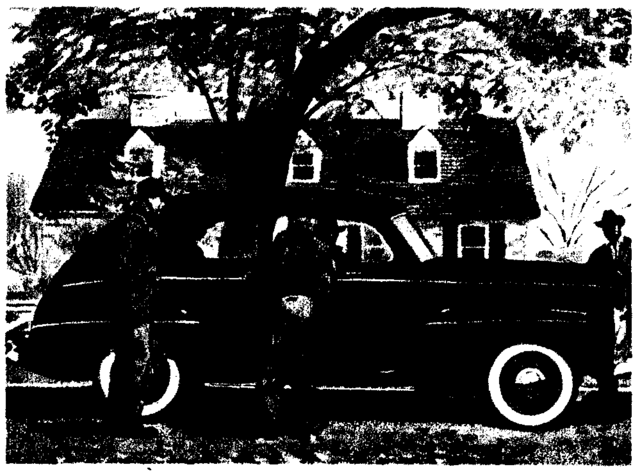
You can say to the wearer of those tiny shoes, "This is a great time to be born!"

Ford

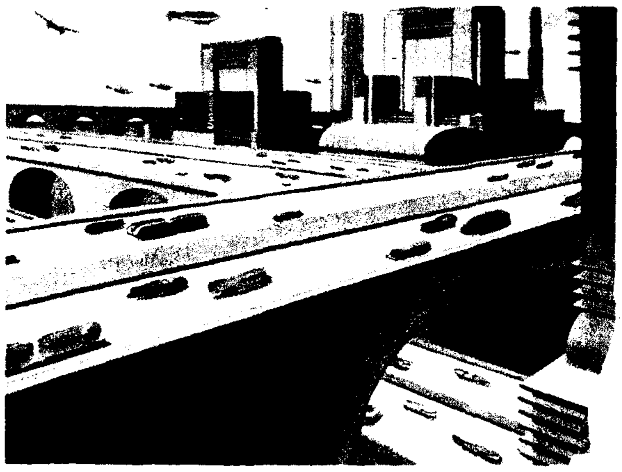
FORD MOTOR COMPANY



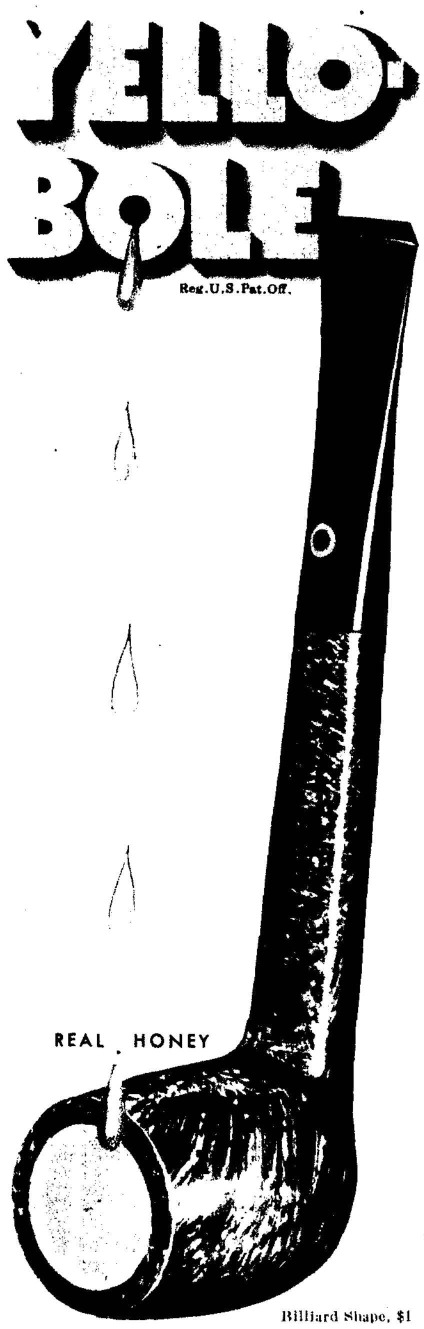
inuary 14, 1914—Ford Announces $5 Wage, 8-Hour Day. hen unskilled labor got as little as $1.00 a day, Ford's age announcement was a world-shaking event—a landark in the advance that has given the American orking man the highest living standard in the world.



1943—Production Miracle. Helping America to outproduce the Axis within a comparatively short time is the huge fleet of private cars which carry millions of war workers to their vital jobs. Thus the Ford idea of a car for the millions serves the nation in war as in peace.



Future Unlimited. Just as the past fifty years have n more progress in personal transportation than al he centuries before, the future will see startling stri in motor car values—new highways—scientific traffic lanning—and safer, more economical automobile ravel.



the honey-cured smoke

It took years to combine honey with a pipe so the honey would forever and absolutely cure the pipe-smoke of any trace of "breaking-in." When it was done, in 1933, we called it Yello-Bole, and it has been sought after by pipe-smokers and many who wanted to smoke a pipe but "couldn't," in ever-increasing quantities, ever since. It is almost sure that you'll like Yello-Bole. Everybody does.

YELLO-BOLE ◎ STANDARD $1

YELLO-BOLE ◎ IMPERIAL $1.50

LLO-BOLE ∞ PREMIER $2.50

YELLO-BOLE
630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y.

six months since the war! I thought that company was on its toes!

Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of Zenith Radio Corporation, had something to say about this in a recent letter to dealers: "Let's be practical in our prophecies. Let's not kid the public into believing that they are going to have a combination radio-phonograph-FM-facsimile-television set for $14.92, with 40% off for cash. . . ."

And why, if American manufacture can perform miracles for a war, can't it do the same for the postwar customer immediately? The first difficulty is the length of time required to convert back to peacetime setups. To prepare tools, dies, jigs, molds, for the manufacture of radically new products would take at least as long as the time to convert to war manufacture. That process did not take place overnight. Considering that the automobile industry used to allow itself a leisurely nine months to prepare for the next year's model (a modification of this year's), a "brand-new dream product" will take much longer.

Then, I hate to bring it up, but there's a small matter of money—not government money in sixty-billion lumps, but your two dollars and ninety-eight cents. You support the government out of one pocket; you regard that other pocket from which you draw for immediate, personal needs in a different perspective. All right about the sixty billion dollars, but be careful of my two dollars and ninety-eight cents. When seventy million dollars' worth of battleship is torpedoed and goes to the bottom of the ocean, one American in a million is shocked by anything other than the loss of life. But two dollars and ninety-eight cents is too much for an electric fan that may produce more buzzes than breezes, and the only way to eliminate that annoying noise and to guarantee that fan against failure is to test it, for months, under every conceivable condition. This requires time and money.

The Customer is Always Right

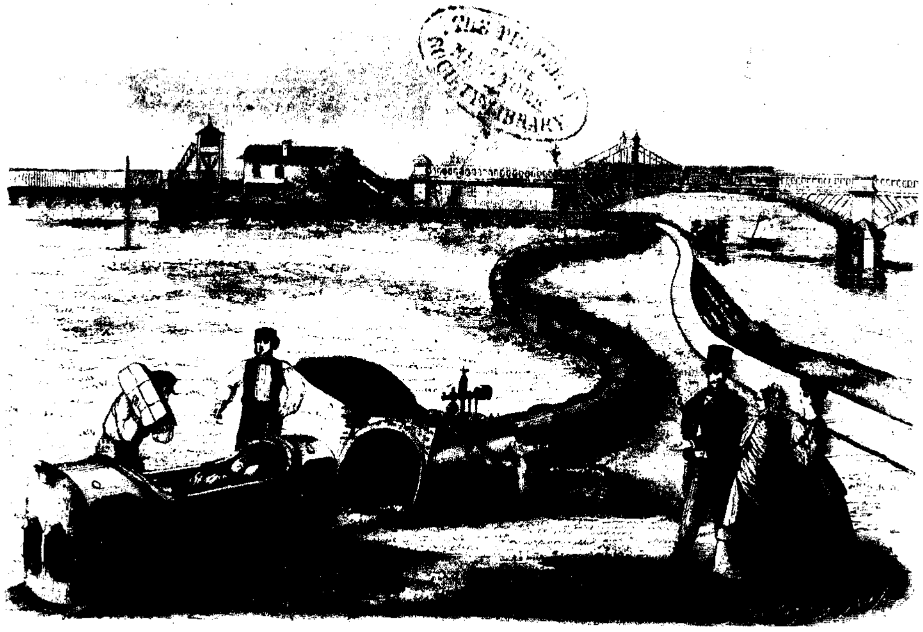
Doctor Lyndon O. Brown of Northwestern University, an eminent authority on marketing research, confirms the vital importance of adequate consumer testing before a product is offered to the American public: "Business has learned, at times from bitter experience, that products which pass every test in the laboratory may fall down completely when placed in the hands of the ordinary consumer.

"Furthermore, people expect products to work properly, no matter how they may abuse them. The customer may never read the instructions, may be utterly unfamiliar with a product, but the customer is always right, and the product must operate and satisfy perfectly. If it fails ever so slightly, the product and manufacturer, not the consumer, receive full blame."

He continues: "Few people are aware of the vast research, involving millions of dollars annually, which manufacturers conduct to pretest products in consumer use. Thousands of consumers are being interviewed today, by scientific sampling procedures, to measure their needs and desires in the design of postwar products. Without in any way interfering with their all-out concentration on war production, the leaders of American industry are today quietly pretesting the vastly improved products which will be offered the American consumer in the postwar period."

Consumer test is one thing; actual development another. Manufacturers are pretty generally 100% in the war effort, with no research staffs to spare for postwar drafting. They are thinking; they may be making full-scale models in wood or plaster—"mock-ups," we call them; but their time and energy belong to Uncle Sam.

Virtually all working models of future products or other items which are being announced in today's papers were in existence before Pearl Harbor or before the company signed its war contract. The government is not allowing strategic materials to be diverted from war production. Working models require materials which may not be available.


"Shot from New York to Washington in one hour by pneumatic tube"—1861's dream of rapid transit almost worked

Another underemphasized feature of the difficulties in immediate postwar conversion is the time required to co-ordinate all phases of supply, distribution, assembly and manufacture. If the electric sweeper is ready, but the cord man hasn't delivered the cord, the buyer might as well resurrect the broom. Every change that the original manufacturer makes in his product is felt down the line. Countless hundreds of engineers, draftsmen, deliverymen, etc., are affected by differences in manufacturing procedure. It may take longer for the plant turning out bolts to get into work than for the plant making nuts. One waits for the other.

Did you ever try to sing with a quartet? Well, I did. The tenor knew his part; I was perfect; the baritone always muffed the last eight bars, and the bass was a musical moron. Well, the tenor and I had to stand around while the baritone and the bass got together. It took time, but we sounded swell after six rehearsals. Your manufacturer is going to produce a pretty marvelous product one of these days, but he can't do it alone, he can't do it suddenly; he can't do it without knowledge, and he has to be able to afford the rehearsals.

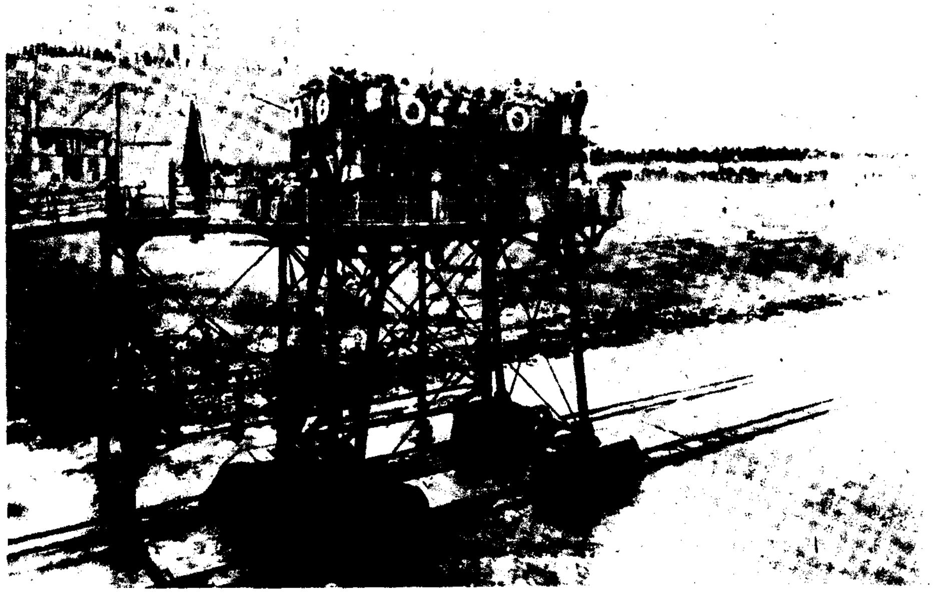
Of the underpublicized improvements one of the most significant, however, will be the reduction of maintenance costs. The product following the resumption model will probably be designed with such a high degree of efficiency that operating and repair costs will be minimized. Precision manufacture, as practiced in the making of instruments of war, will insinuate itself into eventual manufacturing methods.

When this occurs, we can see a period of quality mass production as opposed to mere mass production, which has distinguished our industrial world up to the present.

The standardization of all parts will expedite replacement when and if it does become necessary. Fewer models in any given line of major products will give the engineer and designer an incentive to develop a simpler, more perfect basic product, with the ultimate goal of reducing basic cost. "Gadget and junk manufacture" we consign to the Japanese and decline to consider it, believing that Americans will never again be satisfied with shoddy construction.

No doubt about it, wonderful things are on the way. New products will appear, made by new men in the field. Let's face it: These men are not going to invest in major production until they are sure that you can use and that you want what they have to offer. There's that time element again!

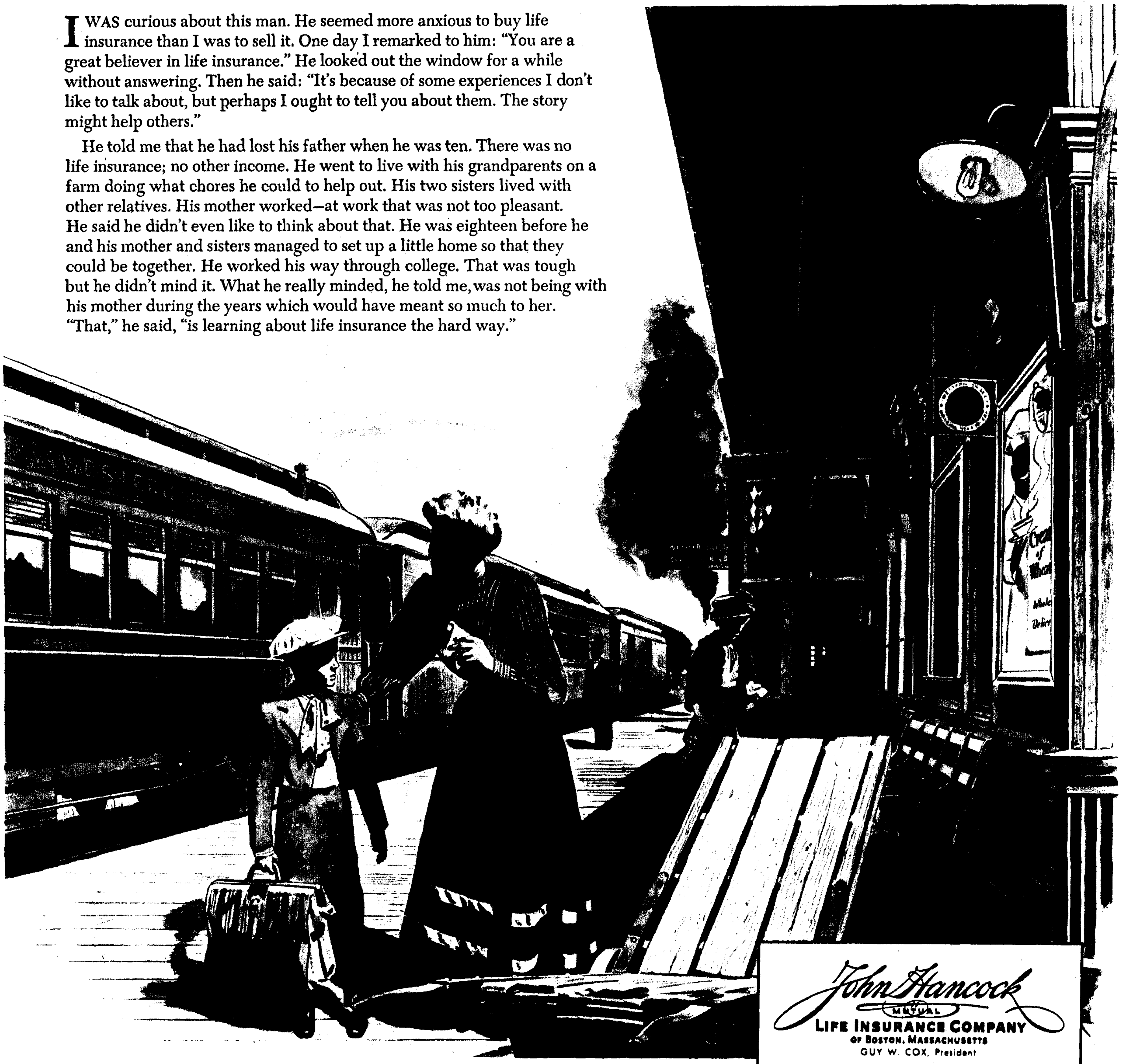
THE END


In 1896, a "railway on stilts" was opened between Brighton and Rottingdean, England. At high tide the tracks were submerged

He learned about Life Insurance the hard way

I WAS curious about this man. He seemed more anxious to buy life insurance than I was to sell it. One day I remarked to him: "You are a great believer in life insurance." He looked out the window for a while without answering. Then he said: "It's because of some experiences I don't like to talk about, but perhaps I ought to tell you about them. The story might help others."

He told me that he had lost his father when he was ten. There was no life insurance; no other income. He went to live with his grandparents on a farm doing what chores he could to help out. His two sisters lived with other relatives. His mother worked—at work that was not too pleasant. He said he didn't even like to think about that. He was eighteen before he and his mother and sisters managed to set up a little home so that they could be together. He worked his way through college. That was tough but he didn't mind it. What he really minded, he told me, was not being with his mother during the years which would have meant so much to her. "That," he said, "is learning about life insurance the hard way."

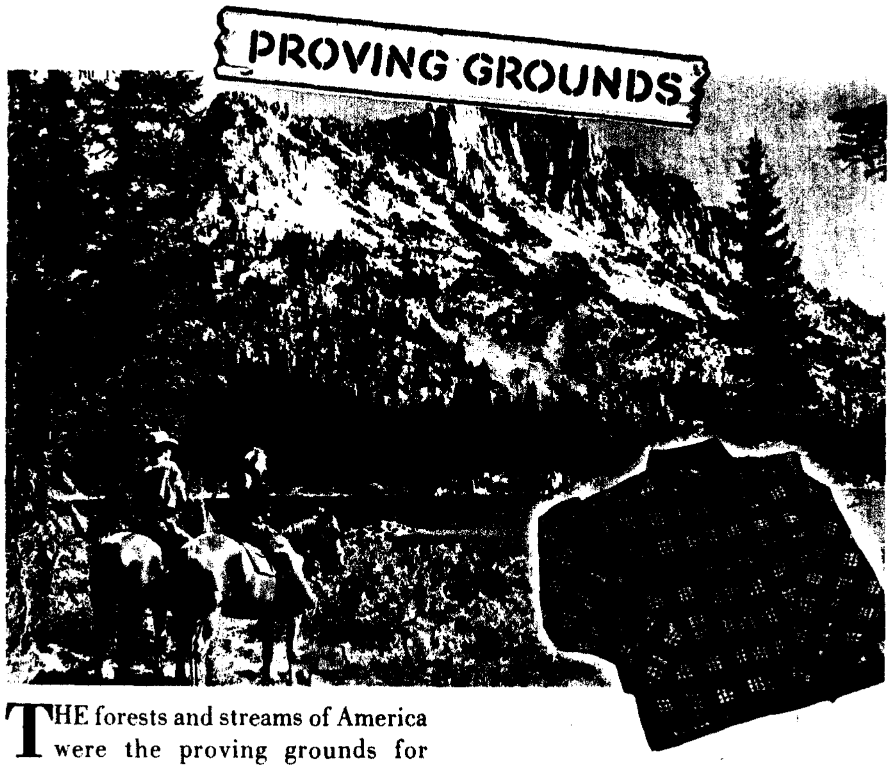


THIS man expects to go on living for many years. But he finds a peace of mind in buying life insurance that he can find in no other way.

Any life insurance agent will tell you that peace of mind is one of the great benefits of life insurance and that peace of mind is made doubly sure if life insurance is reviewed from time to time to make certain that it is suited to changing needs. Such a review is important now. No one knows what the end of the war will bring, but it is certain that education and training will be just as important to children as they always have been and that in the event of personal disaster it will be helpful to your family not to have to dispose of war bonds and other investments immediately.

If a review of your life insurance is made with a John Hancock agent, his advice will be practical because it is based on the experience gathered by this company in more than eighty years of fitting life insurance to the needs and incomes of many families. We suggest that you talk with a John Hancock agent soon.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President



THE forests and streams of America were the proving grounds for much of the equipment now used by our fighting forces.

This accounts for the tremendous war demand for virgin wool clothing as protection against heat and cold. The long fibres of virgin wool form a barrier of insulation against extremes of all weather.

Restrictions do not allow us to describe our war production, but we can say—it's *maintained Pendleton quality*—the finest for our forces, the finest for you. Because Pendleton products are playing a real part in our global war, Pendletons are reserved for the duration. But when victory comes, you'll again see the famous Western virgin wool shirts, outdoor clothing and blankets that have been America's favorites for generations. *Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Ore.*

PENDLETON
VIRGIN WOOL SHIRTS

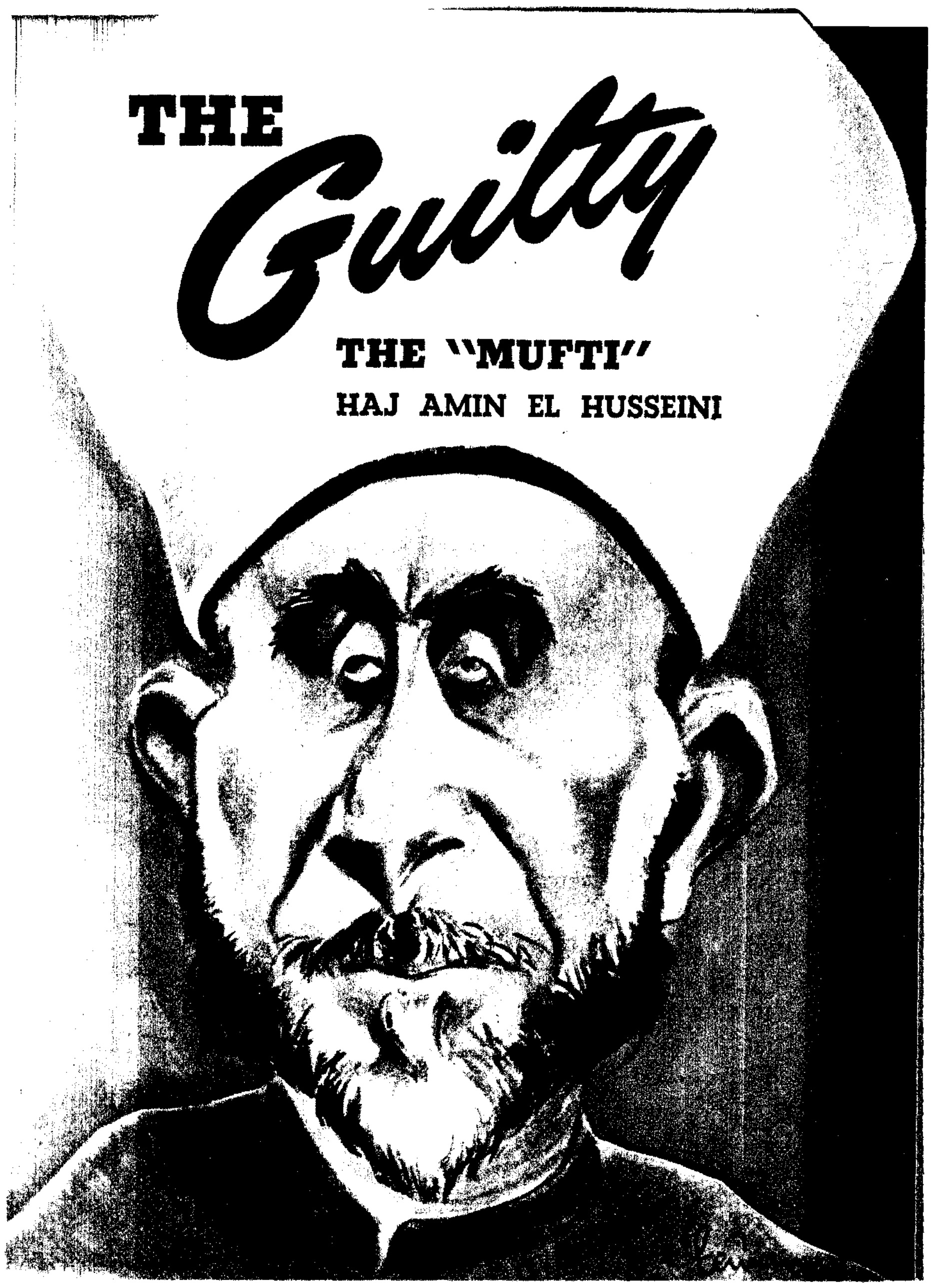
I FEEL LIKE I'M FLOATING ON AIR!

THAT'S MY SMOOTH STAR SHAVE!

6NX PROCESS
STAR DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR SINGLE EDGE

THE *Guilty*

THE "MUFTI"
HAJ AMIN EL HUSSEINI



XV

IN THE large and growing Rogues' Gallery of the world, there is no more incredible figure than Haj Amin El Husseini, that perjured, crafty, evil old man, once Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. A combination of thug, saint, "confidence man," racketeer and killer, he makes even Himmler look like an amateur. For fifteen years, this cunning Levantine gave Palestine a blood bath, inciting "holy wars" against the British and the Jews—murdering and pillaging with a ferocity that did not spare women and children—yet until the very last, he enjoyed the trust of those he butchered and betrayed. Today, housed royally in Berlin, and drawing down large sums annually, the Mufti still has Goebbels believing he can stir the Arabs to revolt against the Allies.

What makes it all the more fantastic is that Amin El Husseini's criminality was never a matter of doubt. A pilgrimage to Mecca constituted his one claim to religious distinction, and his pedigree, supposedly going back to Mohammed, was bought from a corrupt Turkish judge. During the first World War, he served with the Turks and sold information to the British. After the war, he hired out to the great Arab landlords in Palestine as a gangster, and led a series of bloody raids on Jewish communities, killing, burning and looting.

Finally forced to flee the country, his tears and breast-beatings not only won him a full pardon from the British, but also appointment as Mufti of Jerusalem and president of the Moslem Supreme Council. And the man that he fooled was Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew!

Now was Amin El Husseini chin-deep in clover. Absolute ruler of all True Believers, with a subsidy of $80,000 a year from the government, he gave free rein both to his avarice and his hates. Even as he stole the funds provided for Arab relief, so did he order massacres as part of a dark design to rid Arabia of Jews and Christians. In Jerusalem, Hebron and Jaffa, the bodies of "infidels" littered the streets or charred in the rubble of blazing homes. Fanatics and mercenaries handled the bloody work, but the planning, directing mind was that of the benign, saintly figure who sat in Jerusalem, bemoaning the "outrages," and begging the British to believe that his prayers were all for peace and accord.

All this while the Mufti watched the rise of Adolf Hitler and, by 1936, he had made his secret bargain with the Germans. Under the agreement, he was to start a "holy war" that would drive the British out of the Near East and realize the Berlin-to-Bagdad dream of the Kaiser. Soon arms and munitions began to be slipped in, and stored against the day when the Fuehrer would give the word to strike.

Whether the treacherous, scheming old man meant to keep faith with the Germans or to attempt to make himself another Mohammed, lord and master of the Moslem world, will never be known. By a stroke of luck, British agents uncovered the plot in time, and Amin El Husseini fled to Lebanon, disguised as a beggar. From that point he shouted vain calls for a jihad, and at the outbreak of war in 1939, Hitler ordered him to transfer his patriarchal beard and gentle face to Iraq. There, too, he failed, for the Moslems would have none of him, and at last, in fear of his life, he weaseled out to Germany.

Now each day, as regularly as the muezzin, the Mufti, still oozing saintliness at every pore, broadcasts appeals from Berlin to the Arabs of the Near East, urging them to recognize the Fuehrer as a champion of Islam. All without effect, for Moslems remember his murders, also his loot of relief funds, and wait impatiently for the time when they can lay avenging hands on him. ★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Local Boys Make Good

Continued from page 14

of barley. Soon the available barley began moving from the Buffalo elevators to local feed stores, and the commission went looking for more.

As the feed shortage developed, Mr. Austin W. Carpenter, who had been president of the Eastern Federation of Feed Merchants until his commission duties made him too busy to continue, kept a running inventory of the amounts in the hands of local dealers and manufacturers. When one dealer ran out of corn for the chickens in his territory (before barley was available), Carpenter called another dealer across the state and had him rush a carload to the rescue. He did the same with a truckload of meat scrap for laying hens, essential to prevent a production breakdown.

However, the commission feels that the whole effort is doomed to failure unless the national planners permit New York farmers to buy corn for their livestock. The barley program successfully staved off this disaster until the ripening of the new corn crop. But it was never more than a stopgap. The only possible answer is removal of the present virtual embargo on interstate trade in corn. There are things one state can do. But nobody can make a cow produce without feed.

A Healthy Skepticism

The commission could have had a failure right at the start, with a fertilizer famine on its hands, if it had not been skeptical of alibis. Planting time was near, and no fertilizer at all was moving into the state. Certainly the trouble was not a car shortage, and apparently it was not entirely a labor shortage.

Maybe the fertilizer companies just weren't trying hard enough. Serving the normal trade was not very profitable these days, under the ceilings; but a brisk, profitable business was going on, with desperate farmers and dealers driving their own trucks to the factories and doing the loading themselves.

The commission then turned on the heat. Tough ultimatums from farm organizations, independent dealers, co-operatives, trade associations, farmers, descended on the fertilizer plants: Deliver now, or next year—no business. It is said that office executives got out to fling fertilizer bags into boxcars. At any rate, the fertilizer arrived just in the nick of time to be drilled with seeds in the row.

On the farms, there could have been a real gasoline collapse. When the late rains stopped, everybody had to plow and plant at once—now or never. Suddenly, rural areas ran dry, tractors coughed and stopped dead in the fields, a breakdown seemed at hand.

Of course, the federal government has full control over gasoline. The state had none; and the demand for fuel everywhere was so intense that less than enough was reaching the rural areas to meet the farmers' necessary priority.

It sent out fifty-five telegrams to the county agents of the state's Extension Service, men in intimate touch with all farming affairs in their localities. The telegrams asked for an immediate report on how much gas was in the tanks of dealers and farmers of each county.

Next day at Albany, fifty-five replies were received, and were tabulated by the transportation man of the State Department of Agriculture, acting for the commission. Then on an outline map of the state he marked in blue pencil the six counties which were dry of gas; in red, the dozen which could get by for a couple of days; in green, the ones which might last out the week. Then he hopped a train for New York and laid his map and telegrams before the regional Petroleum Administrator for War.

The co-operation was accepted; and, from then on, things got better. The PAW rerouted gasoline, and the farmer got his crops planted.

Right through the summer and harvest season, it was a desperate day-to-day struggle to move the meager supply where it was most needed. There was continual threat of local breakdowns, but a system had been set up to minimize the danger. The farmers and county agents knew where to report trouble. Within a few weeks, the state's transportation man handled 150 shortage reports, and acted through the oil industry or the federal authority to obtain relief. For a while, a federal man worked right in his office with him, to save time. Sometimes a tractor was stopped, but over all the job was done.

Probably New York has as much impulse as anybody to get irritated with Washington; actually, there can be no more intimate example of federal-state co-operation anywhere than the farm labor setup in New York; and hardly anyone but Norman Hurd, the food commissioner in charge of manpower, could tell you just where federal begins and state leaves off.

Last winter, when the farm-labor crisis seemed so acute, the new administration took over a detailed plan for New York which had been previously worked out under sponsorship of a farmers' committee. Suddenly in January, this program was thrown into confusion by Washington. While executive orders shifted responsibilities from one federal agency to another, Congress got into a long battle over how farm-labor funds should be administered.

"But we can't wait for Washington!" said Governor Dewey. From the State War Council he obtained funds to assure continuance of the plan, whether the federal government participated or not. He set up a State Farm Manpower Service and named as its director Mr. Hurd, who had previously been employed by the state's farmers as executive secretary in development of the New York plan. The federal program, as finally adopted months later, fitted in very well with the New York plan already in operation.

The farm-labor shortage was not completely solved, of course; but the crisis was abated. There was no longer a rush of dairymen to sell off their herds.

Back-to-the-Farm Movement

This past summer 30,000 schoolboys worked on farms, 5,000 of them from New York City. Trained, transported and supervised by the state, 90 per cent made good. College girls picked apples. Kentucky mountaineers were brought in, trained at state institutes, and put to work on dairy farms. Jamaican field crews were maintained in camps by the War Food Administration. One week end, 500 factory workers turned out as teams, in Broome County, to harvest hay.

As for nutrition, the commission's work has not been so pressingly urgent. To prepare for future needs, indicated by the present inconveniences at the meat and grocery counters, the commission has expanded the state's home economics extension service from some rural counties to cover the entire state—cities as well.

The idea is that when accustomed foods become short, women will be glad to have information from nutritional experts on how to give their families meals, sufficient to maintain strength and appetite, on whatever foods may be available.

As another major point on nutrition,

"I like zee tall buildings and zee handsome men smoking zee Sir Walter Raleigh"

ZEE ACCENT is on *pleasure* when you clean zee pipe regularly and fill it with fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh. *C'est magnifique!* Those choice Kentucky burleys burn cool and smell sweet because they're *extra* mild and fragrant right down to the last puff. Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

Brilliant American Styling

...ACCURACY THAT'S STAR TIMED!

Lady Elgin—19 jewels. *Lord Elgin—21 jewels.*

YOURS TO HAVE AND TO CHERISH—UNTIL PEACE BRINGS EVEN FINER ELGINS!

EXQUISITE style marks each Lord and Lady Elgin. Their accuracy is an American tradition. If your jeweler's supply is limited, we know you will realize why. For—until the war is won—the making of instruments and timing devices for the armed forces comes first at Elgin.

ELGIN

BACK OUR FIGHTING MEN—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LISTEN IN—"THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN"—CBS, SATURDAYS, 7 P. M., E. W. T.

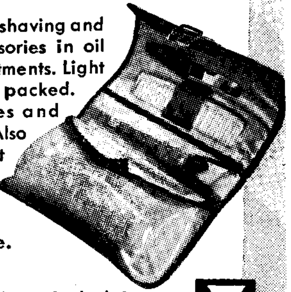
VINTAGE
WIDMER'S
PORT

"The finest wine in America" is a phrase often used by those who tell friends about Widmer's. It is true that for more than 50 years the Widmers have striven to merit this reputation.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths
Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

The Gifts of the Year by Rumpp

MULTIPOCKET WALLET—Ample room for passes, identification cards. Slim and thin. Variety of leathers and colors for men and women.



ROLL-UP—All shaving and toilet accessories in oil silk compartments. Light and easily packed. Many styles and leathers. Also larger toilet cases for men and women in the Service.

When you buy gifts, look for the name Rumpp—the Sterling of leatherware. If you cannot find the Rumpp leathergift of your selection, remember Rumpp is busy with war work too.

Rumpp
GIFTS OF LEATHER
C. F. RUMPP & SONS, PHILA., PA. Since 1850

there has been the introduction of a new food—sprouted soybeans. During the last twenty years, the soybean has become a major crop in America for livestock feeding and industrial use. We have it by the millions of tons.

A dry soybean is a hard kernel packed with nutrition, protein and fat. Cook it several hours and it becomes edible, though hardly appetizing. But keep it moist a few days and sprout it, and a miracle happens. It becomes a fresh vegetable which can be cooked in twenty minutes. In sprouting, it has manufactured vitamins at a terrific rate.

Analysis indicates that a pound of soybean sprouts is approximately equal in nutrition to a half pound of beefsteak plus a glass of tomato juice, with a bit of extra iron and calcium thrown in.

This autumn, when the canning season is over, some of the big canneries will not shut down but will use their equipment to sprout soybeans. When fresh vegetables become scarce in the market, a new fresh vegetable will appear, probably in carload lots.

It will be a godsend to the woman trying to make a presentable chop suey out of the leftover points in the icebox.

All these are chores which New York has been doing on the home place, without much fuss or feathers. They have been possible because they were in the hands of practical men, backed up with emergency appropriations, plus the help of every state college, school or department which could contribute anything to the job.

The commissioners have been effective not only because they were free to proceed on their own individual initiative, but also because they sat down together and agreed on what they were trying to do and were not working at cross-purposes.

New York's success in handling its food problems should be a challenge to the whole country. If one state can accomplish this much, certainly others can.

THE END

The Massawa Miracle

Continued from page 12

docks. Other ships followed. The flow of material into the harbor grew from a trickle into a modest stream.

But there still wasn't enough room to get big ships into the harbor. I went to a hospital for a few days, played out. We had used fourteen men in raising the Liebenfels. Now we were down to eight. Sunstroke and fever had done for the rest.

Two other ships had to come up—the Frauenfels, a sister to the Liebenfels, and the Tripolitania, a small Italian coaster. And then there was the Italian ship Brenta, close by. We didn't have to get the Brenta up—but we had to pull her sting. Deep in her holds were twenty-eight big mines and twenty-six torpedo warheads. They were all alive, and we could not take the chance of a passing ship setting them off. The explosion would have wrecked the whole harbor.

I had a close call on the Tripolitania. I was down in her 'tween decks and got trapped in water blacker than India ink. For ten minutes I struggled to get loose—and it looked as if it were all over. But I got out, somehow, and came up to face the flies and the heat and tropical fever. Sometimes I think it was better down below.

A diver and his tender are really Siamese twins; they have to be. A diver's efficiency goes down rapidly every minute he is under water, as the pressure builds up a toxic poison in his blood. It is hard to think; you can do only one thing, slowly, at a time. After he is down a while a diver becomes emotionally unstable, too.

I was down on my knees in the hold of the Frauenfels, feeling around for the wire of a booby trap, every nerve on edge, when my tender called over the phone: "Buck wants you to come up quick!" I thought: Buck has fouled his line. I crawled frantically through the explosion hole in the ship's side and "boiled up" from sixty-five feet. That's dangerous—to shut the air-exit valve and make a baloon of your suit. You risk the bends; you risk having the suit blow up—if it does, you'll go down like a lead weight and stay there.

They got my helmet off on the tug's deck and I panted: "What's happened to Buck?"

My tender gave me a surprised look. "Why, Buck's all right. He came up a while ago and wanted you to have lunch with him."

I cussed out my tender in every language I could think of. I think I impressed Tom with the necessity of never frightening his diver, no matter what the emergency.

Next day, I was down outside the ship, working in deep, sticky mud that was holding her to the bottom. I was using a sort of vacuum cleaner, which is no toy. Its suction is so strong it'll take a hand or a foot off if you don't watch it.

I got a whistle signal, above the noise. I cut off the suction apparatus and in the sudden silence heard Tom's voice, elaborately casual: "Are you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right. What the blankety-blank . . . !"

"Now don't get excited."

"Who's excited? Why should I be excited?" Now I *was* getting excited.

"Well, you told me yesterday not to get excited about anything up here. . . . I just thought you ought to know that the gasoline drums alongside the compressor are on fire. They may blow any minute. . . . Now don't get . . ."

"Now Don't Get Excited"

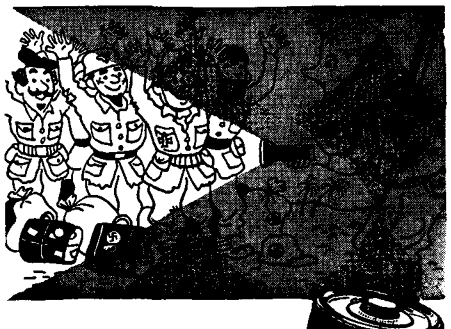
There was enough gasoline in those drums to have destroyed the Intent and her crew. If they blew, I'd be gone, too, my life line severed and the ship maybe coming down on top of me. I shut my air valve again and went boiling up—for a few feet. Then my feet caught in some wreckage and there I hung, head downward. My sleeves were so distended with air I couldn't bend my arms to reach the valve. By desperate clutching I managed to open my cuffs so that my arms collapsed enough to let me grab the lines, climb down and clear things away. Every second I expected to hear a dull boom from overhead and feel the water rush in through my air line.

It took me ten minutes to clear my lines and get to the surface. By that time the fire was out and Tom was repeating: "Now, don't get excited." . . . It was the longest ten minutes I ever lived.

Finally, we bounced the Frauenfels and the Tripolitania. Working blind, we got every mine and warhead out of the Brenta. The raising of three ships and the destinging of the fourth opened the channel completely. Supply ships streamed in. Soon the long road through Asmara and Khartoum and up toward the caving Allied front was alive with trucks and guns and tanks, hurrying northward. Soon, the radio and newspaper reports began to look a little better. On October 25th, General Montgomery made his historic break-through at El Alamein—with the supplies the Intent and her little crew had

A·1
SAUCE

WE ARE DOING OUR BEST
Due to Army and Navy use of vital ingredients, it's harder nowadays to get A·1 Sauce at grocery stores and restaurants.
BUT! . . . It's worth waiting for. Be patient. Keep asking for it. We are doing our best to keep you supplied. *Send for free recipe booklet.*
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. • Hartford, Conn.
The DASH that makes the DISH



Sentries at the front must know
Who goes there...friend or foe;
We all agree on that, and so
This is where our batteries go.

BRIGHT STAR
No 10 M
FLASHLIGHT BATTERY
REGISTERED

BRIGHT STAR
BATTERIES
You can't buy them as before
When it's over there'll be more

TEETHING PAINS
RELIEVED
QUICKLY

When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.
Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.
Buy it from your druggist today
DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

let in through the uncorked bottleneck.

We had some help, in the last months, from the Resolute, a sister tug, and the Chamberlain, a steam schooner. Along in December, as the three salvage ships and their crews worked to bounce more ships and get them back into service, the tide of battle had turned definitely. . . . But of the nine divers who worked to free the vital channel, only three got back to the United States fairly whole. I have regained about thirty pounds, but the jitters still rasp my nerves.

It was so hot that for four months no birds came into the harbor. When it gets too tough for sea gulls! . . . It almost got too tough for us. It took us seventy-eight days to bounce the Frauenfels, but only five for the Tripolitania, a small vessel in shallow water. The heat and the flies and fever slowed us down.

The exasperating slowness of the work got on our nerves, too. In the Brenta, for example, we had to make pretty exact measurements of the locations of mines and warheads in order to get them out safely. These measurements had to be made by feeling; it was impossible to work with a light. You may get some idea of the job by going into your living room, making it dark and trying to work out the distances, within an inch, between various pieces of furniture—without a ruler. How would *you* do it?

How to Measure in the Dark

We did it by carefully measuring and memorizing the length of various body members. If I called up to my tender that a mine was lying eight feet, seven inches from No. 2 bulkhead, he knew that I had measured the span of my arms extended sidewise (74 inches); plus the end of my middle finger to the edge of my breastplate (27 inches); plus the length of my middle finger to the second joint (2 inches).

It was important that measurements had to be exact, because, if they weren't, the rigging sent down from the tug might snag on a booby-trap wire, with unpleasant results.

I have said how important it is not to get excited on a diving job. Captain Brown, who ran our team, knew this perhaps better than any of us. He knew of the dangers, but never by word or act did he let us know he knew—well, hardly ever. His attitude was always casual indifference, on the surface.

But we noticed that, when a particularly perilous job was under way the Old Man would decide to go fishing. He would break out a battered rod and drop a line overboard—right beside the tender whose diver had the dangerous assignment. He wasn't interested in the tender or the diver—oh, no! Just fishing.

But I was on deck one day when the riggers were bringing over the side, very tenderly, a live torpedo warhead. Captain Brown left his line in the water and strolled over—casually—to look at the head. I hauled up his line to look at the hook. He had omitted the little matter of bait.

After that, when I saw the Old Man "fishing" I knew there was some peculiarly dangerous maneuver going on below—but I knew also that the skipper was alert and ready whatever happened, and that his divers knew it, too.

As we got up the last explosives from the Brenta early in December, the war news grew better and better. The Axis was being driven westward again—with the help of those supplies now pouring into Massawa. On December 26th the little Asmara newspaper said, "The Axis hold on Africa is clearly broken."

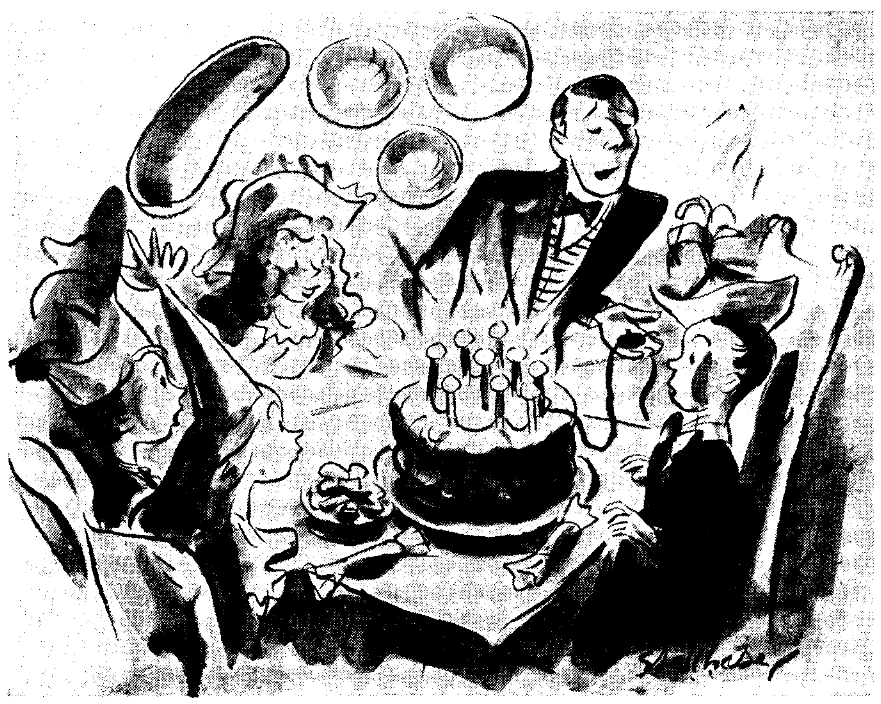
American troops now were coming through the channel by the shipload. Sick, tired and nerve-shattered, we cheered them in; it was worth all it cost us. Our thoughts turned toward home; by flying we might make it by New Year's Day. And then—well, we got orders to deliver the Intent and her equipment to the United States Navy at Oran—and not by the short route through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean. We were going to do it the hard way—'round Africa. With luck, we might be home by June.

So we weren't smiling when we started out of the south harbor, down the channel we'd cleared. But as we passed the Frauenfels and the Tripolitania, almost ready for sea again, they gave us three whistles, the sea salute meaning Good Luck. The Liebenfels, we remembered, already was at work carrying supplies for Eisenhower and Montgomery. So we smiled again.

For weeks the little Intent plodded down one side of Africa and up the other. We looked in at Casablanca, where forty ships were on the bottom, and finally delivered the tug to the Navy at Oran. We looked complacently at the massive battleships and flat-tops, the stately cruisers and swift destroyers—and patted the little Intent's battered plating.

"Baby," we said, "you don't have to take off your hat to any of 'em. If it hadn't been for you . . ."

THE END



"Your mother says make a wish, Master Harold, then snap them off"

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SOOTHINGLY YOURS

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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

I landed 100 yards offshore. It was a neat landing. I held her off as long as possible and met just as she stalled. The shoulder straps held me like the old rocking chair. The hood slammed shut but I quickly opened it and everything was dandy except that Jap. He made a pass at me that almost powdered my hair and then went away. That's when I learned he was out of ammunition.

The plane was floating nose down. As I climbed out, the chute caught inside and the jar knocked my goggles off, but I took a look at the blue sky, the fluffy white clouds and the islands on the horizon. I took a big breath of air as we went under.

Six More Planes Come Over

I had quite a time finding the snap which was mixed up in my shirttail but I finally reached the top, blowing like a whale. As I inflated my boat, six planes came over the trees. They looked like Zeros, but I was so pooped I didn't care if they strafed me or not. I decided to sit still and see what kind of shots they were. Where else could I go? They turned out to be P-40s and were a very welcome sight. I got ashore without incident and was picked up four hours later.

I have always felt I should be able to see the enemy before I do—so now I have Synar leading my division and I fly on his wing. Synar is a first lieutenant and I am a major, but I would rather be an ex-division leader than an ex-major. Synar can see Jap planes farther than any pilot I know.

Fighter pilots should be patient and not fall into silly traps; your chance will come soon enough and you will get back home to eat more spam. As our colonel used to say, "Don't rush it—they are still making Zeros in Tokyo, so there will always be plenty to go around."

Other fighter pilots usually forget the things they are told because they think they are just as hot as Joe Doakes, and they probably are. But our squadron had 86 planes to its credit with two pilots missing in action, so I am not talking from a book. Major Paul Fontane, our former skipper, taught us our tactics and we have had no reason to change them. He made them quite simple, in consideration of our mentality. They worked.

THE END

Your Tonsils

Continued from page 21

time of your blood, to eliminate the hazard of hemorrhage. If your tonsils are diseased, he treats them and waits until the infection has subsided before he operates. If you are to have the operation under a general anesthesia, you stretch out on the table and inhale gas or ether.

If under a local anesthetic, a physician will make pin-prick jabs in the tonsil area with a tonsil needle. He is shooting your throat with a mixture of novocain and adrenalin. The novocain eliminates pain, and the adrenalin constricts blood vessels to prevent bleeding.

Surgery starts. The surgeon makes a slight incision at the edge of the tonsil, to cut it away from its bed. Then he takes an instrument with a dulled, saw-tooth edge and gradually works the rest of the tonsil loose. When it is free, he snips it off with a wire loop.

Instead of the wire loop, the surgeon may prefer an instrument shaped something like an automatic pistol. Where the end of the barrel would be, there is a circular device like a cigar clipper. He fits this over the tonsil. When he pulls the "trigger," a razor-sharp knife skips over this opening, snips the tonsil out.

Care must be taken to see that no "tags" are left behind. Tonsils have no "roots," but if a bit of tissue is left behind, the organ may grow back.

After the Operation, the Bill

Once the tonsil is out, the surgeon packs the cavity with dental gauze—the round tube of cotton your dentist stuffs under your lip to dam up saliva. Then he proceeds to the other side of the throat; and on to the nasal cavity to get the adenoid. The entire operation takes anywhere from a few minutes to an hour. Costs vary. The clinic patient often gets the operation free. The well-heeled may pay up to $500.

Should children have tonsils and adenoids removed as a precautionary measure, even if they are causing no trouble? By no means. No surgeon would advocate such a procedure—any more than he would recommend prophylactic removal of the appendix or gall bladder. There is considerable evidence that tonsils in children produce more phagocytes than they do in adults. This increased secretion probably protects young children from many infectious diseases.

But if the tonsils themselves are chronically infected, immediate surgery is indicated. Swallowing pus from the tonsils leads to digestive upsets. General poisoning of the body causes children to be dull, apathetic and nervous. This often accounts for slowness in school. In adults who are suffering from the first stages of rheumatism, the removal of tonsils often brings quick relief.

And What of the Results?

To most opera stars, the tonsil operation is more terrifying than a leg amputation. By changing the contour of the throat, it often changes the voice. This may mean the difference between luxury and poverty. But in most individuals, this is of negligible importance. If anything, the average voice is usually improved by removal of tonsils. As a general rule, people with tonsils are about four times as prone to sore throats as people who have had them removed.

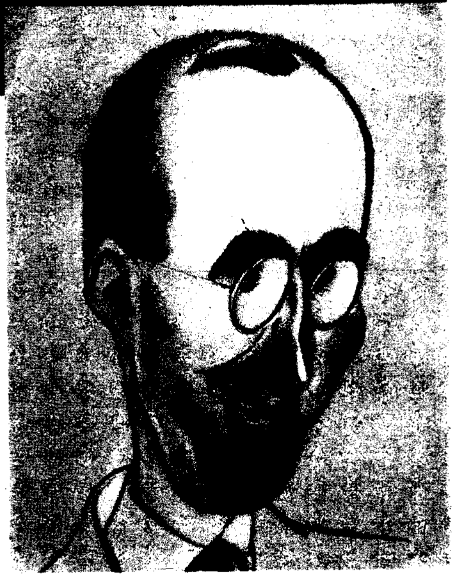
Other tonsil results were turned in by a physician who studied a group of 4,000 children. Half of them had their tonsils; the other half had undergone surgery. The children were studied for a ten-year period. The group that still had their tonsils were slightly less susceptible to deep respiratory ailments—pneumonia, bronchitis, laryngitis. But they were far more susceptible to annoying, everyday infections of the upper respiratory tract: colds, earaches, sore throats.

When should the operation be performed? Tonsillectomies have been performed on babies as young as six weeks old—when they threatened to obstruct the throat. But, as a rule, no surgeon advises the T & A on any youngster under two years of age.

Summed up, the best rule seems to be: If tonsils act up, have them out immediately. But if they don't bother *you*—don't bother *them.*

THE END

The Week's Work



J. D. Ratcliff—by Berman

A MEDICAL writer should be immune to disease, or nearly so. And such seems to be the case with J. D. Ratcliff, who gives you Your Tonsils (p. 20). But his three children are not so fortunate. They get everything, he says—the mumps, the measles, the croup. His wife accuses him of bringing things home with him via the typewriter, and, in self-defense, he insists that they be abundantly inoculated, vaccinated and antitoxinized.

"They look like pincushions," he says. "And the way it is now, if their mother brings out a sewing needle, they run."

Among some 75 Collier's articles, Ratcliff has produced at least five firsts. Last week's remarkable article was the first full statement of the use of the new drug, penicillin, in the treatment of syphilis. He did the first story on the sulfa drugs before they were put to use in this country, the first on Vitamin B_1, the first on sulfapyridine in the treatment of pneumonia, the first on nicotinic acid for pellagra.

Ratcliff has written two books, Lives and Dollars, and Modern Miracle Man, and he annually compiles the very popular Science Yearbook, published by Doubleday Doran.

IRA WOLFERT, the foreign correspondent who wrote the blood-curdling article The Japs Tried to Drive Us Crazy (p. 18), plans to forsake the Pacific temporarily in favor of a war assignment in Europe. "Since the war began, I've been trying to figure out how I could get a story without getting shot at," says Wolfert, who has had the good luck to sustain so far only one minor wound, one concussion, a few abrasions and contusions, and malaria. "I think Europe may be the place. Over there they speak of twenty-six miles as a beachhead. In the Pacific, we'd call that a conquest. Our idea of a beachhead is five hundred yards. Yes, in Europe they do things more luxuriously."

Wolfert's is a name to bet on for the future, for his recent reportorial successes are grounded not in chance but in years of brick-by-brick career building. He won the Pulitzer Prize for "distinguished international telegraphic correspondence" in 1942, not for one lucky-break story but for a whole year's worth of good reporting. He has written two war books, Battle for the Solomons, and Torpedo 8, and one novel, Tucker's People. He's a reporter with the North American Newspaper Alliance.

Ira Wolfert

WIDE WORLD

His first distinction was not his fault. He was born in a bathtub—in Manhattan, 34 years ago. From age twelve on, he supported himself, working as a messenger, a taxi driver, a streetcar motorman. The motorman phase began while he was a student at Columbia University's School of Journalism, and ended abruptly when he established a world speed record for streetcars—twelve minutes on the run from South Ferry to Fifty-third Street, never before done in less than 32 minutes! Of course, the snail-paced 32-minute motormen stopped for red lights and passengers. If a company spy hadn't seen Wolfert and his conductor friend just before the historic run, when they were dancing in the streets and passing their hats for money to buy more beer, Ira might be piloting that streetcar yet.

The Wolferts' two small children have helped him set another record of a sort. He's the only father extant who can work in the same room where his darlings play.

YOU have seen many movies adapted from stories that first ran in Collier's. In this issue, we reverse the process. Lifeboat (p. 16) is a story based on an original screen play by John Steinbeck.

But it's more complicated than it sounds. Denver Lindley, Collier's fiction editor, was in Hollywood interviewing writers when he heard about Lifeboat.

"Everybody was crowding around, trying to watch them shooting it at 20th Century-Fox," Lindley said. "I watched, too, and I thought the furor was justified."

The original story was a one and one-half pager by John Steinbeck, miraculously expanded under Alfred Hitchcock's direction to a 140-page shooting script. Hitchcock is the director whom you know from such superlative movies as Suspicion, The Lady Vanishes, and Shadow of a Doubt. The script was sent to Harry Sylvester in Orleans, Massachusetts, who reconverted it into a short story. The stills from the unfinished movie made excellent material for our artist to work from. You will recognize Tallulah Bankhead, Raymond Massey and Canada Lee. . . . A. P.

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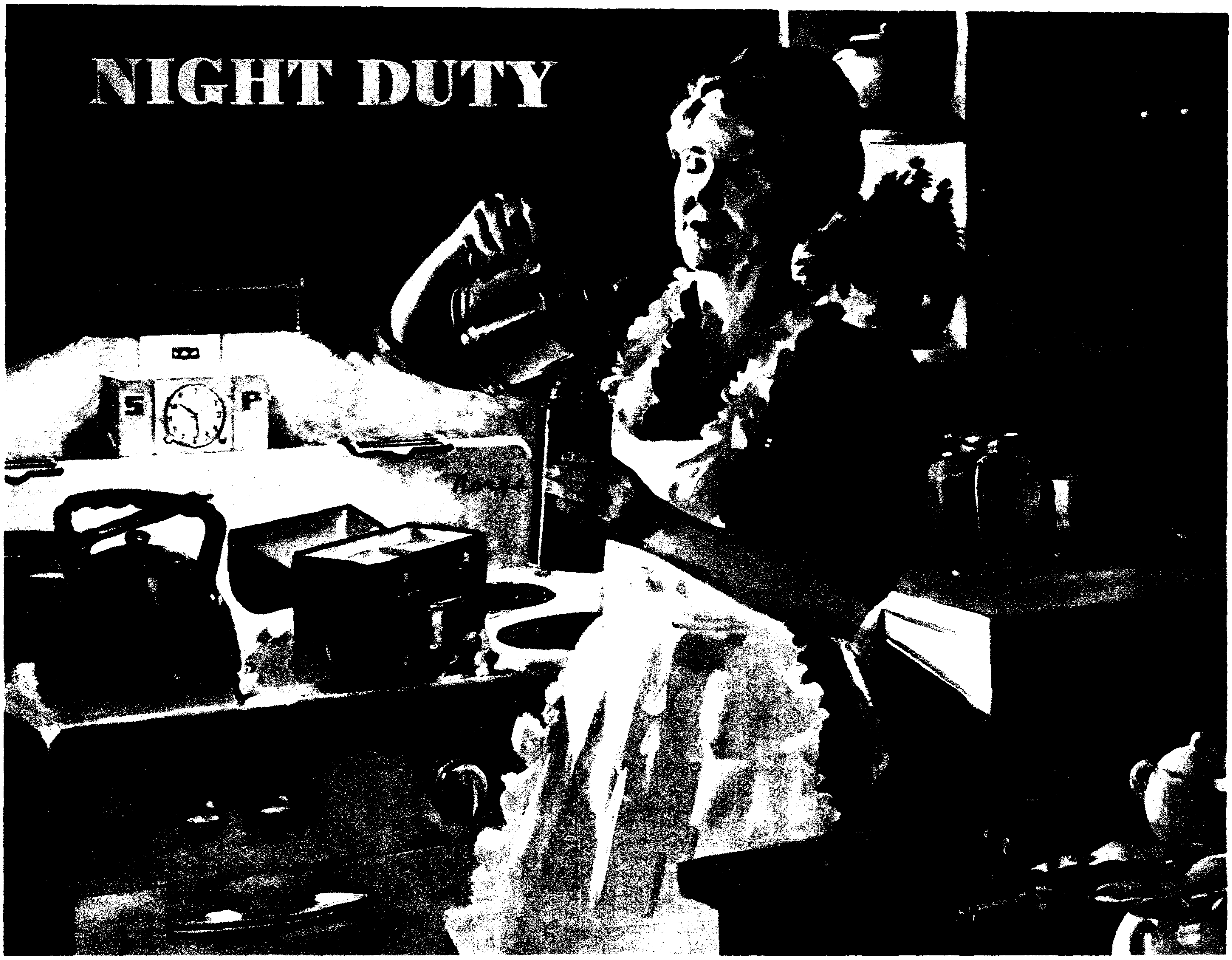
White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

NIGHT DUTY



Mother frequently recalls the good old days when the family always had breakfast together—when Dad, Bill and Sue came home for dinner around five-thirty or six. Now, with Bill in the Navy, Dad on the night shift at the arms factory and Sue working in a government office downtown, it's "meals at all hours" in thousands of American households. But mothers don't mind. Planning balanced rations, packing lunch boxes, preparing snacks at odd hours for work-sharpened appetites—these contributions they gladly make to victory. When peace reigns once more and working and living habits again become normal, such steadfast devotion to the interests of their families and their country will still be remembered. . . . We at Norge, completely in war work, take this occasion to pay tribute to the mothers of America and to all other women who work unselfishly at tasks that will help win the war.

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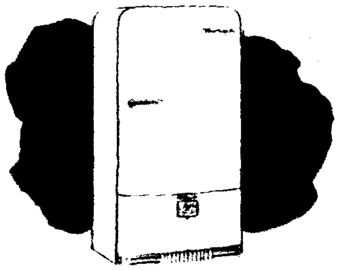

On "night duty," too, is the NIGHT WATCH—an exclusive feature on Norge refrigerators which defrosts automatically, at night. This not only insures maximum food protection but saves time, worry and work. When the war is won, continue to look to Norge for advancements in home appliances.

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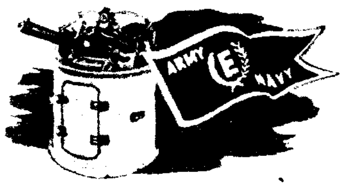

"For outstanding production of war materials" reads the citation accompanying the award of the Army and Navy "E" flag to the men and women of Norge. This twin .50-caliber machine gun turret is one of the many items for war produced by Norge.

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WHEN IT'S OVER—SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY
IN THE MEANTIME BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Action This Day

Continued from page 24

much interested in America and very anxious to go there for a visit. H. R. H. Abdul Ilah is ruling for the young king, who is only seven or eight years old. We then called on the Prime Minister, General Nuri-as-Sa'id. He is a strong man, physically as well as politically, and has a wide influence with Arabs, even outside Iraq.

After luncheon, Bishop Gawlina, two Polish chaplains and I took the long, hot, dusty ride to Babylon. This region was the cradle of humanity, the site of the Tower of Babel, of Balthazar's feast and also of the lions' den into which Daniel the Prophet was cast.

How well do I remember you in my very youngest days, teaching me Bible history, and the book you bought me with the engravings of Gustave Doré, so that I could more easily remember what you told me! Many of the episodes illustrated in that book took place in Babylon; and to Babylon I went and was well repaid. German archaeologists have made extensive excavations, and the identification of various places has been convincingly established. Bishop Gawlina had been a Scripture professor and an archaeological student. He and the curator were saturated with facts and theories and they sprinkled a few more on me than I was able to absorb.

On the morning of Friday, May 21st, I said Mass at Bagdad College, which is staffed with Jesuits from New England. Needless to say, I enjoyed being with them; and for them and for the way in which they are doing their work, I have great admiration. They have a fine, modern establishment, the gift of an anonymous American. Iraqi boys from Bagdad and beyond have thronged to this college, anxious to have the instruction provided by these teachers from the United States. The founder of the college was Father Rice, of Framingham, Massachusetts, now Apostolic Delegate in Honduras. I officiated at his consecration in Boston just a few days before it was announced I was to be Archbishop of New York.

On Friday afternoon, May 21st, I left Bagdad for Basra, the port of Sindbad the Sailor.

At the airport, I met the commanding officer, Colonel Johnson, and the American consul, Mr. Fletcher. A number of priests from the area were there also.

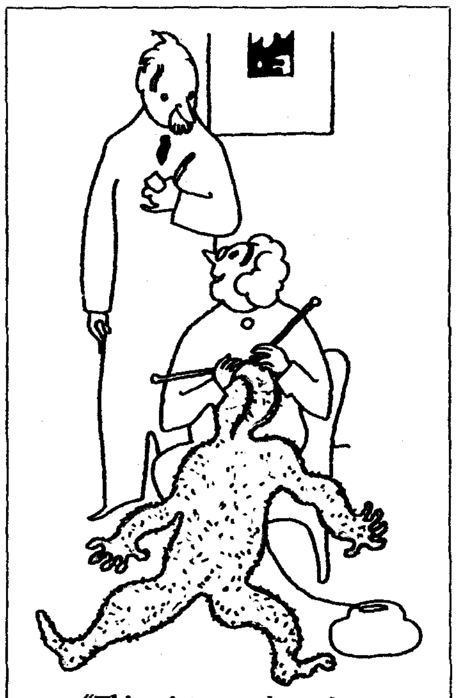
Where the Sun is Tyrant

Basra is a terrifically hot place. With the heat and with dust storms, fleabites and other kinds of bites, Basra can keep one uncomfortable. Father Merrick and Father Torney went with me to visit hospitals, encampments, and some churches and institutions in Basra. Across the combined Euphrates and Tigris Rivers, I went to Khorramshahr and Abadan in Iran; places we never heard of when we studied geography, but which will be remembered for at least two generations of Americans who have sweated out portions of their lives there in our war effort.

General Patrick Hurley was in Basra, and it was pleasant meeting him again. We were guests of Colonel Johnson at dinner and were afterward invited to speak to the officers. Because of the great heat in this region and the consequent loss of body salts, everyone is obliged to take six salt tablets a day.

I was informed that General Connolly, the Commander in Chief of the American Forces in the Persian Gulf, was expecting me on Saturday, May 22d, so I left on that day for Teheran, the capital city of Iran. This was one of the most pleasant stops on my trip. The cordiality of the welcome was preluded by a telegram from General Connolly in which he said: "I take great pleasure in inviting you and your retinue to stay at my official residence as my guests during your stay in Teheran. Subject to your approval, we have made tentative plans to have you celebrate a Field Mass for this Command on Sunday morning at Camp Amiradab. I look forward to meeting you at the airport." When General Connolly met me at the airport, he was surprised and laughed because I had no "retinue" for him to accommodate. The general took me to his residence and I felt completely at home all the time I was there.

In the early morning of Sunday, May 23d, I officiated at a Field Mass for American troops in this area. General Connolly, his entire staff and a large number of officers and men attended. I gave a short sermon and afterward I spent over an hour meeting the men, and then two hours visiting patients in the hospital. I was invited to luncheon by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Alcide Marina. The chauffeur did not know the way and I was late.



"This winter you're going to be good and warm!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The only real harm that came from my tardiness was remedied by cooking another bowl of macaroni. This is not a minor matter, because in Teheran, there is real hunger. In order not to take food from the local population, and to prevent the prices from rising, General Connolly has not purchased anything locally.

On the morning of Monday, May 24th, I had an hour's audience with the Shah of Iran, Mohammed Riza Pahlevi. His palace, built of onyx, alabaster and other precious marbles, is truly magnificent. Some rooms are paneled with wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The Shah is a young man, of average height, slender in stature. Educated in Switzerland, he was very young when he succeeded his father, who was banished and now lives in exile. The Shah is deeply interested in his country's welfare and is anxious to get the co-operation of other governments in the tasks before him.

Teheran, like many of the other cities in the Middle East, presents pathetic and challenging contrasts of wealth and poverty, splendor and squalor. There are fine government buildings, including a Palace of Justice with a thousand rooms, a modern bank building, and an impressive railroad station. In startling contrast, on wide tree-lined streets, is the sight of water flowing down from the hills, probably pure before it strikes the city, passing through open gutters and being used for the washing of clothes, feet, and animals, and also for drinking purposes.

While I have been turned upside down and inside out by joltings in airplanes, nothing retched my stomach more than seeing people cup handfuls of water out of these gutters for their babies and themselves to drink. No wonder that all manner of diseases, from dysentery to Bagdad boils, are so prevalent!

America is striving to help Iran medically and economically, and I think that Iranians welcome and appreciate our help. Doctor Millspaugh, an American economist, who knows Iran and who is respected there, has just been named Minister of Finance. I understand that this position is not only a position of honor but one of authority and power. Mr. Joseph Sheridan, another American, is Minister of Food Supplies.

An Enlightened Ruler

The Shah of Iran knows the problems that are before him and knows their seriousness—problems in public health, administration, education, and agriculture. Ninety per cent of his people have no education. He knows, too, that while he has the title of Shah, Russian and English influences are very strong, and Teheran is their meeting place.

There is great admiration here for the efficient manner in which the Russians are conducting the war. That admiration is expressed not only here but universally. The valiant defense of their country, the relentless pressing of the invaders from their soil, and the superb military, economic, and political leadership the Russians have had in doing these things, merit not only praise but gratitude. For Germany's power would have been overwhelming on the Western front if Germany herself had not opened up her second front on Russia.

England and America must ever acknowledge Russia's indispensable help. We, too, have helped Russia; and Russia is acknowledging this help. While we have not yet opened a second front in the sense that Russia desires, because our military leaders think that, at this point, it would be suicidal, still there is no denying that our strategic bombing of Germany's industrial plants is a very definite second front.

German production is declining. German planes are being destroyed faster than they can be produced, and we are sending to Russia more planes, tanks, and motor vehicles than to any other front. It gives one a very definite sensation of co-operation actually to witness the transfer of these planes, tanks and trucks from the American Army to the Soviet army, and to see the white stars on our planes become red stars on theirs.

Russia, Great Britain, the United States and other Allied powers are winning the war together. But there is a very strong impression throughout the Middle East that Russia has her own ideas about peace and also about boundaries. Moreover, Mr. Stalin is not obliged to ask anyone either in Russia or outside of Russia about putting his ideas into effect.

As a matter of fact, the United States and England are fighting a world war on many fronts, and Russia is fighting on only one front, on her own soil against an invader that attacked her. Many wish that Russia would open a second front

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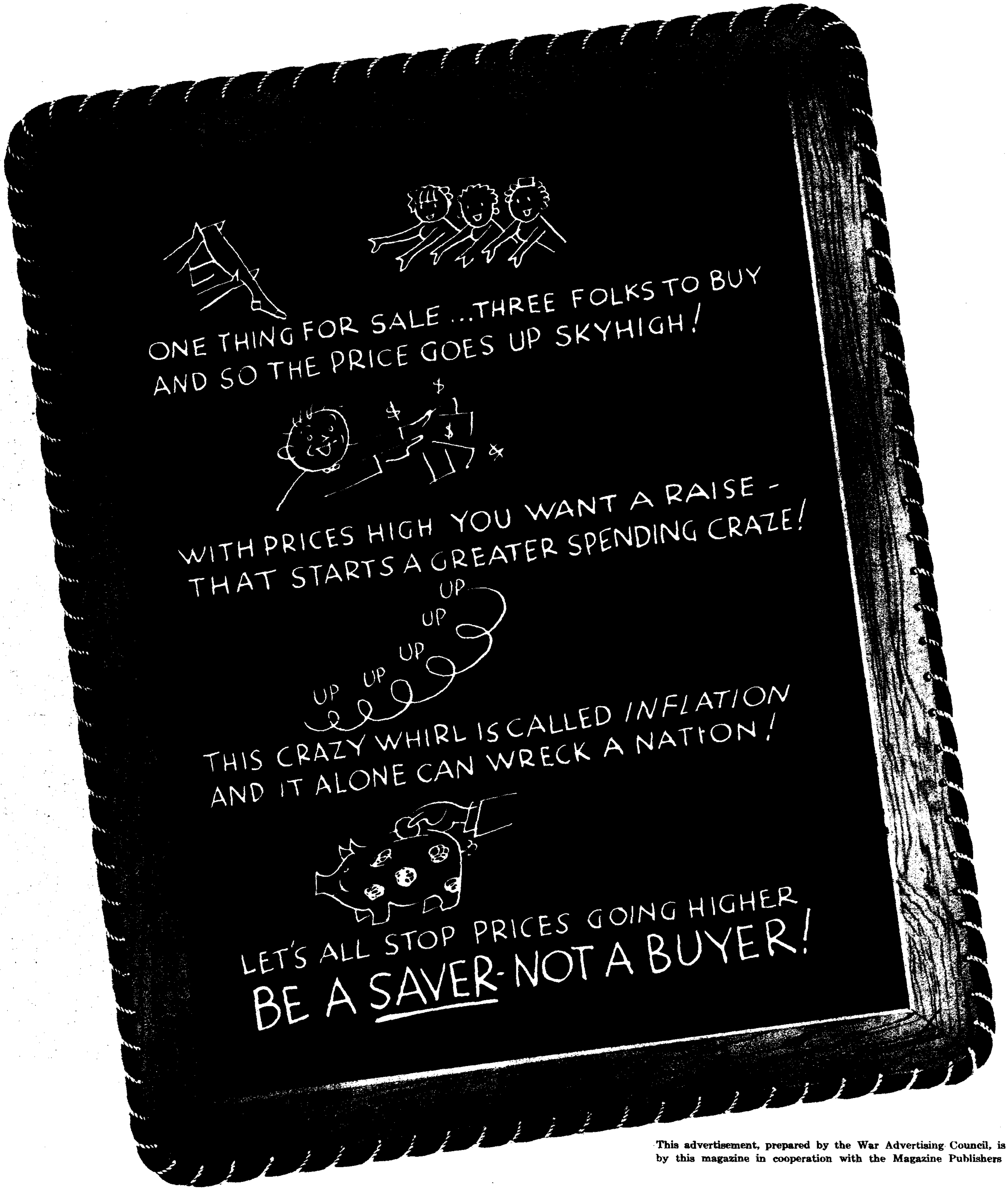
ONE THING FOR SALE ...THREE FOLKS TO BUY
AND SO THE PRICE GOES UP SKYHIGH!
WITH PRICES HIGH YOU WANT A RAISE -
THAT STARTS A GREATER SPENDING CRAZE!
UP UP UP UP UP
THIS CRAZY WHIRL IS CALLED INFLATION
AND IT ALONE CAN WRECK A NATION!
LET'S ALL STOP PRICES GOING HIGHER
BE A SAVER - NOT A BUYER!

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

Seven things you should do:

1. Buy only what you really need
2. Pay no more than ceiling prices... buy rationed goods only with stamps
3. Pay off old debts and avoid making new ones
4. Support higher taxes ...pay them willingly
5. Provide for the future with adequate life insurance and savings
6. Don't ask more money for goods you sell or work you do
7. Buy all the War Bonds you can afford—and keep them

Keep prices down...use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without

against Japan or at least permit us the "use of bases," as the phrase goes. However, there are no mass meetings held in Russia demanding that the Russian authorities go to war against Japan to help us with a second front.

On the morning of my visit to the Shah, I saw also the prime minister, and the secretary for foreign affairs. Since throughout all the Middle East, there is a custom of offering a cup of coffee to visitors, this also means that I had three cups of coffee. Coffee-drinking is an easy routine to adopt and much more simple to master than the custom of eating with one's fingers. If one is honored by being seated near the host, he may indicate his friendly feelings toward you by picking the eye out of a fish or selecting some other delicacy and handing it to you to eat.

On the afternoon of May 24th, I said Mass in an open field at Camp Atterbury, not far from Teheran, for a large group of soldiers; and on Tuesday morning, May 25th, in another camp for a very large number of Polish refugees. Such occasions deeply move me.

In the Heart of Persia

I wanted to go to Isfahan because there is a saying that, if one does not see Isfahan, one does not see Iran. Isfahan is in the west central portion of Iran, a three-hour flight to the south from Teheran. The British consul, Mr. Gault, met us at the airport and brought us to the town.

Because it is normally very uncomfortable to cover distances in Iran, American visitors have been very rare, especially to this place. In Isfahan, they manufacture a good deal of opium, and a great many people use it. It is very easy to procure, and a stick the size of a piece of sealing wax costs only fifteen cents.

In many places of the Middle East, there are very few Christians and in some sections they suffer persecution. One sees a number of Christian women who have purposely made their faces ugly and repulsive by voluntary tattooing, so that they would not be molested by Moslems.

Very few Moslems ever care or dare to become Christians; but, under pressure, Christians become Moslems. This fact was a surprise to me. Certainly, one cannot be an average Christian in these parts. Every Christian must be a hero. One of these was a Chaldean priest whom I met at General Connolly's house. He was an alumnus of the Propaganda in Rome, some years before my time. One of the tortures he suffered was the mutilation of his ears. The average American does not, I think, sufficiently realize the ordeals, the trials and the heroism of missionaries in many foreign lands.

Now I am about to leave Iran with varied memories; memories of gracious kindnesses from many persons; memories of great palaces filled with priceless tapestries and mosaics and set in luxuriant gardens. I have the memory of the "throne of the peacock" of the Shah of Iran, and his bed encrusted with precious stones.

I also have the memory of great poverty and destitution; of deaths from typhus and from hunger; memory of the people who place their dead in the street, and, when the corpses are picked up, follow the cart and chant, "Dead from hunger!" I have recollections of little boys who should be at school or at play, working in the bazaars or in the fields; of little girls carrying two-gallon cans of water on their heads; and of strange-looking men with henna whiskers and of horses daubed with henna "to make them more beautiful!"

With these contrasting memories, I think of Iran symbolized in her emblem by the rising sun and the lion, and I hope that the lion will be a sign of Iran's courage and that the rising sun will never set.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT
June 9, 1943

My dear father: General Sikorski had asked me to visit the Polish troops in Iraq. To do so, I left Teheran on Thursday, May 27th, to go to Kirkuk to offer a Field Mass for a large body of Polish soldiers under the command of General Anders and General Tokarzewski.

The evening before my departure, I was with General Shingler, who has charge of all the truck convoys that come over the mountains from the Persian Gulf, some of them with supplies for our troops, others consisting of loaded trucks, which at some point in Iran are consigned to the Russian authorities. The work of the men who drive these trucks is extraordinary; in twenty-four hours they pass from summer to winter, through heat, cold, dust, rain, hail, and heat and dust again. The men rest every other day after twelve hours of continuous driving, and the trucks are going constantly.

After a 2½-hour flight we landed at Kirkuk where I received the warmest possible welcome from the Polish officers and men. Bishop Gawlina was present at the Mass and translated my remarks into Polish. I waited for a review of the troops, and then went to the officers' mess for breakfast.

The plane then took me to Ahwaz. At headquarters there I met the commanding officer, Colonel Pettit, and Chaplain James Murphy, of the Rochester diocese. It was terrifically hot, and here the ration of salt tablets is eight per day. To live and work in this Persian Gulf area is an ordeal, but our soldiers accept this and other ordeals in a soldierly spirit. To me, the insect annoyance is more trying than the heat, but it is trivial on my part to mention it because altogether I was in the Persian Gulf district only a few days. However, the sand flies and other pests did concentrate on me during that time. I was fortunate to keep fairly well, for sand flies can poison one and cause a high fever for three or four days.

On my last afternoon in Iraq, I was not feeling particularly well, so I limited myself to a visit to the hospital. There were not many patients and I had visits with them all. There was no chapel here and no place where all who wished to attend religious services could be accommodated, so we had Mass in the field.

Home Within the Spirit

These Masses are always the same, yet always different. In one sense they are no different from every other gathering of men in the Army, with men present from all over the country, men of all states of life, of all occupations, types of education, dispositions and interests. But gatherings for religious services are different in this way: The men at these gatherings inevitably recall the background of their homes and their own communities, the homes of their youth and the homes of their manhood. Yes, the nurses recall the homes of their womanhood; those brave, self-reliant, versatile, tireless women who serve the sick and the wounded.

If nursing is a great profession at home and in peacetime, it is nothing less than a sublime vocation now over here. Some nurses whom I have met caring for the sick in these military hospitals are devoted to their patients with a nobility that equals the immolation of religious profession.

The next morning I left Ahwaz for Cairo. We crossed Iran, Iraq, the Syrian desert, a corner of Saudi Arabia, Trans-Jordania and Amman its capital, the River Jordan, then Jerusalem again for the third and "last time." Finally, we flew down the Palestinian coast, over Suez, and back to Cairo. I am almost a commuter over the Suez area.

Egypt, or at least that part of it within fifty miles of Cairo, has become very familiar territory to me. But, though the

TILL WE MEET AGAIN
BUY WAR BONDS

COUNT ON 'EM
For years to come

Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

Make tomorrow's plans with the War Bonds you buy today! Buy, and buy again, until the war is won! And, as you save for Victory, guard your health and clothes in your smart, long-wearing Alligator Raincoat. It, too, is one of the wisest investments you ever made—truly, "the best buy in rainwear"! Finest quality through and through, skillfully tailored, dependably processed for maximum wind and rain protection. If you don't yet own an Alligator, see your dealer, as limited stocks *are* available.
The Alligator Company,
St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

HANDKERCHIEF TEST PROVES VITAL ZONE
Spotless
NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT
HESSON GUARD
MILANO $1
IT'S CUSHION SEALED
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
WDC
STOP
GOO

BELL
WATERPROOF
No. GR124—Sturdy, 15 jewel, anti-magnetic waterproof watch precision tested for accuracy. Non-breakable crystal, waterproof strap, radium dial and hands, stainless steel back. SHOCK RESISTANT. $34.75
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SEND $4.95 OR WRITE
N. E. Frissell, 2222 Bello Building, Gardner, Mass. or (take this advt.) at your store, PX or Navy S. At all *Gimbel Hale (Calif.), Hart, Hook, Liggett, Muir, Sun, big Sears & Whelan* stores; also (partial list) Akron, *M. O'Neil;* Atlanta, *D. Paxon;* Balto, *Stewart;* Birmingham, *L. J. Loeb,* Boston, *I. Johnson;* Bridgeport, *Howland;* Buffalo, *A. Meldrum A;* Chicago, *C. Pir Scott, Walgreen;* Cincinnati, *Pogue;* Clev., *May;* Columbus, *Moby,* Dayton, *A. Childs;* Denver, *Joslyn;* Detroit, *J. Hudson;* Htford, *G. Fox;* L. A., *Bullock;* L'aville, *Stewart;* Mphis, *Goldsmith;* Minn'polis, *Dayton;* Nshvlle, *Cain Sl;* New Orlns, *Katz B;* N. Y. C., *L. Conger, Macy;* Okla. City, *Veazy;* Omaha, *Brandeis;* Pittsbgh, *Horne;* Portland, *M. Frank;* Rochester, *S. L. Curr;* St. L., *F. Barr;* S. Fran., *Weinstein;* Seattle, *F. Nelson;* Sp'kane, *Crescent;* Toledo, *La S. Koch;* Wash., *W. Lothrop;* Wichita, *Dockum.*

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..
WARTIME DUTIES MEAN EXTRA WALKING. GET ADDED WEAR AND SERVICE WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES
SUPREX
ASK FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

territory is familiar, I am not reconciled and I shall never become reconciled to seeing slave labor, even though the slaves are free. There are many ways of making and keeping men slaves besides the obvious way. There is such a thing as economic slavery.

I know that it is not the fault of any one person or any one group that men along the Sweetwater Canal between Cairo and Suez pull all the ships through the canal for three piasters (twelve cents) a day, straining, with hands behind their backs, to haul the boats—and this because men are cheaper than donkeys! It is nobody's fault because it is everybody's fault.

I must tell you of my visit to King Farouk of Egypt. He is twenty-three years of age, a grandson of the man who drove the Turks out of Egypt or, in modern phraseology, won Egypt for the Egyptians.

The king brought me into his private office, a moderately large room on the second floor of the royal palace. His desk was in the extreme corner of the room, near a window from which he could look out into the great square. One's very first impression is that he is a very likable man. To my surprise, he had a beard; I had never seen him pictured that way. As a matter of fact, he was so friendly that I mentioned my surprise at seeing him with a beard. He laughed when I said, "That will mean new postage stamps!" You see, I have become very philatelic-minded.

An Appropriate Motto

I would give the king one hundred per cent for keeping his desk in good order. On it were three richly ornamented cups for the coffee that His Majesty served to himself, Father Hughes, and me. The only other thing on the desk was a silver sign bearing the single word, "Patience." The inscription was delightfully ambiguous and generic. The sign helps to make the visitor feel more at ease than the one I saw on the desk of the Bishop of Tucson, which read, "Just because I am nice to you, please do not stay all the morning."

There is no dearth of births in Egypt, and the king uttered a truism when he said, "The greatest strength of any nation is its people." Wars won on military fronts can be lost on other fronts. We must work and pray, therefore, not only for victory on all military fronts but also on the home front, in morals, health, education, community relations and labor relations.

I am disturbed because religion is not making more progress. Many believers in religion do not practice their religion. It is either something good that they will attend to later, or something good for other people. Religion is a personal responsibility for everyone; there are no deferred classifications in spiritual warfare.

Having told you about the King of Egypt, I think you will be interested in hearing something about the Egyptian government. Many Americans know that there is some relationship between Egypt and the British Empire, but they do not understand this relationship. Egypt is an independent sovereign state, made so by the British government in 1922, on the recommendation of Lord Allenby. Before that action, Egypt was a protectorate of Britain and had been since the last war. The British government's prime interest in Egypt was the Suez Canal, which is a life line vital to the Empire. Therefore, even though Egypt was given her sovereignty, the British government maintained its protective interest in the Suez Canal. It also engaged to defend Egypt against all foreign aggression or interference. Finally, it provided that, while Egypt itself would have its sovereignty, Egyptian Sudan would be a condominium, which means that Britain and Egypt together would administer that territory.

But I must get on with my trip. In Heliopolis, it took me two full days to visit the 38th General Hospital, in which there are a thousand beds. But they were a consoling two days. The bravery of some of those boys, blinded, crippled and disfigured, brave now even more than in battle, is inexpressibly sublime. Rightly are they getting every attention, every care: comfortable, bright, airy rooms and wards, everything from kitchen to bed linen spick-and-span. It is the least we can do, but one is gratified to see that it is being done.

I was sorry to find General Hurley in the hospital. He is returning to the States. I had another long chat with him, and I look forward to a reunion with him at home.

After the war, if all come to see me who say they wish to do so, and whom I shall surely be glad to see, I shall keep the door of the house in New York open all the time!

ON BOARD THE
FLYING BOAT CASTOR
June 18, 1943

My dear father: On Friday, June 11th, Father Hughes and I soared into the dawn from the Heliopolis airport, bound for Asmara in Eritrea. To make the tour around Africa that I have planned will take two months. It is a journey unique in wartime, one that would be complicated in peacetime, and impossible to make at any time without airplane transportation. In peacetime, it requires two or three weeks to go from Cairo to Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia. Before airplanes were in use, one might spend two years or more in visiting all the places in Africa where this trip will take me.

But, as I write this, I ask myself again, "What do we do with the time we save?" I do not know what I have done with the years—there must be several hundred of them—that I have "saved" by air travel in my lifetime. It would be wonderful if, in the gaining of time, we would gain sense in the same proportion. Bringing the world closer together has not been the success that we hoped for, socially, commercially, or spiritually.

I have just read that, after the war, there will be no place in the world that will be more than sixty hours away from any other place. This will not be an unmixed blessing, unless people and nations improve in their relations with one another. It now seems that as we are brought together by better communications, we are driven apart in other ways.

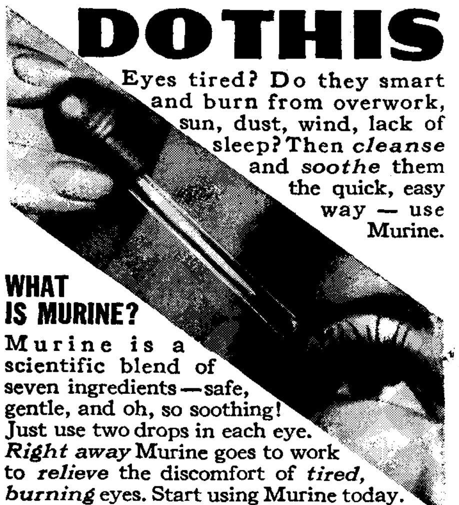
Of one thing I am sure: No one would like to spend sixty hours in the airplane in which we flew that day from Cairo to Asmara, the capital of Eritrea.

A Gathering of Americans

The governor of Eritrea, General Longrigg, met us at the plane and took us to his home. There we met Father Regis Barrett of the Benedictine Fathers, from Denver, Colorado; Major Martin Sullivan of Malden, Massachusetts; and Major Welsh of Dalton City, Illinois, who had come to invite me, in the name of their commanding officer, Colonel Bishop, to go to their camp in near-by Gura.

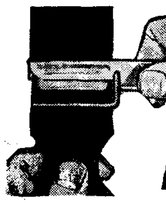
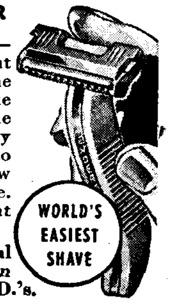
General Longrigg and his staff were most hospitable, and had arranged for me to see various persons and places of interest in Asmara and its environs. The general lives in the former residence of the Duke of Aosta, the Italian governor general who was captured by the British forces in Ethiopia and died as a prisoner. Before the war, General Longrigg was a civilian living in Palestine. He had had extensive administrative experience, and therefore this important charge was entrusted to him.

At the general's home, I met some American officers who were in the newly formed G-5 section of the Army, the section concerned with the affairs of civil government in occupied enemy countries.

When Your Eyes Are Tired DOTHIS

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?
Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES
★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★


STROP AND GO SMOOTHLY
with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER


With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special *Stropper—can be used only on* Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.
ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER
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"The national rub-down"
Replacement or refund of money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein
MIFFLIN
ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL
RUBBING COMPOUND

QUICK REPAIRS!

PLASTIC WOOD
Dents and nicks can be filled in quickly with P. W. Handles like putty; hardens into wood. At Paint, Hardware and 10¢ Stores.
PLASTIC WOOD

These men, most of whom have recently entered the Army from civilian life, have been especially selected and trained in America and are now undergoing field experience. Since I have explained G-5, you might reasonably ask what the other four branches represent. They are G-1, Personnel; G-2, Intelligence; G-3, Operations and Training; and G-4, Supplies.

The Italians put a great deal of money and effort into the development of Eritrea. They constructed excellent roads, built a fine modern city in Asmara, and promoted agricultural projects. Despite all they did, however, Eritrea, I was informed, is unable to support itself with its own products; and its potentialities give little reason for hope that Eritrea will be self-supporting.

I called on the Vicar Apostolic of Eritrea, Bishop Marinoni, who lives in Asmara. He is an Italian; and, while properly giving his allegiance to Italy, he is obedient to and co-operative with the English occupational authorities. He is permitted free exercise of his religious duties and of the supervisory responsibilities of his vicariate.

The next morning, Father Hughes and I resumed our trip, flying from Asmara to Addis Ababa. A representative of Emperor Haile Selassie formally welcomed me and informed me that His Imperial Majesty would receive me at five o'clock. In the meantime, I was escorted to the home of Monsignor Kidane-Mariam, a native Bishop of Addis Ababa. The bishop himself is in the hospital, but his secretary said that the biship wished me to have his own bedroom. It is a little larger than a dollar stateroom on the old Fall River Line.

At a reception given by the native seminarians and Sisters, the secretary of the bishop welcomed me in Latin, and the spokesman for the seminarians addressed me in Amharic. From his intonation, I had the impression that he was glad I had come. After the reception, we had dinner, which was also in Amharic and very good.

Audience with an Emperor

I left to keep my appointment with the emperor in a car that the bishop's secretary had borrowed from someone. I had already gone about half a mile down the main street of Addis Ababa when I was intercepted and told to return to the house because the emperor was providing a car for me. The imperial palace is at the end of the town; it is of modest proportions for the residence of an emperor. At the top of the stairs leading up to the portico, I was met by the secretary, Tafara Worq, who took me at once to His Imperial Majesty. Mr. Worq remained and served as interpreter. The emperor is reputed to understand and speak English, but he prefers to use an interpreter.

The emperor was dressed in a military uniform but without any indications of his rank. With the exceptions of Mr. De Valera and Mr. Alfred Nakkache, the president of Lebanon, Haile Selassie had the simplest office of any of the heads of state I have yet visited. There were only a desk and three chairs in the room, and the desk was piled high with papers; there was a picture of President Roosevelt with an inscription enumerating the Four Freedoms.

The appearance of His Imperial Majesty must be very well known to you, for his photographs have been frequently published. His face seemed to me to be a bit sad. He is very deliberate in expressing his thought. There is no doubt that Emperor Haile Selassie has a difficult task before him, first of all because the Ethiopians or the Abyssinians are not one people but several, and, besides, there is no strong, definite, unifying principle among them. Then again, there is poverty and grave unemployment in Addis Ababa. I have never before seen so long a line of people begging as I saw at the cathedral there.

We talked about the missionaries in Ethiopia. The emperor indicated that he appreciated the work which the missionaries had done in his country and that he had the intention of permitting them to return to take up their work among his people. But, from many indications, it would appear that the situation of the Church in Ethiopia is gravely compromised. The Italian priests and nuns were deported promptly enough in cattle trucks, but there is great delay in permitting other missionaries to take their places. Meanwhile, Church property deteriorates even to ruin; thousands of Catholics are the prey of other influences, and are abandoned without baptism for their children and other sacraments for themselves.

One Day in Abyssinia

The audience with the emperor lasted about one hour. From the palace, I went to call on the bishop at the hospital. I thanked him for his hospitality, but did not stay long as I felt that the bishop was suffering pain. That evening I had dinner with Judge Charles Mathew, who is a legal representative of the British government in Addis Ababa.

The next morning, Pentecost Sunday, I said Mass in a small chapel for the natives. Later, I attended services as one of the congregation in the cathedral in the town. Since it was a feast day, the ceremonies were held in the full ritual with elaborate music provided by drums and castanets. In midmorning, I left Addis Ababa and Ethiopia, and said goodby to Father Hughes, who was to remain another fortnight. Probably I shall not meet him again, and I was sorry leaving him, for we had become close friends.

Soaring aloft over Addis Ababa—which, incidentally, is 8,000 feet above sea level and one of the world's highest capitals—we began our return to Asmara. On the journey I sat with the pilot of the plane and he pointed out to me scenes of battle. One of these was the valley in which the Duke of Aosta surrendered to the English forces that restored Haile Selassie to the throne of the Lion of Judah. Off in the distance we could see Lake Tana, the source of the Blue Nile.

We stopped for a few hours at Asmara and I said goodby to General Longrigg, for I was to pass the night at Gura, where I was busy all the evening, meeting both soldiers and civilians employed in the Douglas aircraft plant. At Mass the following morning, the congregation overflowed the chapel.

It was a three-hour flight from Gura to Khartoum. I was met by Father Duross, Colonel Kerr, and Captain Young, aide-de-camp to the governor general of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Lord Huddleston, who graciously invited me to be his guest at the palace.

In Khartoum, I found great comfort in conducting services for our troops, meeting the soldiers and visiting the missions. The missionaries here are the Verona Fathers, and, though aliens, they are allowed to function normally and cause no one any concern.

I am now on my way to Uganda, following the White Nile River flying southward from Khartoum over the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

In the concluding installment of Archbishop Spellman's journey to the chaplains of our Armed Forces in Europe and Africa, he visits South Africa, meets General Jan Christiaan Smuts, and returns to New York.

MANY THINGS MAKE
GREAT NORTHERN Great
VANCOUVER
BELLINGHAM
EVERETT
SEATTLE
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WISHRAM
PORTLAND
WASH.
CASCADE TUNNEL
SPOKANE
COLFAX
MOSCOW
NELSON
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
WATERTON LAKES PARK
SWEETGRASS
KALISPELL
SHELBY
HAVRE
GREAT FALLS
HELENA
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MONTANA
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OREGON
IDAHO
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CALIF.
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ABERDEEN
S. DAKOTA
WATERTOWN
HURON
ST. CLOUD
MINN.
MINNEAPOLIS
ST. PAUL
SIOUX FALLS
YANKTON
IOWA
SIOUX CITY
OMAHA
DES MOINES
MILWAUK
CHICAGO
DENVER
TO TEXAS AND GULF COAST
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

"ROUTE OF THE EMPIRE BUILDER" MEANS "DEPENDABILITY" TO BOTH SHIPPERS AND PASSENGERS

Great Northern Operating "Know How" is Big Factor in Maintaining Victory Pace

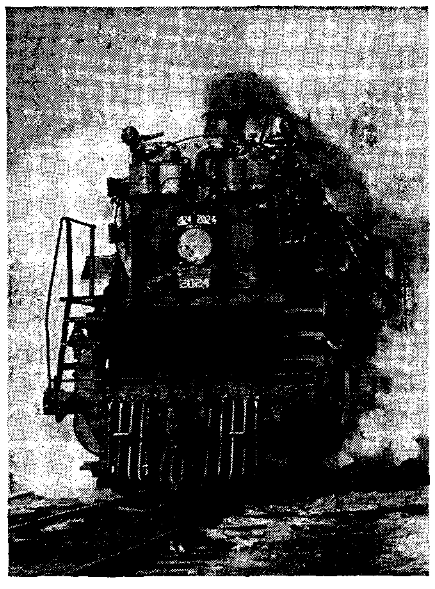
Dependable transportation by rail never has been so important as now, when armament, iron ore and steel, explosives, lumber, plywood, copper, aluminum, magnesium, and an impressive list of foodstuffs are moving from and to Great Northern territory.

Equally important is Great Northern's movement of men and supplies bound for all the theaters of World War II.

This year Great Northern will handle the greatest traffic load in its history with fewer locomotives and cars than during World War I. Its superbly-engineered route between the Great Lakes and the Pacific makes this possible.

Great Northern's short, strategic line crosses the Rocky Mountains in Montana through Marias Pass, lowest in any northern state, and the Cascades in Washington through 8-mile Cascade Tunnel, longest in the Western Hemisphere.

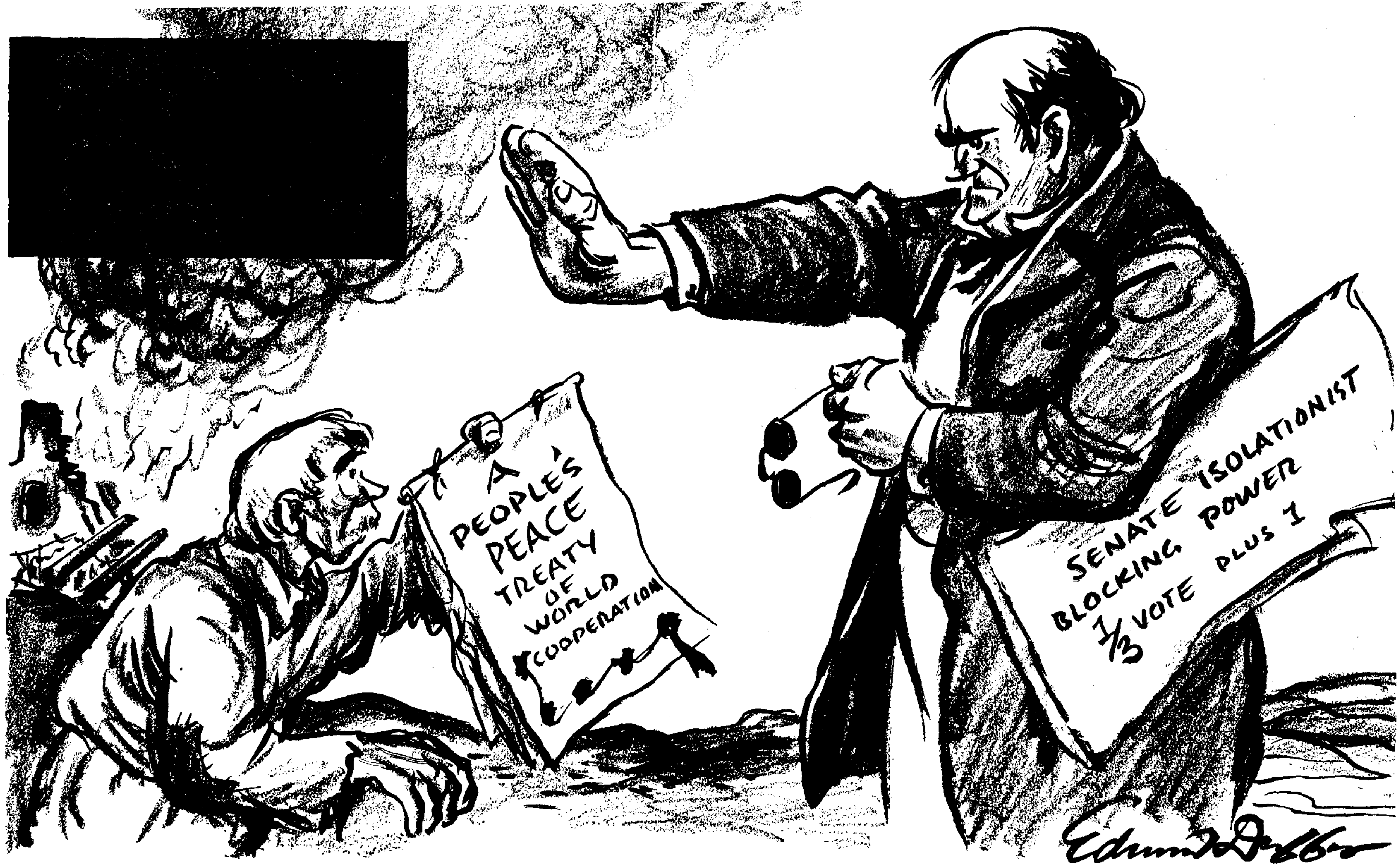
These advantages assure greater comfort for passengers and dependability of freight schedules.



Here's a mammoth G. N. locomotive roaring down the Victory trail with a trainload of war supplies. Regular passenger and freight trains, in addition to special military trains, are handled by different motive power, each designed for a specific job — diesel, electric, coal-burning and oil-burning steam locomotives.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

BETWEEN GREAT LAKES AND PACIFIC


A PEOPLE'S PEACE TREATY OF WORLD COOPERATION
SENATE ISOLATIONIST BLOCKING POWER 1/3 VOTE PLUS 1

[redacted]

ROAD TO A PEOPLE'S PEACE

REPRESENTATIVE ALBERT GORE, Democrat, from Cordell Hull's old 4th Tennessee district, has sent Collier's what we think is a cogent and important analysis of the sensible way for the United States to hold up its end in the peace negotiations winding up World War II. There are two methods by which we can proceed.

One is the treaty-making method: Let the Administration, after long consultations with the other powers, draw up a formal peace treaty or treaties agreeable to them and to it, and then let it try to sell this document or documents to the Senate.

Under the Constitution, formal treaties negotiated by the President can take effect only "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate . . . provided two thirds of the senators present concur." Thus, 33 of the 96 senators can block any treaty.

It was this two-thirds Senate rule which beat Woodrow Wilson's plans for insuring world peace after the first World War. The treaties which Wilson obtained at the Versailles peace conference, including a treaty setting up a League of Nations, with the United States as an active and leading member, had wide popular support at the time.

How wide this support was is perhaps best indicated by the fact that the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (Rep., Mass.), later a bitter foe of U. S. entry into the League, admitted publicly that "the great mass of the American people tended to favor it."

Yet, because of the two-thirds rule, the anti-League minority bloc in the Senate was able to defeat U. S. entry into the League and to keep the United States from ratifying the Versailles treaties.

This may have been for better, as some claimed, or for worse, as others claimed. Whatever else it was, it was not peacemaking by the majority of the American people through their elected representatives in Congress. It was minority rule via only one house of Congress—and in a hugely important matter affecting the destinies not only of Americans but of the rest of the world as well.

George Washington, within a month after the Constitution was first signed, foresaw difficulties arising from the two-thirds Senate rule.

> I am mistaken (Washington wrote to a friend) if any man, bodies of men or countries, will enter into compact or treaty if one . . . is to have a negative control over the other . . . but granting that it is an evil, it will infallibly work its own cure.

Washington's prediction long ago came true, in the working out of the second of the two methods whereby we can travel toward final peace after this war. This is the so-called executive-agreement method. It is a device which by-passes the two-thirds rule in order to get things done—and which has been used more than a thousand times in our history.

For example, when General Sam Houston's Republic of Texas wanted to be taken into the Union in 1845, President John Tyler negotiated a carefully drawn treaty of annexation, submitted it to the Senate for approval, and failed to get the necessary two-thirds vote in its favor. Tyler then submitted the matter as a mere executive agreement, requiring for validation only a simple majority vote of both houses of Congress on a joint resolution. The agreement passed easily, and Texas came on in. Our annexation of Hawaii in 1898 was handled in the same way by President William McKinley's administration after it too had twice failed of ratification as a treaty.

A present-day example of the working of the executive-agreement method is found in the reciprocal trade agreements with other nations. These were thought up by Secretary of State Hull, were authorized by Congress, do not require two-thirds Senate approval and have given general satisfaction.

Congressman Gore proposes that we proceed toward the peace by this executive-agreement road.

He pictures the Administration making specific agreements on specific points, piece by piece and from time to time, with both houses of Congress taking an active interest in each agreement and approving or rejecting it by simple majority vote.

One of these steps is now in the works. It has t do with world-wide relief and rehabilitation after th war—a gigantic job in which the United States i expected to play a leading part.

A draft agreement covering the main outlines o this job has been drawn up and approved by the governments of the United States, Great Britain, Chin and Russia. As regards the United States, this agreement can become effective only if Congress approve it by majority vote of both houses, after all the debate both houses feel like devoting to it.

When and if so approved, the agreement wil have been publicly analyzed by the America people's elected lawmakers. Thus, if finally adopted it will be one item in the eventual peace arrangements which nobody can justly say was put over on us by an Administration determined to override the wishes of the majority of the people.

Representative Gore sees in all this the pattern for building the entire peace structure.

Submit the peace proposals item by item, he urges, to the people's Congress, for full argument and examination. Get Congress' majority approval for each item. Let Congress throw out items which it does not like, or send them back to the Executi branch of the government for revision and improvement. Do the job democratically and in public, instead of autocratically and in secret.

In addition to being a democratic method, this plan has the advantage that we don't have to await the end of the war to get to work on it.

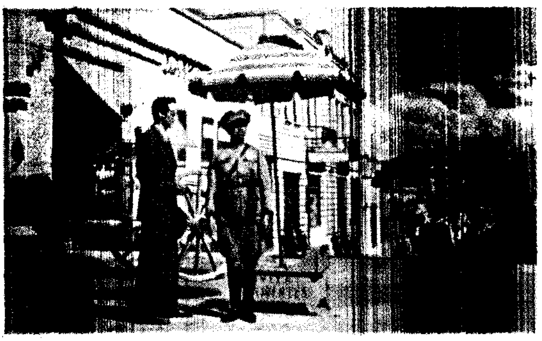
Then, too, Congress under this executive-agreement method could, it seems to us, initiate proposals of its own. It would not be confined to taking Administration proposals or none at all.

Last time, the two-thirds Senate rule aroused furious resentment and planted a lot of lasting hatreds and dislikes. The executive-agreement method looks like a way to avoid that particular misfortune this time, besides saving us from being at the mercy of a minority of one house of Congress.

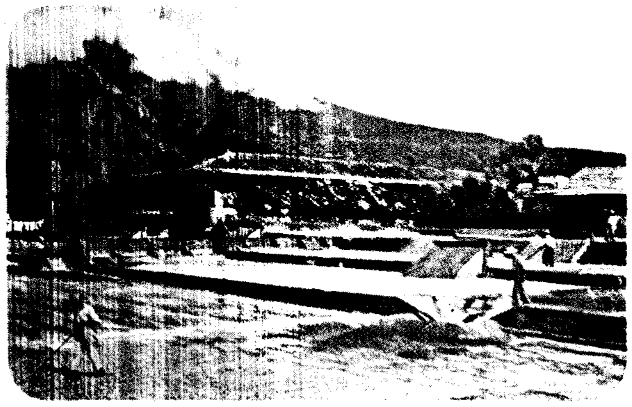
oday I saw them laying the groundwork for your

THRILL-FLIGHT to GUATEMALA

1 **"To know what Paradise** must be like," **writes a** world-traveled engineer, "plan a **post-war visit** to Guatemala. Plan that confidently. **For this incredibly beautiful** land is **just** a few **hours by** Pan-American Clipper from several **U. S. ports . . . one of the many** foreign places put **by America's pioneer international** air service **within bounds of the average American's** vacation **time and budget.**



2 **"I could hardly believe** Guatemala **City**—so glistening clean, so efficiently **administered, it puts the world's great capitals to shame. Modern as Radio City,** and yet **as distinctive as the flavor of** Canadian Club Whisky



"Riding out, each turn of the road brings a thrill—and greatest of them, Atitlán and Amatitlán . . . lakes so lously beautiful you wonder afterwards if they weren't something you dreamed.

4 **"I saw coffee,** red-husked on trees—and vast yellow seas of it, drying in the sun—with a genial, cloud-cloaked volcano smoking sleepily just beyond. And hill-sides glowing with orchids!

5 **"...Then an eye-filling plantation** of cinchona trees, the newest and closest-to-all-America source of urgently needed quinine—Guatemala's great gift to Democracy at war.

• • • •

6 **"A gruelling day's** traveling, covering all this—but one with a particularly happy ending. Yes, a cool Canadian Club whisky-and-soda, the treat I've found prized everywhere civilized man has blazed a trail."

Once the war is over, it will be easier than ever before to visit Latin America. And when that time comes, you will find Canadian Club Whisky again available there for toasting all the grand "good neighbors" you'll be meeting.

Right now, the distillery is making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves" these days—by making two bottles go the length of three.

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada • Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

ALL-AMERICAN—1943!

They are five instead of eleven. Their huddle talk now is of flank attacks and fire power instead of spinners and end runs. But, from the commander who quarter-backs this team from his turret, to the driver who carries the ball and the gunners who "take out" the enemy tacklers, it's an *ALL-American team.* The cigarette in the picture is an All-American selection, too. It's Camel—the favorite cigarette with men in *all* the services. Slow-burning, full-flavored, and *extra mild,* Camels stand the test of steady smoking... the "T-ZONE" test *(see below).*

"JOE SAYS, 'THE TANKS ARE GREAT—AND THANKS FOR THE CAMELS'"

ALL-AMERICAN LINE (M-4 Tank Production). Betty Boebinger and Hal Ecker *(at the right)* have several things in common. They both work on M-4 tanks at the Army ordnance proving ground at Aberdeen, Md. Both know a chap named Joe who drives an M-4, and both smoke Camels. "—because they're *extra mild* and easy on my throat," says Betty; "—because Camels always taste fresh, full of flavor and don't tire my taste," says Hal Ecker.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records.)

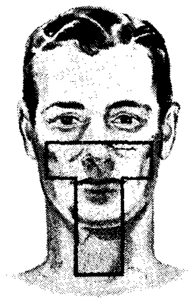
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

HAVE YOU MADE THE 'T ZONE' TEST?



If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, try them today. Compare them critically... for taste... for your throat... for your "T-ZONE." That's the real test of a cigarette... of any cigarette.

On the basis of the experience of millions of steady Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels today and see if they don't suit *your* "T-ZONE" to a "T."